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THE WRITINGS OF

BRET HARTE

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, GLOSSARY, AND INDEXES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME XIX

A THICKSET FIGURE LURCHED TOWARD HIM

TRENT'S TRUST

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

BRET HARTE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Biographical Sketch of Bret Harte	ix
Trent's Trust	1
Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow	97
A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's	121
Prosper's "Old Mother"	155
The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin	181
A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge	211
Dick Boyle's Business Card	231

Glossary of Far-Western Terms	267
An Index to Characters	275
A List of Artists	422
General Index to the Prose Writings	431

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

			PAGE
A THICKSET FIGURE LURCHED TOWARD HIM (see page 55)	*Frontispiece*	*Seymour M. Stone*	
VIGNETTE ON ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE (see page 82)		*Seymour M. Stone*	
A BUGGY WAS SEEN DRIVING FURIOUSLY UP THE GRADE		*Seymour M. Stone*	150
TWO RIFLE SHOTS CRACKED FROM THE THICKET		*C. M. Russell* . .	240
THE SHOCK HAD BROKEN THE INDIAN'S NECK		*C. M. Russell* . .	254
MAP OF THE PACIFIC COAST SHOWING LOCALITIES MENTIONED IN BRET HARTE'S TALES			274

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Bret Harte would still have been a genius and a great writer if gold had never been discovered in California; but history records no happier union of the man and the hour than his advent to the Pacific coast close upon the heels of the pioneers. Some writers of fiction, those who have the very highest form of creative imagination, are able from their own minds to spin out the web and woof of the characters that they describe; and it makes little difference where they live or what literary material lies about them. It is true that even such writers do not construct their heroes and heroines quite out of whole cloth; they have a shred or two to begin with. But their work is in the main and essentially the result not of perception but of creation. The proof of this creative power is that the characters portrayed by it are submitted to various exigencies and influences; they grow, develop, — yes, even change, and yet retain their harmony and consistency. The development of character, or at least the gradual revelation of character, forms the peculiar charm of the novel, as distinguished from the short story.

The ability to read human nature as Bret Harte could read it is almost as rare as the higher form of creative ability. How little do we know even of those whom we see every day, whom we have lived with for years! Let a man ask himself what his friend, or his wife, or his son would do in some supposable emergency: how they would take this or that injury or affront, good or bad fortune, a great sorrow or great happiness, a sudden temptation, the treachery

of a friend. Let him ask himself any such question, and it is almost certain that, if he is honest with himself, he will have to admit that he can only conjecture what would be the result. This is not because human nature is inconsistent; the law of character is as immutable as any other law; it is because human nature eludes us.

But it did not elude Bret Harte. One who was intimate with him in California says: "He found endless enjoyment in the people whom he saw and met casually. He read their characters as if they were open books." Another early friend of his, Mr. Noah Brooks, in his reminiscences of Bret Harte narrates the following: "In Sacramento he and I met Colonel Starbottle, who had, of course, another name. He wore a tall silk hat and loosely fitting clothes, and he carried on his left arm by its crooked handle a stout walking stick. The colonel was a dignified and benignant figure; in politics he was everybody's friend. A gubernatorial election was pending, and with the friends of Haight he stood at the hotel bar, and as they raised their glasses to their lips, he said: 'Here's to the Coming Event!' Nobody asked at that stage of the canvass what the coming event would be, and when the good colonel stood in the same place with the friends of Gorham he gave the same toast, 'The Coming Event.'"

The reader will recognize the picture at once, even to the manner in which the colonel carried his cane.

Bret Harte (christened Francis Brett)[1] was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839, of an ancestry which, it is said, combined the English, German, and Hebrew strains. His father was a teacher of Greek in the Albany Female College, but he died while his son was still a child, and Bret Harte's only instruction was obtained in the Albany

[1] Brett was the name of his father's mother. Though he dropped the Francis soon after he left California, it or the more familiar Frank remained his name in household speech and on the lips of early friends.

public schools, and ceased when he was thirteen or fourteen years old. At the age of eleven he wrote a poem called "Autumn Musings," which was published in the New York "Sunday Atlas," but the household critics treated it with that frank severity which is peculiar to relatives. Their criticism so distressed the youthful poet that he declared in after years: "Sometimes I wonder that I ever wrote another line of verse."

In the spring of 1856, Bret Harte sailed for California. We are told that he did not leave home without the sympathy of mother, relatives, and friends; and it was a very hopeful and eagerly interested lad that landed in San Francisco. One of his early ventures in his new home was to start a school at Sonoma. The school soon closed its doors, but so long as the English tongue remains, it will survive in the pages of "Cressy." In all literature there are no children drawn with more sympathy, more insight, more subtlety, more tenderness than those sketched by Bret Harte. He apprehended both the savagery and the innocence of childhood. Every reader is the happier for having known that handsome and fastidious boy Rupert Filgee, who, secure in his avowed predilection for the tavern-keeper's wife, rejected the advances of contemporary girls. "And don't you," to Octavia Dean, "go on breathing over my head like that. If there 's anything I hate, it 's having a girl breathing around me. Yes, you were! I felt it in my hair."

Mining proved no more profitable than schoolteaching, and the lad became a deputy collector of taxes, and was sent into the lawless mining camps, where no taxes had ever been collected. But the miners yielded to the unarmed boy what armed men had not been able to extort, and, to the surprise of his superiors, he returned to San Francisco with the taxes in his pouch. Afterward he became a messenger for Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, and traveled upon

the box of a stagecoach, presumably with Yuba Bill as the driver. It was a dangerous business: his predecessor had been shot through the arm by a highwayman, his successor was killed; but he escaped without injury. "He bore a charmed life," writes another of his early friends, Mr. C. W. Stoddard. "Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits." Later, he drifted to San Francisco, where he was for a while an apothecary's assistant, — his readers will at once recall the junior partner of the firm of Sparlow & Kane, — but he soon left the dispensing of drugs for the work of a printer, and began by setting type for a newspaper; from that, like Franklin and many another, he passed into being a contributor to the newspapers, writing, among other things, the "Condensed Novels," and his first story, "M'liss," which was published in the "Golden Era." It was at this time that he held the position of secretary in the United States Mint, a sinecure, or very nearly that, such as in the good old days was properly bestowed upon literary men. He had become a householder before he had completed his twenty-third year, having been married to Miss Anna Griswold at San Rafael, August 11, 1862. In 1868 he became the editor of the "Overland Monthly," and finally he served for a brief period as Professor of Literature in a San Francisco college.

It will thus be perceived that Bret Harte knew by personal experience almost every form of life in California; and it was such a life as probably the world never saw before, as, almost certainly, it will never see again.

When Bret Harte first became famous he was accused of misrepresenting California society. A philosophic and historical writer of great ability once spoke of the "perverse romanticism" of his tales; and since his death these accusations, if they may be called such, have been renewed in San Francisco with bitterness. It is strange that Californi-

ans themselves should be so anxious to strip from their State the distinction which Bret Harte conferred upon it, — so anxious to show that its heroic age never existed, that life in California has always been just as commonplace, respectable, and uninteresting as it is anywhere else in the world. But be this as it may, the records, the diaries, journals, and narratives written by pioneers themselves, and, most important of all, the daily newspapers published in San Francisco and elsewhere in the State from 1849 to 1859, fully corroborate Bret Harte's assertion that he described only what he saw, and in almost every case, only what actually occurred. The fact is that Bret Harte merely skimmed the cream from the surface. The pioneers and those who followed them in the early fifties were mainly young men, many of them well educated, and most of them far above the average in vigor and enterprise. They were such men as enlist in the first years of a war; and few wars involve more casualties than fell to their lot. They were sifted again and again before the survivors reached their destination. Many were killed by the Apaches in the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Colorado; many died of hunger and thirst; many had no other food during the last part of their journey than the putrefying bodies of the horses and oxen that had perished along the way.

In the story called "Liberty Jones's Discovery," Bret Harte has sketched the wan and demoralized appearance of a party of emigrants who just managed to reach the promised land. Many were caught by storms in the late autumn, and were snowed up in the mountains. In "Gabriel Conroy" are described the sufferings of such a party, a few of whom were rescued in the spring; and the horrors which Bret Harte relates are only the actual facts of the case upon which his account is based. Those who came by sea had to face a long, wearisome voyage in lumbering craft, besides the deadly Panama fever, and the possible violence of the half

breeds on the Isthmus, who killed fifty out of one ship's company.

Nor was life in California easy: the toil was severe, the food often bad, the exposure productive of rheumatism. Still more wearing upon the nervous system were the excitements, the chances and changes of a miner's life. It has been remarked of the California pioneers, as of the veterans of the Civil War, that they have grown old prematurely. Few of them acquired wealth. Marshall, the sawmill foreman, who discovered those deposits which in five years produced gold to the tune of $50,000,000, died poor. No millionaires are found among the "Forty-Niners," those time-worn associates who gather annually to celebrate their achievements beneath the folds of the Bear Flag, — the ensign of a premature, half-comic, half-heroic attempt to wrest from Spain what was then an out-lying and neglected province. Pioneers do not, as a rule, gather wealth; they make it possible for the shrewd men who come after them to do so.

But the California pioneers enjoyed an experience that was better than wealth. They had their hour. The conditions of society then prevailing were those which the Almighty and the American Constitution intended should prevail on this continent, but from which we are daily drifting further and further. All men felt that, whether they were born so or not, they had become free and equal. Social distinctions were rubbed out. A man was judged by his conduct; not by his bank account, nor by the class, the family, the club, or the church to which he belonged. Where all are rich equality must prevail; and how could any one be poor when the simplest kind of labor was rewarded at the rate of eight dollars per day; when the average miner "cleaned up" twenty or thirty dollars as the fruit of his day's work, and a taking of from three hundred to five hundred dollars a week for weeks together was not uncommon? Servants received about $150 a month; and washerwomen acquired fortunes

and founded families. It was cheaper to send one's clothes to China to be laundered, and some thrifty persons availed themselves of the fact.

Everybody was young. A man of fifty with a gray beard was pointed out as a curiosity. A woman created more excitement in the streets of San Francisco than an elephant or a giraffe; and little children were followed by admiring crowds eager to kiss them, to shake their hands, to hear their voices, and humbly begging permission to make them presents of gold nuggets and miners' curiosities. Almost everybody was making money; nobody was hampered by past mistakes or misdeeds; all records had been wiped from the slate; the future was full of possibilities; and the dry, stimulating climate of California added its intoxicating effect to the general buoyancy of feeling. Best of all, men were thrown upon their own resources; they themselves, and not a highly organized police and a brave fire department, protected their lives and their property. We pay more dearly than we think for such conveniences. The taxes which they involve are but a small part of the bill, — the training in manliness and self-reliance which we lose by means of them is a much more serious matter. In the mining camps of California, as in the mediæval towns of England, every man was his own policeman, fireman, carpenter, mason, and general functionary, — nay, he was his own judge, jury, sheriff, and constable. With pistol and bowie knife, he protected his gold, his claim, and his honor. There is something in the Anglo-Saxon nature, left to itself and freed from the restraints of a more or less effete public opinion, which causes it to resent an insult with whatever weapons are sanctioned by custom in the absence of law.

In the early days of California, society reverted to this militant, heroic type. The reversion was inevitable under the circumstances, and it was greatly assisted by the social predominance of the Southern element. The class repre-

sented and partly caricatured in Colonel Starbottle was numerous, and, for reasons which we have not space to recall, was even more influential than its numbers warranted. An editorial defense of dueling was published in a San Francisco paper of Southern proclivities. The senior editor of the "Alta California" was killed in a duel; and at another time an assistant editor of the same paper published a long letter, in which, with an unconscious humor worthy of Colonel Starbottle himself, he denied the charge of having sought two rival editors with homicidal intent. "I had simply resolved," he wrote, "to pronounce Messrs. Crane and Rice poltroons and cowards, and to spit in their faces; and had they seen fit to resent it on the spot, I was prepared for them." In those early days, when it was impossible to turn a neighbor in distress over to the police, or to a hospital, or to some society, charitable or uncharitable, or to dismiss him with a soup-ticket, — in that barbarous time, men were not only more warlike, they were more generous, more ready to act upon that instinctive feeling of pity which is the basis of all morality. In short, the shackles of conventionality and tradition were cast off, and the primeval instincts of humanity — the instincts of pride, of pugnacity, and of pity — asserted themselves.

Such was the society into which Bret Harte, at the age of seventeen, "a truant schoolboy," to use his own words, was plunged. Few writers have shown more well-bred reticence about themselves, but we have seen how varied was his experience, and we catch a single glimpse of him in the exquisite poem, that "spray of Western pine," which he laid upon the grave of Dickens: —

> "Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
> Was youngest of them all, —
> But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
> A silence seemed to fall;
>
> "The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
> Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with 'Nell' on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way."

The extent of the influence which Dickens exercised upon Bret Harte has been much discussed, and the critics commonly agree that this influence was wholly bad. It is true that on the surface we see only the bad effects of it, — certain faults of style, certain mannerisms, a certain mawkishness of sentiment. Bret Harte had a morbid passion for splitting infinitives, and he misuses a few words, such as "gratuitous" and "aggravating," with malice aforethought. The truth is that a spice of self-will, a modest but radical unconventionality, were just as much parts of his character as was the fastidiousness which in general controlled his style.

Occasionally, moreover, he lapses into a strange, pompous, involved manner, making his heroes and heroines, in moments of passion or excitement, deliver themselves in a way which seems ludicrously out of place, as, for example, in "Susy," where Clarence says: "If I did not know you were prejudiced by a foolish and indiscreet woman, I should believe you were trying to insult me as you have your adopted mother, and would save you the pain of doing both in *her* house by leaving it now and forever." Or, again, in "A Secret of Telegraph Hill," where Herbert Bly says to the gambler, whom he has surprised in his room hiding from the vigilance committee: "Whoever you may be, I am neither the police nor a spy. You have no right to insult me by supposing that I would profit by a mistake that made you my guest, and that I would refuse you the sanctuary of the roof that covers your insult as well as your blunder." And yet the speaker is not meant to be a prig.

So again he imitates, or at least resembles, Dickens when he admires his heroes in the wrong place, representing them as saying or doing something quite out of keeping with their real character, and hardly to be described by any other word than that of vulgar. The reader will remember that

passage in "Our Mutual Friend," where Eugene Wrayburn, in his interview with the schoolmaster, taking advantage of both his natural superiority and the superiority of the circumstances in which they happen to be placed, treats the schoolmaster with an arrogance which Dickens evidently feels to be the natural manner of a fine gentleman, but which is really an example of that want of chivalry which is the essence of an ungentlemanly character. Bret Harte in several places makes Jack Hamlin act in almost precisely the same manner, playing the part of a bully in respect to men who were inferior to him socially, and inferior also in that capacity to shoot quickly and accurately, which made Mr. Hamlin formidable. Such, for example, was Hamlin's treatment of Jenkinson, the tavern-keeper, whom Don José Sepulvida described with Spanish courtesy as "our good Jenkinson, our host, our father;" or again, in "Gabriel Conroy," where Hamlin insults the porter and threatens, as Bret Harte says, falling into the manner as well as the spirit of Dickens at his very worst, to "forcibly dislodge certain vital and necessary organs from the porter's body."

On the whole, however, it seems highly probable that Bret Harte derived more good than bad from his admiration for Dickens. The reading of Dickens must have stimulated his boyish imagination, must have quickened that sympathy with the weak and suffering, with the downtrodden, with the waifs and strays, with the outcasts of society, which is the keynote of both writers. Bret Harte, like Dickens, deals mainly with sentiment, but, unlike Dickens, he is a master of satire as well. His satire is directed chiefly against that peculiar form of cold and hypocritical character which sometimes survives as the very dregs of Puritanism. This is the type which he has portrayed with almost savage intensity in the character of a woman who combines sensuality and deceit with the most orthodox form of Protestant-

ism and horse-hair sofa respectability. Occasionally Bret Harte's humor takes a satirical form, as when, after describing how a stranger was shot and nearly killed in a mining camp, he speaks of a prevailing impression in the camp "that his misfortune was the result of the defective moral quality of his being a stranger;" or again in "Cressy," where Mrs. McKinstry, the stern survivor of a Kentucky vendetta, is said to have "looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interest in them as a weakness that might in process of time produce an infirmity of homicidal purpose, and become enervating of eye and trigger finger. 'The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand,' she explained."

In the main, however, Bret Harte was a writer of sentiment, and that is why he is so beloved. Sentiment resolves itself into humor and pathos; and both humor and pathos are said to consist in the perception of incongruities. In humor, there is the perception of some incongruity which excites derision and a smile; in pathos, there is the perception of some incongruity which excites pity and a tear. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in no other writer in the world are humor and pathos so nearly the same as they are in Bret Harte. There are sentences and paragraphs in his stories and poems which might make one reader laugh and another weep, or which, more likely yet, would provoke a mingled smile and tear. Perhaps the most consummate example of this is found in the tale, "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar."

The reader will remember that Johnny, after greeting the Christmas guests in his "weak, treble voice, broken by that premature hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-possession can give," and after hospitably setting out the whiskey bottle and some crackers, creeps back to bed, and is then accosted by Dick Bullen, the hero of the story.

"'Hello, Johnny! you ain't goin' to turn in ag'in, are ye?' said Dick.

"'Yes, I are,' responded Johnny decidedly.

"'Why, wot 's up, old fellow?'

"'I 'm sick.'

"'How sick?'

"'I 've got a fevier, and childblains, and roomatiz,' returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes, — 'And biles!'

"There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other and at the fire."

In discussing Bret Harte, it is almost impossible to separate substance from style. The style is so good, so exactly adapted to the ideas which he wishes to convey, that one can hardly imagine it as different. Some thousands of years ago, an Eastern sage remarked that he would like to write a book such that everybody should conceive that he might have written it himself, and yet so good that nobody else could have written the like. This is the ideal which Bret Harte fulfilled. Almost everything said by any one of his characters is so accurate an expression of that character as to seem inevitable. It is felt at once to be just what such a character must have said. Given the character, the words follow; and anybody could set them down! This is the fallacy underlying that strange feeling, which every reader must have experienced, of the apparent easiness of writing an especially good or telling conversation or soliloquy.

In Bret Harte, at his best, the choice of words, the balance of the sentences, the rhythm of the paragraphs, are very nearly perfect. He had an ear for style, just as some persons have an ear for music. In conciseness, in artistic restraint, he is the equal of Turgenieff, of Hawthorne, of Newman. All this could not have been achieved without effort. Bret Harte had the conscience of an artist, if he

had no other conscience; his masterpieces were slowly and painfully forged. "One day," wrote Mr. C. W. Stoddard, who was his friend in California, "I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint. He was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy. I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word. . . . I suggested one; it would not answer; it must be a word of two syllables, or the rhythm of the sentence would suffer. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in a manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times, in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously."

The truth is, Bret Harte was essentially an artist, with all the peculiarities, mental and moral, which are commonly associated under that name; and this fact explains some apparent anomalies in his career. Why did he leave and never revisit California? Why did he make his home in England? Bret Harte left California when the glamour had departed from it, when, if not in the State generally, at least in San Francisco, where he was living, a calculating commercialism had in some degree replaced the generous mood of earlier days. It is well known that respectable San Francisco stood aghast at "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the alarm having been sounded by a feminine proofreader who was shocked by what she conceived to be the indecency of the tale. Not equally well known is the contrasting fact, now recorded, that another young girl, an assistant in the office of the "Atlantic Monthly," first called Mr. Fields's attention to the story, upon its publication in the "Overland Monthly;" and Mr. Fields, having read it, wrote that letter, soliciting a contribution to the "Atlantic," which, as Bret Harte himself has related, encouraged him and confounded his critics. Even the sense of humor must have been weakened in a community which

insisted that the newspapers should skip lightly over the facts of a recent and destructive earthquake, lest Eastern capital should become alarmed.

Bret Harte, with his family, left California early in 1871, and the incidents of the journey from San Francisco to Boston were chronicled by the press in what a London paper called "a kind of Bret Harte circular." Those were the days when men carried a newspaper clipping containing "The Heathen Chinee" in their pocket-books, and lines of it were on every lip. Naturally the author, like some other writers of an extravagantly popular poem or story, came to hate the very name of the verses. His arrival in the East was eagerly looked for, and a good deal of curiosity was felt regarding the personality of the suddenly famous poet and story-teller. To some ingenuous observers, the quiet, well-bred, and exceedingly well-dressed gentleman, with his low, agreeably modulated voice and somewhat languid manner, hardly agreed with the Californian of their imagination. The welcome given him was hearty, and a generous recompense awaited his literary work. He also proved an admirable lecturer, though it was an occupation for which he had a great distaste; a love of personal exhibition or publicity was never one of his foibles. But though his prospects in his new home were so fair, he soon became involved in pecuniary difficulties. New York and its neighborhood, Newport or Lenox or the Massachusetts coast, to one naturally inclined to easy and hospitable living, proved far more expensive than San Francisco. Besides, as one of his old friends has said, "Bret Harte was utterly destitute of what is sometimes called 'money sense.'" His embarrassments, however exaggerated by common report, were grave enough to make him seriously entertain the thought of a position outside literature, and in 1878 he accepted the somewhat incongruous post of U. S. Consul at Crefeld, and left his native country for what was destined to be a life-long absence. But slight traces of the

experiences of those seven eastern years can be found in his writings, though we owe to them a few of what are perhaps his least successful character studies.

In after years Bret Harte always keenly remembered the loneliness of his brief residence in Germany. With little knowledge of German or even French as spoken languages, widely separated from family and friends, it is not surprising that he diversified his stay by visits to England, or that he soon sought a change to a more congenial post. But we should not care to miss such records of his life in Crefeld as he has left: that delightful description of "Schlachtstadt," always filled with soldiery, "who appeared to be daily taken out of their boxes of 'caserne' or depot and loosely scattered all over the pretty linden-haunted German town; soldiers standing on street corners, soldiers staring woodenly into shop windows, soldiers halted suddenly into stone, like lizards, at the approach of *offiziere*, — offiziere lounging stiffly four abreast, sweeping the pavement with their trailing sabres all at one angle," and one and all seeming to have been *wound up;* or our introduction to the Consul's office, with the waiting Mädchen, household servants who serve as business messengers; and elsewhere the fine tribute to the excellencies of the German handmaiden. Nor must his delicately sympathetic picture of German childhood be forgotten, admirable in its contrast to the sketches of "the extreme self-assertion and early maturity of the American children" that he had chiefly drawn. With the more elaborate studies of these contrasting types by this child-lover a slight sketch of some English children given in an early home letter, quoted by his biographer, should not be overlooked. "The eldest girl is not unlike a highly educated Boston girl, and the conversation sometimes reminds me of Boston. The youngest daughter, only ten years old, told her sister in reference to some conversation Froude and I had, that '*she feared*' (this child) 'that Mr. Bret Harte was inclined to be *skeptical*.'

The boy, scarcely fourteen, acts like a boy of eight (an American boy of eight) and talks like a man of thirty as far as pure English and facility of expression goes. His manners are perfect, yet he is perfectly simple and boylike. The culture and breeding of some English children is really marvelous. But somehow — and here comes one of my 'buts' — there 's always a suggestion of some repression, some discipline that I don't like." [1] Truly there spoke the Californian.

During his second year at Crefeld, Bret Harte was transferred to Glasgow, the "St. Kentigern" of more than one tale, a city not too far from London, or from the pleasant country-houses of the faithful friends he was making in England and Scotland. There was more than a grain of truth in the jesting remark of Mr. William Black, that "Bret Harte is a wandering comet. The only place he is sure not to be found in is at the Glasgow Consulate." When he was permanently removed therefrom in 1885, London became his home for the remainder of his life. To return to America some day was always his avowed intention, but it may well be doubted if — even had his life been prolonged — that intention would ever have become fact. From this time on his literary labors were unremitting, though now no more than at any period of his life was he a rapid writer or one independent of moods. Of course he wished for success as a dramatist, and it would be thought that he had every essential gift therefor; but his "Two Men of Sandy Bar," written in 1876, and performed in various American cities, was little better than a failure, though readers had found pleasure in it and expected much from it. To be sure the leading character, Colonel Starbottle, was misinterpreted; but it was the usual fault of the amateur dramatist, too elaborate dialogue, which worked the harm; and the heroic condensation used seemed to take all life from the

[1] Pemberton's *Life of Bret Harte*, p. 182.

piece. Perhaps this disappointment made him too easily discouraged regarding future attempts. Always an exacting critic of his own work, at least one play (founded upon "Thankful Blossom") was written and destroyed. He was very justly angered by the entirely unauthorized American dramatizations of some of his stories. One of these, a travesty of his favorite "M'liss," was converted into a song and dance piece, "a form of entertainment which he loathed," and was performed hundreds of times. In 1896 he was gladdened by the success of "Sue" (founded upon "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain"), in both America and England; but in this he was aided by the collaboration and theatrical experience of his friend Mr. Pemberton. In truth the demand from English magazines for his stories hardly allowed him time, painstaking writer as he was, for other work, and his last years were very busy ones. Never was the Californian background, never were the personalities of some of his earliest and best known characters more vividly depicted than in these latest stories. The welcome given to the history of Colonel Starbottle and his ward brought urgent requests for yet another view of that old acquaintance, and though the writer was ill and suffering, he planned a tale and began to write it. "A Friend of Colonel Starbottle's" was the title, and in his usual delicately graceful handwriting, also with the usual corrections and interlineations, he wrote: —

"'I said a friend of mine,' returned the Colonel a little loftily, 'and when I used this term I did not degrade its sacred and er — responsible significance with that levity which I find, sir, much too frequent at the er — present day.'

"The Colonel's manner was slightly exaggerated, as he had detected a cavalier tone in the stranger's first acceptance of the statement." [1]

[1] Pemberton's *Life of Bret Harte*, p. 340.

This is all that was written of Bret Harte's last story. His health had been failing for some time, but it was not till the winter months of 1902 that serious apprehensions began to be felt regarding him. He left London for the Red House, Camberley, the home of devoted friends, hoping to benefit by the change to the clearer skies of his much-loved Surrey. There on May 5th the end came with startling suddenness. He was buriéd in Frimley churchyard, in a countryside long dear and familiar to him.

TRENT'S TRUST

TRENT'S TRUST AND OTHER STORIES

TRENT'S TRUST

I

Randolph Trent stepped from the Stockton boat on the San Francisco wharf, penniless, friendless, and unknown. Hunger might have been added to his trials, for, having paid his last coin in passage money, he had been a day and a half without food. Yet he knew it only by an occasional lapse into weakness as much mental as physical. Nevertheless, he was first on the gangplank to land, and hurried feverishly ashore, in that vague desire for action and change of scene common to such irritation; yet after mixing for a few moments with the departing passengers, each selfishly hurrying to some rendezvous of rest or business, he insensibly drew apart from them, with the instinct of a vagabond and outcast. Although he was conscious that he was neither, but merely an unsuccessful miner suddenly reduced to the point of soliciting work or alms of any kind, he took advantage of the first crossing to plunge into a side street, with a vague sense of hiding his shame.

A rising wind, which had rocked the boat for the last few hours, had now developed into a strong sou'wester, with torrents of rain which swept the roadway. His well-worn working clothes, fitted to the warmer Southern mines, gave him more concern from their visible, absurd contrast to the climate than from any actual sense of discomfort,

and his feverishness defied the chill of his soaking garments, as he hurriedly faced the blast through the dimly lighted street. At the next corner he paused; he had reached another, and, from its dilapidated appearance, apparently an older wharf than that where he had landed, but, like the first, it was still a straggling avenue leading toward the higher and more animated part of the city. He again mechanically — for a part of his trouble was a vague, undefined purpose — turned toward it.

In his feverish exaltation his powers of perception seemed to be quickened: he was vividly alive to the incongruous, half-marine, half-backwoods character of the warehouses and commercial buildings; to the hull of a stranded ship already built into a block of rude tenements; to the dark stockaded wall of a house framed of corrugated iron, and its weird contiguity to a Swiss châlet, whose galleries were used only to bear the signs of the shops, and whose frame had been carried across seas in sections to be set up at random here.

Moving past these, as in a nightmare dream, of which even the turbulency of the weather seemed to be a part, he stumbled, blinded, panting, and unexpectedly, with no consciousness of his rapid pace beyond his breathlessness, upon the dazzling main thoroughfare of the city. In spite of the weather, the slippery pavements were thronged by hurrying crowds of well-dressed people, again all intent on their own purposes, — purposes that seemed so trifling and unimportant beside his own. The shops were brilliantly lighted, exposing their brightest wares through plate-glass windows; a jeweler's glittered with precious stones; a fashionable apothecary's next to it almost outrivaled it with its gorgeous globes, the gold and green precision of its shelves, and the marble and silver soda fountain like a shrine before it. All this specious show of opulence came upon him with the shock of contrast, and with it a bitter

revulsion of feeling more hopeless than his feverish anxiety, — the bitterness of disappointment.

For during his journey he had been buoyed up with the prospect of finding work and sympathy in this youthful city, — a prospect founded solely on his inexperienced hopes. For this he had exchanged the poverty of the mining district, — a poverty that had nothing ignoble about it, that was a part of the economy of nature, and shared with his fellow men and the birds and beasts in their rude encampments. He had given up the brotherhood of the miner, and that practical help and sympathy which brought no degradation with it, for this rude shock of self-interested, self-satisfied civilization. He, who would not have shrunk from asking rest, food, or a night's lodging at the cabin of a brother miner or woodsman, now recoiled suddenly from these well-dressed citizens. What madness had sent him here, an intruder, or, even, as it seemed to him in his dripping clothes, an impostor ? And yet these were the people to whom he had confidently expected to tell his story, and who would cheerfully assist him with work! He could almost anticipate the hard laugh or brutal hurried negative in their faces. In his foolish heart he thanked God he had not tried it. Then the apathetic recoil which is apt to follow any keen emotion overtook him. He was dazedly conscious of being rudely shoved once or twice, and even heard the epithet "drunken lout" from one who had run against him.

He found himself presently staring vacantly in the apothecary's window. How long he stood there he could not tell, for he was aroused only by the door opening in front of him, and a young girl emerging with some purchase in her hand. He could see that she was handsomely dressed and quite pretty, and as she passed out she lifted to his withdrawing figure a pair of calm, inquiring eyes, which, however, changed to a look of half-wondering, half-amused

pity as she gazed. Yet that look of pity stung his pride more deeply than all. With a deliberate effort he recovered his energy. No, he would not beg, he would not ask assistance from these people; he would go back — anywhere! To the steamboat first; they might let him sleep there, give him a meal, and allow him to work his passage back to Stockton. He might be refused. Well, what then? Well, beyond, there was the bay! He laughed bitterly — his mind was sane enough for that — but he kept on repeating it vaguely to himself, as he crossed the street again, and once more made his way to the wharf.

The wind and rain had increased, but he no longer heeded them in his feverish haste and his consciousness that motion could alone keep away that dreadful apathy which threatened to overcloud his judgment. And he wished while he was able to reason logically to make up his mind to end this unsupportable situation that night. He was scarcely twenty, yet it seemed to him that it had already been demonstrated that his life was a failure; he was an orphan, and when he left college to seek his own fortune in California, he believed he had staked his all upon that venture — and lost.

That bitterness which is the sudden recoil of boyish enthusiasm, and is none the less terrible for being without experience to justify it, — that melancholy we are too apt to look back upon with cynical jeers and laughter in middle age, — is more potent than we dare to think, and it was in no mere pose of youthful pessimism that Randolph Trent now contemplated suicide. Such scraps of philosophy as his education had given him pointed to that one conclusion. And it was the only refuge that pride — real or false — offered him from the one supreme terror of youth — shame.

The street was deserted, and the few lights he had previously noted in warehouses and shops were extinguished. It had grown darker with the storm; the incongruous build-

ings on either side had become misshapen shadows; the long perspective of the wharf was a strange gloom from which the spars of a ship stood out like the cross he remembered as a boy to have once seen in a picture of the tempest-smitten Calvary. It was his only fancy connected with the future — it might have been his last, for suddenly one of the planks of the rotten wharf gave way beneath his feet, and he felt himself violently precipitated toward the gurgling and oozing tide below. He threw out his arms desperately, caught at a strong girder, drew himself up with the energy of desperation, and staggered to his feet again, safe — and sane. For with this terrible automatic struggle to avoid that death he was courting came a flash of reason. If he had resolutely thrown himself from the pier head as he intended, would he have undergone a hopeless revulsion like this? Was he sure that this might not be, after all, the terrible penalty of self-destruction — this inevitable fierce protest of mind and body when *too late?* He was momentarily touched with a sense of gratitude at his escape, but his reason told him it was not from his *accident*, but from his intention.

He was trying carefully to retrace his steps, but as he did so he saw the figure of a man dimly lurching toward him out of the darkness of the wharf and the crossed yards of the ship. A gleam of hope came over him, for the emotion of the last few minutes had rudely displaced his pride and self-love. He would appeal to this stranger, whoever he was; there was more chance that in this rude locality he would be a belated sailor or some humbler wayfarer, and the darkness and solitude made him feel less ashamed. By the last flickering street lamp he could see that he was a man about his own size, with something of the rolling gait of a sailor, which was increased by the weight of a traveling portmanteau he was swinging in his hand. As he approached he evidently detected Randolph's waiting figure,

slackened his speed slightly, and changed his portmanteau from his right hand to his left as a precaution for defense.

Randolph felt the blood flush his cheek at this significant proof of his disreputable appearance, but determined to accost him. He scarcely recognized the sound of his own voice now first breaking the silence for hours, but he made his appeal. The man listened, made a slight gesture forward with his disengaged hand, and impelled Randolph slowly up to the street lamp until it shone on both their faces. Randolph saw a man a few years his senior, with a slightly trimmed beard on his dark, weather-beaten cheeks, well-cut features, a quick, observant eye, and a sailor's upward glance and bearing. The stranger saw a thin, youthful, anxious, yet refined and handsome face beneath straggling damp curls, and dark eyes preternaturally bright with suffering. Perhaps his experienced ear, too, detected some harmony with all this in Randolph's voice.

"And you want something to eat, a night's lodging, and a chance of work afterward," the stranger repeated with good-humored deliberation.

"Yes," said Randolph.

"You look it."

Randolph colored faintly.

"Do you ever drink?"

"Yes," said Randolph wonderingly.

"I thought I 'd ask," said the stranger, "as it might play hell with you just now if you were not accustomed to it. Take that. Just a swallow, you know — that 's as good as a jugful."

He handed him a heavy flask. Randolph felt the burning liquor scald his throat and fire his empty stomach. The stranger turned and looked down the vacant wharf to the darkness from which he came. Then he turned to Randolph again and said abruptly, —

"Strong enough to carry this bag?"

"Yes," said Randolph. The whiskey — possibly the relief — had given him new strength. Besides, he might earn his alms.

"Take it up to room 74, Niantic Hotel — top of next street to this, one block that way — and wait till I come."

"What name shall I say?" asked Randolph.

"Need n't say any. I ordered the room a week ago. Stop; there 's the key. Go in; change your togs; you 'll find something in that bag that 'll fit you. Wait for me. Stop — no; you 'd better get some grub there first." He fumbled in his pockets, but fruitlessly. "No matter. You 'll find a buckskin purse, with some scads in it, in the bag. So long." And before Randolph could thank him, he lurched away again into the semi-darkness of the wharf.

Overflowing with gratitude at a hospitality so like that of his reckless brethren of the mines, Randolph picked up the portmanteau and started for the hotel. He walked warily now, with a new interest in life, and then, suddenly thinking of his own miraculous escape, he paused, wondering if he ought not to warn his benefactor of the perils of the rotten wharf; but he had already disappeared. The bag was not heavy, but he found that in his exhausted state this new exertion was telling, and he was glad when he reached the hotel. Equally glad was he in his dripping clothes to slip by the porter, and with the key in his pocket ascend unnoticed to 74.

Yet had his experience been larger he might have spared himself that sensitiveness. For the hotel was one of those great caravansaries popular with the returning miner. It received him and his gold dust in his worn-out and bedraggled working clothes, and returned him the next day as a well-dressed citizen on Montgomery Street. It was hard indeed to recognize the unshaven, unwashed, and unkempt "arrival" one met on the principal staircase at night in the scrupulously neat stranger one sat opposite to at break-

fast the next morning. In this daily whirl of mutation all identity was swamped, as Randolph learned to know.

At present, finding himself in a comfortable bedroom, his first act was to change his wet clothes, which in the warmer temperature and the decline of his feverishness now began to chill him. He opened the portmanteau and found a complete suit of clothing, evidently a foreign make, well preserved, as if for "shore-going." His pride would have preferred a humbler suit as lessening his obligation, but there was no other. He discovered the purse, a chamois leather bag such as miners and travelers carried, which contained a dozen gold pieces and some paper notes. Taking from it a single coin to defray the expenses of a meal, he restrapped the bag, and leaving the key in the door lock for the benefit of his returning host, made his way to the dining room.

For a moment he was embarrassed when the waiter approached him inquisitively, but it was only to learn the number of his room to "charge" the meal. He ate it quickly, but not voraciously, for his appetite had not yet returned, and he was eager to get back to the room and see the stranger again and return to him the coin which was no longer necessary.

But the stranger had not yet arrived when he reached the room. Over an hour had elapsed since their strange meeting. A new fear came upon him: was it possible he had mistaken the hotel, and his benefactor was awaiting him elsewhere, perhaps even beginning to suspect not only his gratitude but his honesty! The thought made him hot again, but he was helpless. Not knowing the stranger's name, he could not inquire without exposing his situation to the landlord. But again, there was the key, and it was scarcely possible that it fitted another 74 in another hotel. He did not dare to leave the room, but sat by the window, peering through the streaming panes into the storm-swept

street below. Gradually the fatigue his excitement had hitherto kept away began to overcome him; his eyes once or twice closed during his vigil, his head nodded against the pane. He rose and walked up and down the room to shake off his drowsiness. Another hour passed — nine o'clock, blown in fitful, far-off strokes from some wind-rocked steeple. Still no stranger. How inviting the bed looked to his weary eyes! The man had told him he wanted rest; he could lie down on the bed in his clothes until he came. He would waken quickly and be ready for his benefactor's directions. It was a great temptation. He yielded to it. His head had scarcely sunk upon the pillow before he slipped into a profound and dreamless sleep.

He awoke with a start, and for a few moments lay vaguely staring at the sunbeams that stretched across his bed before he could recall himself. The room was exactly as before, the portmanteau strapped and pushed under the table as he had left it. There came a tap at the door — the chambermaid to do up the room. She had been there once already, but seeing him asleep, she had forborne to wake him. Apparently the spectacle of a gentleman lying on the bed fully dressed, even to his boots, was not an unusual one at that hotel, for she made no comment. It was twelve o'clock, but she would come again later.

He was bewildered. He had slept the round of the clock — that was natural after his fatigue — but where was his benefactor? The lateness of the time forbade the conclusion that he had merely slept elsewhere; he would assuredly have returned by this time to claim his portmanteau. The portmanteau! He unstrapped it and examined the contents again. They were undisturbed as he had left them the night before. There was a further change of linen, the buckskin bag, which he could see now contained a couple of Bank of England notes, with some foreign gold mixed with American half-eagles, and a cheap, rough

memorandum book clasped with elastic, containing a letter in a boyish hand addressed "Dear Daddy" and signed "Bobby," and a photograph of a boy taken by a foreign photographer at Callao, as the printed back denoted, but nothing giving any clue whatever to the name of the owner.

A strange idea seized him: did the portmanteau really belong to the man who had given it to him? Had he been the innocent receiver of stolen goods from some one who wished to escape detection? He recalled now that he had heard stories of robbery of luggage by thieves — "Sydney ducks" — on the deserted wharves, and remembered, too, — he could not tell why the thought had escaped him before, — that the man had spoken with an English accent. But the next moment he recalled his frank and open manner, and his mind cleared of all unworthy suspicion. It was more than likely that his benefactor had taken this delicate way of making a free, permanent gift for that temporary service. Yet he smiled faintly at the return of that youthful optimism which had caused him so much suffering.

Nevertheless, something must be done: he must try to find the man; still more important, he must seek work before this dubious loan was further encroached upon. He restrapped the portmanteau and replaced it under the table, locked the door, gave the key to the office clerk, saying that any one who called upon him was to await his return, and sallied forth. A fresh wind and a blue sky of scudding clouds were all that remained of last night's storm. As he made his way to the fateful wharf, still deserted except by an occasional "wharf-rat," — as the longshore vagrant or petty thief was called, — he wondered at his own temerity of last night, and the trustfulness of his friend in yielding up his portmanteau to a stranger in such a place. A low drinking saloon, feebly disguised as a junk shop, stood at the corner, with slimy green steps leading to the water.

The wharf was slowly decaying, and here and there were

occasional gaps in the planking, as dangerous as the one from which he had escaped the night before. He thought again of the warning he might have given to the stranger; but he reflected that as a seafaring man he must have been familiar with the locality where he had landed. But had he landed there? To Randolph's astonishment, there was no sign or trace of any late occupation of the wharf, and the ship whose crossyards he had seen dimly through the darkness the night before was no longer there. She might have "warped out" in the early morning, but there was no trace of her in the stream or offing beyond. A bark and brig quite dismantled at an adjacent wharf seemed to accent the loneliness. Beyond, the open channel between him and Verba Buena Island was racing with white-maned seas and sparkling in the shifting sunbeams. The scudding clouds above him drove down the steel-blue sky. The lateen sails of the Italian fishing boats were like shreds of cloud, too, blown over the blue and distant bay. His ears sang, his eyes blinked, his pulses throbbed, with the untiring, fierce activity of a San Francisco day.

With something of its restlessness he hurried back to the hotel. Still the stranger was not there, and no one had called for him. The room had been put in order; the portmanteau, that sole connecting link with his last night's experience, was under the table. He drew it out again, and again subjected it to a minute examination. A few toilet articles, not of the best quality, which he had overlooked at first, the linen, the buckskin purse, the memorandum book, and the suit of clothes he stood in, still comprised all he knew of his benefactor. He counted the money in the purse; it amounted, with the Bank of England notes, to about seventy dollars, as he could roughly guess. There was a scrap of paper, the torn-off margin of a newspaper, lying in the purse, with an address hastily scribbled in pencil. It gave, however, no name, only a

number: "85 California Street." It might be a clue. He put it, with the purse, carefully in his pocket, and after hurriedly partaking of his forgotten breakfast, again started out.

He presently found himself in the main thoroughfare of last night, which he now knew to be Montgomery Street. It was more thronged than then, but he failed to be impressed, as then, with the selfish activity of the crowd. Yet he was half conscious that his own brighter fortune, more decent attire, and satisfied hunger had something to do with this change, and he glanced hurriedly at the druggist's broad plate-glass windows, with a faint hope that the young girl whose amused pity he had awakened might be there again. He found California Street quickly, and in a few moments he stood before No. 85. He was a little disturbed to find it a rather large building, and that it bore the inscription "Bank." Then came the usual shock to his mercurial temperament, and for the first time he began to consider the absurd hopelessness of his clue.

He, however, entered desperately, and approaching the window of the receiving teller, put the question he had formulated in his mind: Could they give him any information concerning a customer or correspondent who had just arrived in San Francisco and was putting up at the Niantic Hotel, room 74? He felt his face flushing, but, to his astonishment, the clerk manifested no surprise. "And you don't know his name?" said the clerk quietly. "Wait a moment." He moved away, and Randolph saw him speaking to one of the other clerks, who consulted a large register. In a few minutes he returned. "We don't have many customers," he began politely, "who leave only their hotel-room addresses," when he was interrupted by a mumbling protest from one of the other clerks. "That 's very different," he replied to his fellow clerk, and then turned to Randolph. "I 'm afraid we cannot help you; but I 'll

make other inquiries if you 'll come back in ten minutes." Satisfied to be relieved from the present perils of his questioning, and doubtful of returning, Randolph turned away. But as he left the building he saw a written notice on the swinging door, "Wanted: a Night Porter;" and this one chance of employment determined his return.

When he again presented himself at the window the clerk motioned him to step inside through a lifted rail. Here he found himself confronted by the clerk and another man, distinguished by a certain air of authority, a keen gray eye, and singularly compressed lips set in a closely clipped beard. The clerk indicated him deferentially but briefly — everybody was astonishingly brief and business-like there — as the president. The president absorbed and possessed Randolph with eyes that never seemed to leave him. Then leaning back against the counter, which he lightly grasped with both hands, he said: "We 've sent to the Niantic Hotel to inquire about your man. He ordered his room by letter, giving no name. He arrived there on time last night, slept there, and has occupied the room No. 74 ever since. *We* don't know him from Adam, but" — his eyes never left Randolph's — "from the description the landlord gave our clerk, you 're the man himself."

For an instant Randolph flushed crimson. The natural mistake of the landlord flashed upon him, his own stupidity in seeking this information, the suspicious predicament in which he was now placed, and the necessity of telling the whole truth. But the president's eye was at once a threat and an invitation. He felt himself becoming suddenly cool, and, with a business brevity equal to their own, said: —

"I was looking for work last night on the wharf. He employed me to carry his bag to the hotel, saying I was to wait for him. I have waited since nine o'clock last night in his room, and he has not come."

"What are you in such a d——d hurry for? He 's trusted you; can't you trust him? You 've got his bag?" returned the president.

Randolph was silent for a moment. "I want to know what to do with it," he said.

"Hang on to it. What 's in it?"

"Some clothes and a purse containing about seventy dollars."

"That ought to pay you for carrying it and storage afterward," said the president decisively. "What made you come here?"

"I found this address in the purse," said Randolph, producing it.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"And that 's the only reason you came here, to find an owner for that bag?"

"Yes."

The president disengaged himself from the counter.

"I 'm sorry to have given you so much trouble," said Randolph concludingly. "Thank you and good-morning."

"Good-morning."

As Randolph turned away he remembered the advertisement for the night watchman. He hesitated and turned back. He was a little surprised to find that the president had not gone away, but was looking after him.

"I beg your pardon, but I see you want a night watchman. Could I do?" said Randolph resolutely.

"No. You 're a stranger here, and we want some one who knows the city, — Dewslake," he returned to the receiving teller, "who 's taken Larkin's place?"

"No one yet," returned the teller, "but," he added parenthetically, "Judge Boompointer, you know, was speaking to you about his son."

"Yes, I know that." To Randolph: "Go round to my

private room and wait for me. I won't be as long as your friend last night." Then he added to a negro porter, "Show him round there."

He moved away, stopping at one or two desks to give an order to the clerks, and once before the railing to speak to a depositor. Randolph followed the negro into the hall, through a "board room," and into a handsomely furnished office. He had not to wait long. In a few moments the president appeared with an older man whose gray side whiskers, cut with a certain precision, and whose black and white checked neckerchief, tied in a formal bow, proclaimed the English respectability of the period. At the president's dictation he took down Randolph's name, nativity, length of residence, and occupation in California. This concluded, the president, glancing at his companion, said briefly, —

"Well?"

"He had better come to-morrow morning at nine," was the answer.

"And ask for Mr. Dingwall, the deputy manager," added the president, with a gesture that was at once an introduction and a dismissal to both.

Randolph had heard before of this startling brevity of San Francisco business detail, yet he lingered until the door closed on Mr. Dingwall. His heart was honestly full.

"You have been very kind, sir," he stammered.

"I have n't run half the risks of that chap last night," said the president grimly, the least tremor of a smile on his set mouth.

"If you would only let me know what I can do to thank you," persisted Randolph.

"Trust the man that trusts you, and hang on to your trust," returned the president curtly, with a parting nod.

Elated and filled with high hopes as Randolph was, he

felt some trepidation in returning to his hotel. He had to face his landlord with some explanation of the bank's inquiry. The landlord might consider him an impostor, and request him to leave, or, more dreadful still, insist upon keeping the bag. He thought of the parting words of the president, and resolved upon "hanging on to his trust," whatever happened. But he was agreeably surprised to find that he was received at the office with a certain respect not usually shown to the casual visitor. "Your caller turned up to-day" — Randolph started — "from the Eureka Bank," continued the clerk. "Sorry we could not give your name, but you know you only left a deposit in your letter and sent a messenger for your key yesterday afternoon. When you came you went straight to your room. Perhaps you would like to register now." Randolph no longer hesitated, reflecting that he could explain it all later to his unknown benefactor, and wrote his name boldly. But he was still more astonished when the clerk continued: "I reckon it was a case of identifying you for a draft — it often happens here — and we 'd have been glad to do it for you. But the bank clerk seemed satisfied with our description of you — you 're easily described, you know" (this in a parenthesis, complimentarily intended) — "so it 's all right. We can give you a better room lower down, if you 're going to stay longer." Not knowing whether to laugh or to be embarrassed at this extraordinary conclusion of the blunder, Randolph answered that he had just come from the bank, adding, with a pardonable touch of youthful pride, that he was entering the bank's employment the next day.

Another equally agreeable surprise met him on his arrival there the next morning. Without any previous examination or trial he was installed at once as a corresponding clerk in the place of one just promoted to a sub-agency in the interior. His handwriting, his facility of composition,

had all been taken for granted, or perhaps predicated upon something the president had discerned in that one quick, absorbing glance. He ventured to express the thought to his neighbor.

"The boss," said that gentleman, "can size a man in and out, and all through, in about the time it would take you and me to tell the color of his hair. *He* don't make mistakes, you bet; but old Dingy — the dep — you settled with your clothes."

"My clothes!" echoed Randolph, with a faint flush.

"Yes, English cut — that fetched him."

And so his work began. His liberal salary, which seemed to him munificent in comparison with his previous earnings in the mines, enabled him to keep the contents of the buckskin purse intact, and presently to return the borrowed suit of clothes to the portmanteau. The mysterious owner should find everything as when he first placed it in his hands. With the quick mobility of youth and his own rather mercurial nature, he had begun to forget, or perhaps to be a little ashamed of his keen emotions and sufferings the night of his arrival, until that night was recalled to him in a singular way.

One Sunday a vague sense of duty to his still missing benefactor impelled him to spend part of his holiday upon the wharves. He had rambled away among the shipping at the newer pier slips, and had gazed curiously upon decks where a few seamen or officers in their Sunday apparel smoked, paced, or idled, trying vainly to recognize the face and figure which had once briefly flashed out under the flickering wharf lamp. Was the stranger a shipmaster who had suddenly transferred himself to another vessel on another voyage? A crowd which had gathered around some landing steps nearer shore presently attracted his attention. He lounged toward it and looked over the shoulders of the bystanders down upon the steps. A boat was lying there,

which had just towed in the body of a man found floating on the water. Its features were already swollen and defaced like a hideous mask; its body distended beyond all proportion, even to the bursting of its sodden clothing. A tremulous fascination came over Randolph as he gazed. The bystanders made their brief comments, a few authoritatively and with the air of nautical experts.

"Been in the water about a week, I reckon."

"'Bout that time; just rucked up and floated with the tide."

"Not much chance o' spottin' him by his looks, eh?"

"Nor anything else, you bet. Reg'larly cleaned out. Look at his pockets."

"Wharf-rats or shanghai men?"

"Betwixt and between, I reckon. Man who found him says he 's got an ugly cut just back of his head. Ye can't see it for his floating hair."

"Wonder if he got it before or after he got in the water."

"That 's for the coroner to say."

"Much he knows or cares," said another cynically. "It 'll just be a case of 'Found drowned' and the regular twenty-five dollars to *him*, and five to the man who found the body. That 's enough for him to know."

Thrilled with a vague anxiety, Randolph edged forward for a nearer view of the wretched derelict still gently undulating on the towline. The closer he looked the more he was impressed by the idea of some frightful mask that hid a face that refused to be recognized. But his attention became fixed on a man who was giving some advice or orders and examining the body scrutinizingly. Without knowing why, Randolph felt a sudden aversion to him, which was deepened when the man, lifting his head, met Randolph's eyes with a pair of shifting yet aggressive ones. He bore, nevertheless, an odd, weird likeness to the missing man Randolph was seeking, which strangely troubled

him. As the stranger's eyes followed him and lingered with a singular curiosity on Randolph's dress, he remembered with a sudden alarm that he was wearing the suit of the missing man. A quick impulse to conceal himself came upon him, but he as quickly conquered it, and returned the man's cold stare with an anger he could not account for, but which made the stranger avert his eyes. Then the man got into the boat beside the boatman, and the two again towed away the corpse. The head rose and fell with the swell, as if nodding a farewell. But it was still defiant, under its shapeless mask, that even wore a smile, as if triumphant in its hideous secret.

II

The opinion of the cynical bystander on the wharf proved to be a correct one. The coroner's jury brought in the usual verdict of "Found drowned," which was followed by the usual newspaper comment upon the insecurity of the wharves and the inadequate protection of the police.

Randolph Trent read it with conflicting emotions. The possibility he had conceived of the corpse being that of his benefactor was dismissed when he had seen its face, although he was sometimes tortured with doubt, and a wonder if he might not have learned more by attending the inquest. And there was still the suggestion that the mysterious disappearance might have been accomplished by violence like this. He was satisfied that if he had attempted publicly to identify the corpse as his missing friend he would have laid himself open to suspicion with a story he could hardly corroborate.

He had once thought of confiding his doubts to Mr. Revelstoke, the bank president, but he had a dread of that gentleman's curt conclusions and remembered his injunction to "hang on to his trust." Since his installation, Mr. Revelstoke had merely acknowledged his presence by a

good-humored nod now and then, although Randolph had an instinctive feeling that he was perfectly informed as to his progress. It was wiser for Randolph to confine himself strictly to his duty and keep his own counsel.

Yet he was young, and it was not strange that in his idle moments his thoughts sometimes reverted to the pretty girl he had seen on the night of his arrival, nor that he should wish to parade his better fortune before her curious eyes. Neither was it strange that in this city, whose day-long sunshine brought every one into the public streets, he should presently have that opportunity. It chanced that one afternoon, being in the residential quarter, he noticed a well-dressed young girl walking before him in company with a delicate looking boy of seven or eight years. Something in the carriage of her graceful figure, something in a certain consciousness and ostentation of coquetry toward her youthful escort, attracted his attention. Yet it struck him that she was neither related to the child nor accustomed to children's ways, and that she somewhat unduly emphasized this to the passers-by, particularly those of his own sex, who seemed to be greatly attracted by her evident beauty. Presently she ascended the steps of a handsome dwelling, evidently their home, and as she turned he saw her face. It was the girl he remembered. As her eye caught his, he blushed with the consciousness of their former meeting; yet, in the very embarrassment of the moment, he lifted his hat in recognition. But the salutation was met only by a cold, critical stare. Randolph bit his lip and passed on. His reason told him she was right, his instinct told him she was unfair; the contradiction fascinated him.

Yet he was destined to see her again. A month later, while seated at his desk, which overlooked the teller's counter, he was startled to see her enter the bank and approach the counter. She was already withdrawing a

glove from her little hand, ready to affix her signature to the receipted form to be proffered by the teller. As she received the gold in exchange, he could see, by the increased politeness of that official, his evident desire to prolong the transaction, and the sidelong glances of his fellow clerks, that she was apparently no stranger but a recognized object of admiration. Although her face was slightly flushed at the moment, Randolph observed that she wore a certain proud reserve, which he half hoped was intended as a check to these attentions. Her eyes were fixed upon the counter, and this gave him a brief opportunity to study her delicate beauty. For in a few moments she was gone; whether she had in her turn observed him he could not say. Presently he rose and sauntered, with what he believed was a careless air, toward the paying teller's counter and the receipt, which, being the last, was plainly exposed on the file of that day's "taking." He was startled by a titter of laughter from the clerks and by the teller ironically lifting the file and placing it before him.

"That 's her name, sonny, but I did n't think that you 'd tumble to it quite as quick as the others. Every new man manages to saunter round here to get a sight of that receipt, and I 've seen hoary old depositors outside edge around inside, pretendin' they wanted to see the dep, jest to feast their eyes on that girl's name. Take a good look at it and paste a copy in your hat, for that 's all you 'll know of her, you bet. Perhaps you think she 's put her address and her 'at home' days on the receipt. Look hard and maybe you 'll see 'em."

The instinct of youthful retaliation to say he knew her address already stirred Randolph, but he shut his lips in time, and moved away. His desk neighbor informed him that the young lady came there once a month and drew a hundred dollars from some deposit to her credit, but that was all they knew. Her name was Caroline Avondale,

yet there was no one of that name in the San Francisco Directory.

But Randolph's romantic curiosity would not allow the incident to rest there. A favorable impression he had produced on Mr. Dingwall enabled him to learn more, and precipitated what seemed to him a singular discovery. "You will find," said the deputy manager, "the statement of the first deposit to Miss Avondale's credit in letters in your own department. The account was opened two years ago through a South American banker. But I am afraid it will not satisfy your curiosity." Nevertheless, Randolph remained after office hours and spent some time in examining the correspondence of two years ago. He was rewarded at last by a banker's letter from Callao advising the remittance of one thousand dollars to the credit of Miss Avondale of San Francisco. The letter was written in Spanish, of which Randolph had a fair knowledge, but it was made plainer by a space having been left in the formal letter for the English name, which was written in another hand, together with a copy of Miss Avondale's signature for identification — the usual proceeding in those early days, when personal identification was difficult to travelers, emigrants, and visitors in a land of strangers.

But here he was struck by a singular resemblance which he at first put down to mere coincidence of names. The child's photograph which he had found in the portmanteau was taken at Callao. That was a mere coincidence, but it suggested to his mind a more singular one — that the handwriting of the address was, in some odd fashion, familiar to him. That night when he went home he opened the portmanteau and took from the purse the scrap of paper with the written address of the bank, and on comparing it with the banker's letter the next day he was startled to find that the handwriting of the bank's address and that in which the girl's name was introduced in the banker's

letter were apparently the same. The letters in the words "Caroline" and "California" appeared as if formed by the same hand. How this might have struck a chirographical expert he did not know. He could not consult the paying teller, who was supposed to be familiar with signatures, without exposing his secret and himself to ridicule. And, after all, what did it prove? Nothing. Even if this girl were cognizant of the man who supplied her address to the Callao banker two years ago, and he was really the missing owner of the portmanteau, would she know where he was now? It might make an opening for conversation if he ever met her familiarly, but nothing more. Yet I am afraid another idea occasionally took possession of Randolph's romantic fancy. It was pleasant to think that the patron of his own fortunes might be in some mysterious way the custodian of hers. The money was placed to her credit — a liberal sum for a girl so young. The large house in which she lived was sufficient to prove to the optimistic Randolph that this income was something personal and distinct from her family. That his unknown benefactor was in the habit of mysteriously rewarding deserving merit after the fashion of a marine fairy godmother, I fear did not strike him as being ridiculous.

But an unfortunate query in that direction, addressed to a cynical fellow clerk, who had the exhaustive experience with the immature mustaches of twenty-three, elicited a reply which shocked him. To his indignant protest the young man continued: —

"Look here; a girl like that who draws money regularly from some man who does n't show up by name, who comes for it herself, and has n't any address, and calls herself 'Avondale' — only an innocent from Dutch Flat, like you, would swallow."

"Impossible," said Randolph indignantly. "Anybody could see she 's a lady by her dress and bearing."

"Dress and bearing!" echoed the clerk, with the derision of blasé youth. "If that 's your test, you ought to see Florry ——."

But here one may safely leave the young gentleman as abruptly as Randolph did. Yet a drop of this corrosive criticism irritated his sensitiveness, and it was not until he recalled his last meeting with her and her innocent escort that he was himself again. Fortunately, he did not relate it to the critic, who would in all probability have added a precocious motherhood to the young lady's possible qualities.

He could now only look forward to her reappearance at the bank, and here he was destined to a more serious disappointment. For when she made her customary appearance at the counter, he noticed a certain businesslike gravity in the paying teller's reception of her, and that he was consulting a small register before him instead of handing her the usual receipt form. "Perhaps you are unaware, Miss Avondale, that your account is overdrawn," Randolph distinctly heard him say, although in a politely lowered voice.

The young girl stopped in taking off her glove; her delicate face expressed her wonder, and paled slightly; she cast a quick and apparently involuntary glance in the direction of Randolph, but said quietly, —

"I don't think I understand."

"I thought you did not — ladies so seldom do," continued the paying teller suavely. "But there are no funds to your credit. Has not your banker or correspondent advised you?"

The girl evidently did not comprehend. "I have no correspondent or banker," she said. "I mean — I have heard nothing."

"The original credit was opened from Callao," continued the official, "but since then it has been added to by drafts from Melbourne. There may be one nearly due now."

The young girl seemed scarcely to comprehend, yet her face remained pale and thoughtful. It was not until the paying teller resumed with suggestive politeness that she roused herself: "If you would like to see the president, he might oblige you until you hear from your friends. Of course, my duty is simply to" —

"I don't think I require you to exceed it," returned the young girl quietly, "or that I wish to see the president." Her delicate little face was quite set with resolution and a mature dignity, albeit it was still pale, as she drew away from the counter.

"If you would leave your address," continued the official with persistent politeness, "we could advise you of any later deposit to your credit."

"It is hardly necessary," returned the young lady. "I should learn it myself, and call again. Thank you. Good-morning." And settling her veil over her face, she quietly passed out.

The pain and indignation with which Randolph overheard this colloquy he could with the greatest difficulty conceal. For one wild moment he had thought of calling her back while he made a personal appeal to Revelstoke; but the conviction borne in upon him by her resolute bearing that she would refuse it, and he would only lay himself open to another rebuff, held him to his seat. Yet he could not entirely repress his youthful indignation.

"Where I come from," he said in an audible voice to his neighbor, "a young lady like that would have been spared this public disappointment. A dozen men would have made up that sum and let her go without knowing anything about her account being overdrawn." And he really believed it.

"Nice, comf'able way of doing banking business in Dutch Flat," returned the cynic. "And I suppose you 'd have kept it up every month? Rather a tall price to pay

for looking at a pretty girl once a month! But I suppose they 're scarcer up there than here. All the same, it ain't too late now. Start up your subscription right here, sonny, and we 'll all ante up."

But Randolph, who seldom followed his heroics to their ultimate prosaic conclusions, regretted he had spoken, although still unconvinced. Happily for his temper, he did not hear the comment of the two tellers.

"Won't see *her* again, old boy," said one.

"I reckon not," returned the other, "now that she 's been chucked by her fancy man — until she gets another. But cheer up; a girl like that won't want friends long."

It is not probable that either of these young gentlemen believed what they said, or would have been personally disrespectful or uncivil to any woman; they were fairly decent young fellows, but the rigors of business demanded this appearance of worldly wisdom between themselves. Meantime, for a week after, Randolph indulged in wild fancies of taking his benefactor's capital of seventy dollars, adding thirty to it from his own hard-earned savings, buying a draft with it from the bank for one hundred dollars, and in some mysterious way getting it to Miss Avondale as the delayed remittance.

The brief wet winter was nearly spent; the long dry season was due, although there was still the rare beauty of cloud scenery in the steel-blue sky, and the sudden return of quick but transient showers. It was on a Sunday of weather like this that the nature-loving Randolph extended his usual holiday excursion as far as Contra Costa by the steamer after his dutiful round of the wharves and shipping. It was with a gayety born equally of his youth and the weather that he overcame his constitutional shyness, and not only mingled without restraint among the pleasure-seekers that thronged the crowded boat, but, in the consciousness of his good looks and a new suit of clothes, even

penetrated into the aristocratic seclusion of the "ladies' cabin" — sacred to the fair sex and their attendant swains or chaperones.

But he found every seat occupied, and was turning away, when he suddenly recognized Miss Avondale sitting beside her little escort. She appeared, however, in a somewhat constrained attitude, sustaining with one hand the boy, who had clambered on the seat. He was looking out of the cabin window, which she was also trying to do, with greater difficulty on account of her position. He could see her profile presented with such marked persistency that he was satisfied she had seen him and was avoiding him. He turned and left the cabin.

Yet, once on the deck again, he repented his haste. Perhaps she had not actually recognized him; perhaps she wished to avoid him only because she was in plainer clothes — a circumstance that, with his knowledge of her changed fortunes, struck him to the heart. It seemed to him that even as a humble employee of the bank he was in some way responsible for it, and wondered if she associated him with her humiliation. He longed to speak with her and assure her of his sympathy, and yet he was equally conscious that she would reject it.

When the boat reached the Alameda wharf she slipped away with the other passengers. He wandered about the hotel garden and the main street in the hope of meeting her again, although he was instinctively conscious that she would not follow the lines of the usual Sunday sight-seers, but had her own destination. He penetrated the depths of the Alameda, and lost himself among its low, trailing oaks, to no purpose. The hope of the morning had died within him; the fire of adventure was quenched, and when the clouds gathered with a rising wind he felt that the promise of that day was gone. He turned to go back to the ferry, but on consulting his watch he found that he

had already lost so much time in his devious wanderings that he must run to catch the last boat. The few drops that spattered through the trees presently increased to a shower; he put up his umbrella without lessening his speed, and finally dashed into the main street as the last bell was ringing. But at the same moment a slight, graceful figure slipped out of the woods just ahead of him, with no other protection from the pelting storm than a handkerchief tied over her hat, and ran as swiftly toward the wharf. It needed only one glance for Randolph to recognize Miss Avondale. The moment had come, the opportunity was here, and the next instant he was panting at her side, with the umbrella over her head.

The girl lifted her head quickly, gave a swift look of recognition, a brief smile of gratitude, and continued her pace. She had not taken his arm, but had grasped the handle of the umbrella, which linked them together. Not a word was spoken. Two people cannot be conversational or sentimental flying at the top of their speed beneath a single umbrella, with a crowd of impatient passengers watching and waiting for them. And I grieve to say that, being a happy American crowd, there was some irreverent humor. "Go it, sis! He 's gainin' on you!" "Keep it up!" "Steady, sonny! Don't prance!" "No fancy licks! You were nearly over the traces that time!" "Keep up to the pole!" (*i. e.* the umbrella). "Don't crowd her off the track! Just swing on together; you 'll do it."

Randolph had glanced quickly at his companion. She was laughing, yet looking at him shyly as if wondering how *he* was taking it. The paddle wheels were beginning to revolve. Another rush, and they were on board as the plank was drawn in.

But they were only on the edge of a packed and seething crowd. Randolph managed, however, to force a way for

her to an angle of the paddle box, where they were comparatively alone although still exposed to the rain. She recognized their enforced companionship by dropping her grasp of the umbrella, which she had hitherto been holding over him with a singular kind of mature superiority very like — as Randolph felt — her manner to the boy.

"You have left your little friend?" he said, grasping at the idea for a conversational opening.

"My little cousin? Yes," she said. "I left him with friends. I could not bear to make him run any risk in this weather. But," she hesitated half apologetically, half mischievously, "perhaps I hurried you."

"Oh, no," said Randolph quickly. "This is the last boat, and I must be at the bank to-morrow morning at nine."

"And I must be at the shop at eight," she said. She did not speak bitterly or pointedly, nor yet with the entire familiarity of custom. He noticed that her dress was indeed plainer, and yet she seemed quite concerned over the water-soaked state of that cheap thin silk pelerine and merino skirt. A big lump was in his throat.

"Do you know," he said desperately, yet trying to laugh, "that this is not the first time you have seen me dripping?"

"Yes," she returned, looking at him interestedly; "it was outside of the druggist's in Montgomery Street, about four months ago. You were wetter then even than you are now."

"I was hungry, friendless, and penniless, Miss Avondale." He had spoken thus abruptly in the faint hope that the revelation might equalize their present condition; but somehow his confession, now that it was uttered, seemed exceedingly weak and impotent. Then he blundered in a different direction. "Your eyes were the only kind ones I had seen since I landed." He flushed a little,

feeling himself on insecure ground, and ended desperately: "Why, when I left you, I thought of committing suicide."

"Oh, dear, not so bad as that, I hope!" she said quickly, smiling kindly, yet with a certain air of mature toleration, as if she were addressing her little cousin. "You only fancied it. And it is n't very complimentary to my eyes if their kindness drove you to such horrid thoughts. And then what happened?" she pursued smilingly.

"I had a job to carry a man's bag, and it got me a night's lodging and a meal," said Randolph, almost brusquely, feeling the utter collapse of his story.

"And then?" she said encouragingly.

"I got a situation at the bank."

"When?"

"The next day," faltered Randolph, expecting to hear her laugh. But Miss Avondale heaved the faintest sigh.

"You are very lucky," she said.

"Not so very," returned Randolph quickly, "for the next time you saw me you cut me dead."

"I believe I did," she said smilingly.

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Are you sure you won't be angry?"

"I may be pained," said Randolph prudently.

"I apologize for that beforehand. Well, that first night I saw a young man looking very anxious, very uncomfortable, and very weak. The second time — and not very long after — I saw him well dressed, lounging like any other young man on a Sunday afternoon, and I believed that he took the liberty of bowing to me then because I had once looked at him under a misapprehension."

"Oh, Miss Avondale!"

"Then I took a more charitable view, and came to the conclusion that the first night he had been drinking. But," she added, with a faint smile at Randolph's lugubrious face, "I apologize. And you have had your revenge; for if *I*

cut you on account of your smart clothes, you have tried to do me a kindness on account of my plain ones."

"Oh, Miss Avondale," burst out Randolph, "if you only knew how sorry and indignant I was at the bank — when — you know — the other day" — he stammered. "I wanted to go with you to Mr. Revelstoke, you know, who had been so generous to me, and I know he would have been proud to befriend you until you heard from your friends."

"And I am very glad you did nothing so foolish," said the young lady seriously, "or" — with a smile — "I should have been still more aggravating to you when we met. The bank was quite right. Nor have I any pathetic story like yours. Some years ago my little half-cousin whom you saw lost his mother and was put in my charge by his father, with a certain sum to my credit, to be expended for myself and the child. I lived with an uncle, with whom, for some family reasons, the child's father was not on good terms, and this money and the charge of the child were therefore intrusted entirely to me; perhaps, also, because Bobby and I were fond of each other and I was a friend of his mother. The father was a shipmaster, always away on long voyages, and has been home but once in the three years I have had charge of his son. I have not heard from him since. He is a good-hearted man, but of a restless, roving disposition, with no domestic tastes. Why he should suddenly cease to provide for my little cousin — if he has done so — or if his omission means only some temporary disaster to himself or his fortunes, I do not know. My anxiety was more for the poor boy's sake than for myself, for as long as I live I can provide for him." She said this without the least display of emotion, and with the same mature air of also repressing any emotion on the part of Randolph. But for her size and girlish figure, but for the dripping tangles of her hair and her soft eyes, he would

have believed he was talking to a hard, middle-aged matron.

"Then you — he — has no friends here?" asked Randolph.

"No. We are all from Callao, where Bobby was born. My uncle was a merchant there, who came here lately to establish an agency. We lived with him in Sutter Street — where you remember I was so hateful to you," she interpolated, with a mischievous smile — "until his enterprise failed and he was obliged to return; but *I* stayed here with Bobby, that he might be educated in his father's own tongue. It was unfortunate, perhaps," she said, with a little knitting of her pretty brows, "that the remittances ceased and uncle left about the same time; but, like you, I was lucky, and I managed to get a place in the Emporium."

"The Emporium!" repeated Randolph in surprise. It was a popular "*magasin* of fashion" in Montgomery Street. To connect this refined girl with its garish display and vulgar attendants seemed impossible.

"The Emporium," reiterated Miss Avondale simply. "You see, we used to dress a good deal in Callao and had the Paris fashions, and that experience was of great service to me. I am now at the head of what they call the 'mantle department,' if you please, and am looked up to as an authority." She made him a mischievous bow, which had the effect of causing a trickle from the umbrella to fall across his budding mustache, and another down her own straight little nose — a diversion that made them laugh together, although Randolph secretly felt that the young girl's quiet heroism was making his own trials appear ridiculous. But her allusion to Callao and the boy's name had again excited his fancy and revived his romantic dream of their common benefactor. As soon as they could get a more perfect shelter and furl the umbrella, he plunged into

the full story of the mysterious portmanteau and its missing owner, with the strange discovery that he had made of the similarity of the two handwritings. The young lady listened intently, eagerly, checking herself with what might have been a half smile at his enthusiasm.

"I remember the banker's letter, certainly," she said, "and Captain Dornton — that was the name of Bobby's father — asked me to sign my name in the body of it where *he* had also written it with my address. But the likeness of the handwriting to your slip of paper may be only a fancied one. Have you shown it to any one," she said quickly — "I mean," she corrected herself as quickly, "any one who is an expert?"

"Not the two together," said Randolph, explaining how he had shown the paper to Mr. Revelstoke.

But Miss Avondale had recovered herself, and laughed. "That that bit of paper should have been the means of getting you a situation seems to me the more wonderful occurrence. Of course it is quite a coincidence that there should be a child's photograph and a letter signed 'Bobby' in the portmanteau. But" — she stopped suddenly and fixed her dark eyes on his — "you have seen Bobby. Surely you can say if it was his likeness?"

Randolph was embarrassed. The fact was he had always been so absorbed in *her* that he had hardly glanced at the child. He ventured to say this, and added a little awkwardly, and coloring, that he had seen Bobby only twice.

"And you still have this remarkable photograph and letter?" she said, perhaps a little too carelessly.

"Yes. Would you like to see them?"

"Very much," she returned quickly; and then added, with a laugh, "you are making me quite curious."

"If you would allow me to see you home," said Randolph, "we have to pass the street where my room is, and," he added timidly, "I could show them to you."

"Certainly," she replied, with sublime unconsciousness of the cause of his hesitation; "that will be very nice."

Randolph was happy, albeit he could not help thinking that she was treating him like the absent Bobby.

"It 's only on Commercial Street, just above Montgomery," he went on. "We go straight up from the wharf" — he stopped short here, for the bulk of a bystander, a roughly clad miner, was pressing him so closely that he was obliged to resist indignantly — partly from discomfort, and partly from a sense that the man was overhearing him. The stranger muttered a kind of apology, and moved away.

"He seems to be perpetually in your way," said Miss Avondale, smiling. "He was right behind you, and you nearly trod on his toes, when you bolted out of the cabin this morning."

"Ah, then you *did* see me!" said Randolph, forgetting all else in his delight at the admission.

But Miss Avondale was not disconcerted. "Thanks to your collision, I saw you both."

It was still raining when they disembarked at the wharf, a little behind the other passengers, who had crowded on the bow of the steamboat. It was only a block or two beyond the place where Randolph had landed that eventful night. He had to pass it now; but with Miss Avondale clinging to his arm, with what different feelings! The rain still fell, the day was fading, but he walked in an enchanted dream, of which the prosaic umbrella was the mystic tent and magic pavilion. He must needs even stop at the corner of the wharf, and show her the exact spot where his unknown benefactor appeared.

"Coming out of the shadow like that man there," she added brightly, pointing to a figure just emerging from the obscurity of an overhanging warehouse. "Why, it 's your friend the miner!"

Randolph looked. It was indeed the same man, who had probably reached the wharf by a cross street.

"Let us go on, do!" said Miss Avondale, suddenly tightening her hold of Randolph's arm in some instinctive feminine alarm. "I don't like this place."

But Randolph, with the young girl's arm clinging to his, felt supremely daring. Indeed, I fear he was somewhat disappointed when the stranger peacefully turned into the junk shop at the corner and left them to pursue their way.

They at last stopped before some business offices on a central thoroughfare, where Randolph had a room on the third story. When they had climbed the flight of stairs he unlocked a door and disclosed a good-sized apartment which had been intended for an office, but which was now neatly furnished as a study and bedroom. Miss Avondale smiled at the singular combination.

"I should fancy," she said, "you would never feel as if you had quite left the bank behind you." Yet, with her air of protection and mature experience, she at once began to move one or two articles of furniture into a more tasteful position, while Randolph, nevertheless a little embarrassed at his audacity in asking this goddess into his humble abode, hurriedly unlocked a closet, brought out the portmanteau, and handed her the letter and photograph.

Woman-like, Miss Avondale looked at the picture first. If she experienced any surprise, she repressed it. "It is *like* Bobby," she said meditatively, "but he was stouter then; and he 's changed sadly since he has been in this climate. I don't wonder you did n't recognize him. His father may have had it taken some day when they were alone together. I did n't know of it, though I know the photographer." She then looked at the letter, knit her pretty brows, and with an abstracted air sat down on the

edge of Randolph's bed, crossed her little feet, and looked puzzled. But he was unable to detect the least emotion.

"You see," she said, "the handwriting of most children who are learning to write is very much alike, for this is the stage of development when they 'print.' And their composition is the same: they talk only of things that interest all children — pets, toys, and their games. This is only *any* child's letter to *any* father. I could n't really say it *was* Bobby's. As to the photograph, they have an odd way in South America of selling photographs of anybody, principally of pretty women, by the packet, to any one who wants them. So that it does not follow that the owner of this photograph had any personal interest in it. Now, as to your mysterious patron himself, can you describe him?" She looked at Randolph with a certain feline intensity.

He became embarrassed. "You know I only saw him once, under a street lamp" — he began.

"And I have only seen Captain Dornton — if it were he — twice in three years," she said. "But go on."

Again Randolph was unpleasantly impressed with her cold, dryly practical manner. He had never seen his benefactor but once, but he could not speak of him in that way.

"I think," he went on hesitatingly, "that he had dark, pleasant eyes, a thick beard, and the look of a sailor."

"And there were no other papers in the portmanteau?" she said, with the same intense look.

"None."

"These are mere coincidences," said Miss Avondale, after a pause, "and, after all, they are not as strange as the alternative. For we would have to believe that Captain Dornton arrived here — where he knew his son and I were living — without a word of warning, came ashore for the purpose of going to a hotel and the bank also, and then unaccountably changed his mind and disappeared."

The thought of the rotten wharf, his own escape, and the dead body were all in Randolph's mind; but his reasoning was already staggered by the girl's conclusions, and he felt that it might only pain, without convincing her. And was he convinced himself? She smiled at his blank face and rose. "Thank you all the same. And now I must go."

Randolph rose also. "Would you like to take the photograph and letter to show your cousin?"

"Yes. But I should not place much reliance on his memory." Nevertheless, she took up the photograph and letter, and Randolph, putting the portmanteau back in the closet, locked it, and stood ready to accompany her.

On their way to her house they talked of other things. Randolph learned something of her life in Callao: that she was an orphan like himself, and had been brought from the Eastern States when a child to live with a rich uncle in Callao who was childless; that her aunt had died and her uncle had married again; that the second wife had been at variance with his family, and that it was consequently some relief to Miss Avondale to be independent as the guardian of Bobby, whose mother was a sister of the first wife; that her uncle had objected as strongly as a brother-in-law could to his wife's sister's marriage with Captain Dornton on account of his roving life and unsettled habits, and that consequently there would be little sympathy for her or for Bobby in his mysterious disappearance. The wind blew and the rain fell upon these confidences, yet Randolph, walking again under that umbrella of felicity, parted with her at her own doorstep all too soon, although consoled with the permission to come and see her when the child returned.

He went back to his room a very hopeful, foolish, but nappy youth. As he entered he seemed to feel the charm of her presence again in the humble apartment she had

sanctified. The furniture she had moved with her own little hands, the bed on which she had sat for a half moment, was glorified to his youthful fancy. And even that magic portmanteau which had brought him all this happiness, that, too, — but he gave a sudden start. The closet door, which he had shut as he went out, was unlocked and open, the portmanteau — his "trust" — gone!

III

Randolph Trent's consternation at the loss of the portmanteau was partly superstitious. For, although it was easy to make up the small sum taken, and the papers were safe in Miss Avondale's possession, yet this displacement of the only link between him and his missing benefactor, and the mystery of its disappearance, raised all his old doubts and suspicions. A vague uneasiness, a still more vague sense of some remissness on his own part, possessed him.

That the portmanteau was taken from his room during his absence with Miss Avondale that afternoon was evident. The door had been opened by a skeleton key, and as the building was deserted on Sunday, there had been no chance of interference with the thief. If mere booty had been his object, the purse would have satisfied him without his burdening himself with a portmanteau which might be identified. Nothing else in the room had been disturbed. The thief must have had some cognizance of its location, and have kept some espionage over Randolph's movements — a circumstance which added to the mystery and his disquiet. He placed a description of his loss with the police authorities, but their only idea of recovering it was by leaving that description with pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers, a proceeding that Randolph instinctively felt was in vain.

A singular but instinctive reluctance to inform Miss Avondale of his loss kept him from calling upon her for

the first few days. When he did, she seemed concerned at the news, although far from participating in his superstition or his suspicions.

"You still have the letter and photograph — whatever they may be worth — for identification," she said dryly, "although Bobby cannot remember about the letter. He thinks he went once with his father to a photographer and had a picture taken, but he cannot remember seeing it afterward." She was holding them in her hand, and Randolph almost mechanically took them from her and put them in his pocket. He would not, perhaps, have noticed his own brusqueness had she not looked a little surprised, and, he thought, annoyed. "Are you quite sure you won't lose them?" she said gently. "Perhaps I had better keep them for you."

"I shall seal them up and put them in the bank safe," he said quickly. He could not tell whether his sudden resolution was an instinct or the obstinacy that often comes to an awkward man. "But," he added, coloring, "I shall always regret the loss of the portmanteau, for it was the means of bringing us together."

"I thought it was the umbrella," said Miss Avondale dryly.

She had once before halted him on the perilous edge of sentiment by a similar cynicism, but this time it cut him deeply. For he could not be blind to the fact that she treated him like a mere boy, and in dispelling the illusions of his instincts and beliefs seemed as if intent upon dispelling his illusions of *her;* and in her half-smiling abstraction he read only the well-bred toleration of one who is beginning to be bored. He made his excuses early and went home. Nevertheless, although regretting he had not left her the letter and photograph, he deposited them in the bank safe the next day, and tried to feel that he had vindicated his character for grown-up wisdom.

Then, in his conflicting emotions, he punished himself, after the fashion of youth, by avoiding the beloved one's presence for several days. He did this in the belief that it would enable him to make up his mind whether to reveal his real feelings to her, and perhaps there was the more alluring hope that his absence might provoke some manifestations of sentiment on her part. But she made no sign. And then came a reaction in his feelings, with a heightened sense of loyalty to his benefactor. For, freed of any illusion or youthful fancy now, a purely unselfish gratitude to the unknown man filled his heart. In the lapse of his sentiment he clung the more closely to this one honest romance of his life.

One afternoon, at the close of business, he was a little astonished to receive a message from Mr. Dingwall, the deputy manager, that he wished to see him in his private office. He was still more astonished when Mr. Dingwall, after offering him a chair, stood up with his hands under his coat tails before the fireplace, and, with a hesitancy half reserved, half courteous, but wholly English, said, —

"I — er — would be glad, Mr. Trent, if you would — er — give me the pleasure of your company at dinner tomorrow."

Randolph, still amazed, stammered his acceptance.

"There will be — er — a young lady in whom you were — er — interested some time ago. Er — Miss Avondale."

Randolph, feeling he was coloring, and uncertain whether he should speak of having met her since, contented himself with expressing his delight.

"In fact," continued Mr. Dingwall, clearing his throat as if he were also clearing his conscience of a tremendous secret, "she — er — mentioned your name. There is Sir William Dornton coming also. Sir William has recently succeeded his elder brother, who — er — it seems, was the gentleman you were inquiring about when you first came

here, and who, it is now ascertained, was drowned in the bay a few months ago. In fact — er — it is probable that you were the last one who saw him alive. I thought I would tell you," continued Mr. Dingwall, settling his chin more comfortably in his checked cravat, "in case Sir William should speak of him to you."

Randolph was staggered. The abrupt revelation of his benefactor's name and fate, casually coupled with an invitation to dinner, shocked and confounded him. Perhaps Mr. Dingwall noticed it and misunderstood the cause, for he added in parenthetical explanation: "Yes, the man whose portmanteau you took charge of is dead; but you did your duty, Mr. Trent, in the matter, although the recovery of the portmanteau was unessential to the case."

"Dead," repeated Randolph, scarcely heeding him. "But is it true? Are they sure?"

Mr. Dingwall elevated his eyebrows. "The large property at stake of course rendered the most satisfactory proofs of it necessary. His father had died only a month previous, and of course they were seeking the presumptive heir, the so-called 'Captain John Dornton' — your man — when they made the discovery of his death."

Randolph thought of the strange body at the wharf, of the coroner's vague verdict, and was unconvinced. "But," he said impulsively, "there was a child." He checked himself as he remembered this was one of Miss Avondale's confidences to him.

"Ah — Miss Avondale has spoken of a child?" said Mr. Dingwall dryly.

"I saw her with one which she said was Captain Dornton's, which had been left in her care after the death of his wife," said Randolph in hurried explanation.

"John Dornton had no *wife*," said Mr. Dingwall severely. "The boy is a natural son. Captain John lived a wild, rough, and — er — an eccentric life."

"I thought — I understood from Miss Avondale that he was married," stammered the young man.

"In your rather slight acquaintance with that young lady I should imagine she would have had some delicacy in telling you otherwise," returned Mr. Dingwall primly.

Randolph felt the truth of this, and was momentarily embarrassed. Yet he lingered.

"Has Miss Avondale known of this discovery long?" he asked.

"About two weeks, I should say," returned Mr. Dingwall. "She was of some service to Sir William in getting up certain proofs he required."

It was three weeks since she had seen Randolph, yet it would have been easy for her to communicate the news to him. In these three weeks his romance of their common interest in his benefactor — even his own dream of ever seeing him again — had been utterly dispelled.

It was in no social humor that he reached Dingwall's house the next evening. Yet he knew the difficulty of taking an aggressive attitude toward his previous idol or of inviting a full explanation from her then.

The guests, with the exception of himself and Miss Avondale, were all English. She, self-possessed and charming in evening dress, nodded to him with her usual mature patronage, but did not evince the least desire to seek him for any confidential aside. He noticed the undoubted resemblance of Sir William Dornton to his missing benefactor, and yet it produced a singular repulsion in him, rather than any sympathetic predilection. At table he found that Miss Avondale was separated from him, being seated beside the distinguished guest, while he was placed next to the young lady he had taken down — a Miss Eversleigh, the cousin of Sir William. She was tall, and Randolph's first impression of her was that she was stiff and constrained — an impression he quickly corrected at the sound of her voice, her

frank ingenuousness, and her unmistakable youth. In the habit of being crushed by Miss Avondale's unrelenting superiority, he found himself apparently growing up beside this tall English girl, who had the naïveté of a child. After a few commonplaces she suddenly turned her gray eyes on his, and said, —

"Did n't you like Jack? I hope you did. Oh, say you did — do!"

"You mean Captain John Dornton?" said Randolph, a little confused.

"Yes, of course; *his* brother" — glancing toward Sir William. "We always called him Jack, though I was ever so little when he went away. No one thought of calling him anything else but Jack. Say you liked him!"

"I certainly did," returned Randolph impulsively. Then checking himself, he added, "I only saw him once, but I liked his face and manner — and — he was very kind to me."

"Of course he was," said the young girl quickly. "That was only like him, and yet" — lowering her voice slightly — "would you believe that they all say he was wild and wicked and dissipated? And why? Fancy! Just because he did n't care to stay at home and shoot and hunt and race and make debts, as heirs usually do. No, he wanted to see the world and do something for himself. Why, when he was quite young, he could manage a boat like any sailor. Dornton Hall, their place, is on the coast, you know, and they say that, just for adventure's sake, after he went away, he shipped as first mate somewhere over here on the Pacific, and made two or three voyages. You know — don't you? — and how every one was shocked at such conduct in the heir."

Her face was so girlishly animated, with such sparkle of eye and responsive color, that he could hardly reconcile it with her first restraint or with his accepted traditions of her unemotional race, or, indeed, with her relationship to the

principal guest. His latent feeling of gratitude to the dead man warmed under the young girl's voice.

"It 's so dreadful to think of him as drowned, you know, though even that they put against him," she went on hurriedly, "for they say he was probably drowned in some drunken fit — fell through the wharf or something shocking and awful — worse than suicide. But" — she turned her frank young eyes upon him again — "*you* saw him on the wharf that night, and you could tell how he looked."

"He was as sober as I was," returned Randolph indignantly, as he recalled the incident of the flask and the dead man's caution. From recalling it to repeating it followed naturally, and he presently related the whole story of his meeting with Captain Dornton to the brightly interested eyes beside him. When he had finished, she leaned toward him in girlish confidence, and said: —

"Yes; but *even that* they tell to show how intoxicated he must have been to have given up his portmanteau to an utter stranger like you." She stopped, colored, and yet, reflecting his own half smile, she added: "You know what I mean. For they all agree how nice it was of you not to take any advantage of his condition, and Dingwall said your honesty and faithfulness struck Revelstoke so much that he made a place for you at the bank. Now *I* think," she continued, with delightful naïveté, "it was a proof of poor Jack's *being perfectly sober*, that he knew whom he was trusting, and saw just what you were, at once. There! But I suppose you must not talk to me any longer, but must make yourself agreeable to some one else. But it was very nice of you to tell me all this. I wish you knew my guardian. You 'd like him. Do you ever go to England? Do come and see us."

These confidences had not been observed by the others, and Miss Avondale appeared to confine her attentions to Sir William, who seemed to be equally absorbed, except

that once he lifted his eyes toward Randolph, as if in answer to some remark from her. It struck Randolph that he was the subject of their conversation, and this did not tend to allay the irritation of a mind already wounded by the contrast of *her* lack of sympathy for the dead man who had befriended and trusted her to the simple faith of the girl beside him, who was still loyal to a mere childish recollection.

After the ladies had rustled away, Sir William moved his seat beside Randolph. His manner seemed to combine Mr. Dingwall's restraint with a certain assumption of the man of the world, more notable for its frankness than its tactfulness.

"Sad business this of my brother's, eh," he said, lighting a cigar; "any way you take it, eh? You saw him last, eh?" The interrogating word, however, seemed to be only an exclamation of habit, for he seldom waited for an answer.

"I really don't know," said Randolph, "as I saw him only *once*, and he left me on the wharf. I know no more where he went to then than where he came from before. Of course you must know all the rest, and how he came to be drowned."

"Yes; it really did not matter much. The whole question was identification and proof of death, you know. Beastly job, eh?"

"Was that his body *you* were helping to get ashore at the wharf one Sunday?" asked Randolph bluntly, now fully recognizing the likeness that had puzzled him in Sir William. "I did n't see any resemblance."

"Precious few would. I did n't — though it 's true I had n't seen him for eight years. Poor old chap been knocked about so he had n't a feature left, eh? But his shipmate knew him, and there were his traps on the ship."

Then, for the first time, Randolph heard the grim and

sordid details of John Dornton's mysterious disappearance. He had arrived the morning before that eventful day on an Australian bark as the principal passenger. The vessel itself had an evil repute, and was believed to have slipped from the hands of the police at Melbourne. John Dornton had evidently amassed a considerable fortune in Australia, although an examination of his papers and effects showed it to be in drafts and letters of credit and shares, and that he had no ready money — a fact borne out by the testimony of his shipmates. The night he arrived was spent in an orgy on board ship, which he did not leave until the early evening of the next day, although, after his erratic fashion, he had ordered a room at a hotel. That evening he took ashore a portmanteau, evidently intending to pass the night at his hotel. He was never seen again, although some of the sailors declared that they had seen him on the wharf *without the portmanteau*, and they had drunk together at a low grog shop on the street corner. He had evidently fallen through some hole in the wharf. As he was seen only with the sailors, who also knew he had no ready money on his person, there was no suspicion of foul play.

"For all that, don't you know," continued Sir William, with a forced laugh, which struck Randolph as not only discordant, but as having an insolent significance, "it might have been a deuced bad business for *you*, eh? Last man who was with him, eh? In possession of his portmanteau, eh? Wearing his clothes, eh? Awfully clever of you to go straight to the bank with it. 'Pon my word, my legal man wanted to pounce down on you as 'accessory' until I and Dingwall called him off. But it 's all right now."

Randolph's antagonism to the man increased. "The investigation seems to have been peculiar," he said dryly, "for, if I remember rightly, at the coroner's inquest on the body I saw you with, the verdict returned was of the death of an *unknown* man."

"Yes; we had n't clear proof of identity then," he returned coolly, "but we had a reëxamination of the body before witnesses afterward, and a verdict according to the facts. That was kept out of the papers in deference to the feelings of the family and friends. I fancy you would n't have liked to be cross-examined before a stupid jury about what you were doing with Jack's portmanteau, even if *we* were satisfied with it."

"I should have been glad to testify to the kindness of your brother, at any risk," returned Randolph stoutly. "You have heard that the portmanteau was stolen from me, but the amount of money it contained has been placed in Mr. Dingwall's hands for disposal."

"Its contents were known, and all that 's been settled," returned Sir William, rising. "But," he continued, with his forced laugh, which to Randolph's fancy masked a certain threatening significance, "I say, it would have been a beastly business, don't you know, if you *had* been called upon to produce it again — ha, ha! — eh?"

Returning to the dining room, Randolph found Miss Avondale alone on a corner of the sofa. She swept her skirts aside as he approached, as an invitation for him to sit beside her. Still sore from his experience, he accepted only in the hope that she was about to confide to him her opinion of this strange story But, to his chagrin, she looked at him over her fan with a mischievous tolerance. "You seemed more interested in the cousin than the brother of your patron."

Once Randolph might have been flattered at this. But her speech seemed to him only an echo of the general heartlessness. "I found Miss Eversleigh very sympathetic over the fate of the unfortunate man, whom nobody else here seems to care for," said Randolph coldly.

"Yes," returned Miss Avondale composedly; "I believe she was a great friend of Captain Dornton when she was

quite a child, and I don't think she can expect much from Sir William, who is very different from his brother. In fact, she was one of the relatives who came over here in quest of the captain, when it was believed he was living and the heir. He was quite a patron of hers."

"But was he not also one of yours?" said Randolph bluntly.

"I think I told you I was the friend of the boy and of poor Paquita, the boy's mother," said Miss Avondale quietly. "I never saw Captain Dornton but twice."

Randolph noticed that she had not said "wife," although in her previous confidences she had so described the mother. But, as Dingwall had said, why should she have exposed the boy's illegitimacy to a comparative stranger; and if she herself had been deceived about it, why should he expect her to tell him? And yet — he was not satisfied.

He was startled by a little laugh. "Well, I declare, you look as if you resented the fact that your benefactor had turned out to be a baronet — just as in some novel — and that you have rendered a service to the English aristocracy. If you are thinking of poor Bobby," she continued, without the slightest show of self-consciousness, "Sir William will provide for him, and thinks of taking him to England to restore his health. Now" — with her smiling, tolerant superiority — "you must go and talk to Miss Eversleigh. I see her looking this way, and I don't think she half likes me as it is."

Randolph, who, however, also saw that Sir William was lounging toward them, here rose formally, as if permitting the latter to take the vacated seat. This partly imposed on him the necessity of seeking Miss Eversleigh, who, having withdrawn to the other end of the room, was turning over the leaves of an album. As Randolph joined her, she said, without looking up, "Is Miss Avondale a friend of yours?"

The question was so pertinent to his reflections at the moment that he answered impulsively, "I really don't know."

"Yes, that 's the answer, I think, most of her acquaintances would give, if they were asked the same question and replied honestly," said the young girl, as if musing.

"Even Sir William?" suggested Randolph, half smiling, yet wondering at her unlooked-for serious shrewdness as he glanced toward the sofa.

"Yes; but *he* would n't care. You see, there would be a pair of them." She stopped with a slight blush, as if she had gone too far, but corrected herself in her former youthful frankness: "You don't mind my saying what I did of her? You 're not such a *particular* friend?"

"We both owe a debt of gratitude to your cousin Jack," said Randolph, in some embarrassment.

"Yes, but *you* feel it and she does n't. So that does n't make you friends."

"But she has taken good care of Captain Dornton's child," suggested Randolph loyally.

He stopped, however, feeling that he was on dangerous ground. But Miss Eversleigh put her own construction on his reticence, and said, —

"I don't think she cares for it much — or for *any* children."

Randolph remembered his own impression the only time he had ever seen her with the child, and was struck with the young girl's instinct again coinciding with his own. But, possibly because he knew he could never again feel toward Miss Avondale as he had, he was the more anxious to be just, and he was about to utter a protest against this general assumption, when the voice of Sir William broke in upon them. He was taking his leave — and the opportunity of accompanying Miss Avondale to her lodgings on the way to his hotel. He lingered a moment over his handshaking with Randolph.

"Awfully glad to have met you, and I fancy you 're awfully glad to get rid of what they call your 'trust.' Must have given you a beastly lot of bother, eh — might have given you more?"

He nodded familiarly to Miss Eversleigh, and turned away with Miss Avondale, who waved her usual smiling patronage to Randolph, even including his companion in that half-amused, half-superior salutation. Perhaps it was this that put a sudden hauteur into the young girl's expression as she stared at Miss Avondale's departing figure.

"If you ever come to England, Mr. Trent," she said, with a pretty dignity in her youthful face, "I hope you will find some people not quite so rude as my cousin and" —

"Miss Avondale, you would say," returned Randolph quietly. "As to *her*, I am quite accustomed to her maturer superiority, which, I am afraid, is the effect of my own youth and inexperience; and I believe that, in course of time, your cousin's brusqueness might be as easily understood by me. I dare say," he added, with a laugh, "that I must seem to them a very romantic visionary with my 'trust,' and the foolish importance I have put upon a very trivial occurrence."

"*I* don't think so," said the girl quickly, "and I consider Bill very rude, and," she added, with a return of her boyish frankness, "I shall tell him so. As for Miss Avondale, she 's *at least* thirty, I understand; perhaps she can't help showing it in that way, too."

But here Randolph, to evade further personal allusions, continued laughingly: "And as I 've *lost* my 'trust,' I have n't even that to show in defense. Indeed, when you all are gone I shall have nothing to remind me of my kind benefactor. It will seem like a dream."

Miss Eversleigh was silent for a moment, and then glanced quickly around her. The rest of the company

were their elders, and, engaged in conversation at the other end of the apartment, had evidently left the young people to themselves.

"Wait a moment," she said, with a youthful air of mystery and earnestness. Randolph saw that she had slipped an Indian bracelet, profusely hung with small trinkets, from her arm to her wrist, and was evidently selecting one. It proved to be a child's tiny ring with a small pearl setting. "This was given to me by Cousin Jack," said Miss Eversleigh in a low voice, "when I was a child, at some frolic or festival, and I have kept it ever since. I brought it with me when we came here as a kind of memento to show him. You know that is impossible now. You say you have nothing of his to keep. Will you accept this? I know he would be glad to know you had it. You could wear it on your watch chain. Don't say no, but take it."

Protesting, yet filled with a strange joy and pride, Randolph took it from the young girl's hand. The little color which had deepened on her cheek cleared away as he thanked her gratefully, and with a quiet dignity she arose and moved toward the others. Randolph did not linger long after this, and presently took his leave of his host and hostess.

It seemed to him that he walked home that night in the whirling clouds of his dispelled dream. The airy structure he had built up for the last three months had coliapsed. The enchanted canopy under which he had stood with Miss Avondale was folded forever. The romance he had evolved from his strange fortune had come to an end, not prosaically, as such romances are apt to do, but with a dramatic termination which, however, was equally fatal to his hopes. At any other time he might have projected the wildest hopes from the fancy that he and Miss Avondale were orphaned of a common benefactor; but it was plain that her interests were apart from his. And there was an

indefinable something he did not understand, and did not want to understand, in the story she had told him. How much of it she had withheld, not so much from delicacy or contempt for his understanding as a desire to mislead him, he did not know. His faith in her had gone with his romance. It was not strange that the young English girl's unsophisticated frankness and simple confidences lingered longest in his memory, and that when, a few days later, Mr. Dingwall informed him that Miss Avondale had sailed for England with the Dornton family, he was more conscious of a loss in the stranger girl's departure.

"I suppose Miss Avondale takes charge of — of the boy, sir?" he said quietly.

Mr. Dingwall gave him a quick glance. "Possibly. Sir William has behaved with great — er — consideration," he replied briefly.

IV

Randolph's nature was too hopeful and recuperative to allow him to linger idly in the past. He threw himself into his work at the bank with his old earnestness and a certain simple conscientiousness which, while it often provoked the raillery of his fellow clerks, did not escape the eyes of his employers. He was advanced step by step, and by the end of the year was put in charge of the correspondence with banks and agencies. He had saved some money, and had made one or two profitable investments. He was enabled to take better apartments in the same building he had occupied. He had few of the temptations of youth. His fear of poverty and his natural taste kept him from the speculative and material excesses of the period. A distrust of his romantic weakness kept him from society and meaner entanglements which might have beset his good looks and good nature. He worked in his rooms at night and forbore his old evening rambles.

As the year wore on to the anniversary of his arrival, he thought much of the dead man who had inspired his fortunes, and with it a sense of his old doubts and suspicions revived. His reason had obliged him to accept the loss of the fateful portmanteau as an ordinary theft; his instinct remained unconvinced. There was no superstition connected with his loss. His own prosperity had not been impaired by it. On the contrary, he reflected bitterly that the dead man had apparently died only to benefit others. At such times he recalled, with a pleasure that he knew might become perilous, the tall English girl who had defended Dornton's memory and echoed his own sympathy. But that was all over now.

One stormy night, not unlike that eventful one of his past experience, Randolph sought his rooms in the teeth of a southwest gale. As he buffeted his way along the rain-washed pavement of Montgomery Street, it was not strange that his thoughts reverted to that night and the memory of his dead protector. But reaching his apartment, he sternly banished them with the vanished romance they revived, and lighting his lamp, laid out his papers in the prospect of an evening of uninterrupted work. He was surprised, however, after a little interval, by the sound of uncertain and shuffling steps on the half-lighted passage outside, the noise of some heavy article set down on the floor, and then a tentative knock at his door. A little impatiently he called, "Come in."

The door opened slowly, and out of the half obscurity of the passage a thickset figure lurched toward him into the full light of the room. Randolph half rose, and then sank back into his chair, awed, spellbound, and motionless. He saw the figure standing plainly before him; he saw distinctly the familiar furniture of his room, the storm-twinkling lights in the windows opposite, the flash of passing carriage lamps in the street below. But the figure before

him was none other than the dead man of whom he had just been thinking.

The figure looked at him intently, and then burst into a fit of unmistakable laughter. It was neither loud nor unpleasant, and yet it provoked a disagreeable recollection. Nevertheless, it dissipated Randolph's superstitious tremor, for he had never before heard of a ghost who laughed heartily.

"You don't remember me," said the man. "Belay there, and I 'll freshen your memory." He stepped back to the door, opened it, put his arm out into the hall, and brought in a portmanteau, closed the door, and appeared before Randolph again with the portmanteau in his hand. It was the one that had been stolen. "There!" he said.

"Captain Dornton," murmured Randolph.

The man laughed again and flung down the portmanteau. "You 've got my name pat enough, lad, I see; but I reckoned you 'd have spotted *me* without that portmanteau."

"I see you 've got it back," stammered Randolph in his embarrassment. "It was — stolen from me."

Captain Dornton laughed again, dropped into a chair, rubbed his hands on his knees, and turned his face toward Randolph. "Yes; *I* stole it — or had it stolen — the same thing, for I 'm responsible."

"But I would have given it up to *you* at once," said Randolph reproachfully, clinging to the only idea he could understand in his utter bewilderment. "I have religiously and faithfully kept it for you, with all its contents, ever since — you disappeared."

"I know it, lad," said Captain Dornton, rising, and extending a brown, weather-beaten hand which closed heartily on the young man's; "no need to say that. And you 've kept it even better than you know. Look here!"

He lifted the portmanteau to his lap and disclosed *behind* the usual small pouch or pocket in the lid a slit in

the lining. "Between the lining and the outer leather," he went on grimly, "I had two or three bank notes that came to about a thousand dollars, and some papers, lad, that, reckoning by and large, might be worth to me a million. When I got that portmanteau back they were all there, gummed in, just as I had left them. I did n't show up and come for them myself, for I was lying low at the time, and — no offense, lad — I did n't know how you stood with a party who was no particular friend of mine. An old shipmate whom I set to watch that party quite accidentally run across your bows in the ferry boat, and heard enough to make him follow in your wake here, where he got the portmanteau. It 's all right," he said, with a laugh, waving aside with his brown hand Randolph's protesting gesture. "The old bag 's only got back to its rightful owner. It may n't have been got in shipshape 'Frisco style, but when a man's life is at stake, at least, when it 's a question of his being considered dead or alive, he 's got to take things as he finds 'em, and *I* found 'em d—— bad."

In a flash of recollection Randolph remembered the obtruding miner on the ferry boat, the same figure on the wharf corner, and the advantage taken of his absence with Miss Avondale. And Miss Avondale was the "party" this man's shipmate was watching! He felt his face crimsoning, yet he dared not question him further, nor yet defend her. Captain Dornton noticed it, and with a friendly tact, which Randolph had not expected of him, rising again, laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder.

"Look here, lad," he said, with his pleasant smile; "don't you worry your head about the ways or doings of the Dornton family, or any of their friends. They 're a queer lot — including your humble servant. You 've done the square thing accordin' to your lights. You 've ridden straight from start to finish, with no jockeying, and I shan't forget it. There are only two men who have n't

failed me when I trusted them. One was you when I gave you my portmanteau; the other was Jack Redhill when he stole it from you."

He dropped back in his chair again, and laughed silently.

"Then you did not fall overboard as they supposed," stammered Randolph at last.

"Not much! But the next thing to it. It was n't the water that I took in that knocked me out, my lad, but something stronger. I was shanghaied."

"Shanghaied?" repeated Randolph vacantly.

"Yes, shanghaied! Hocused! Drugged at that gin-mill on the wharf by a lot of crimps, who, mistaking me for a better man, shoved me, blind drunk and helpless, down the steps into a boat, and out to a short-handed brig in the stream. When I came to I was outside the Heads, pointed for Guayaquil. When they found they 'd captured, not a poor Jack, but a man who 'd trod a quarter-deck, who knew, and was known at every port on the trading line, and who could make it hot for them, they were glad to compromise and set me ashore at Acapulco, and six weeks later I landed in 'Frisco."

"Safe and sound, thank Heaven!" said Randolph joyously.

"Not exactly, lad," said Captain Dornton grimly, "but dead and sat upon by the coroner, and my body comfortably boxed up and on its way to England."

"But that was nine months ago. What have you been doing since? Why did n't you declare yourself then?" said Randolph impatiently, a little irritated by the man's extreme indifference. He really talked like an amused spectator of his own misfortunes.

"Steady, lad. I know what you 're going to say. I know all that happened. But the first thing I found when I got back was that the shanghai business had saved my life; that but for that I would have really been occupying

that box on its way to England, instead of the poor devil who was taken for me."

A cold tremor passed over Randolph. Captain Dornton, however, was tolerantly smiling.

"I don't understand," said Randolph breathlessly.

Captain Dornton rose and, walking to the door, looked out into the passage; then he shut the door carefully and returned, glancing about the room and at the storm-washed windows. "I thought I heard some one outside. I'm lying low just now, and only go out at night, for I don't want this thing blown before I'm ready. Got anything to drink here?"

Randolph replied by taking a decanter of whiskey and glasses from a cupboard. The captain filled his glass, and continued with the same gentle but exasperating nonchalance, "Mind my smoking?"

"Not at all," said Randolph, pushing a cigar toward him. But the captain put it aside, drew from his pocket a short black clay pipe, stuffed it with black "Cavendish plug," which he had first chipped off in the palm of his hand with a large clasp knife, lighted it, and took a few meditative whiffs. Then, glancing at Randolph's papers, he said, "I'm not keeping you from your work, lad?" and receiving a reply in the negative, puffed at his pipe and once more settled himself comfortably in his chair, with his dark, bearded profile toward Randolph.

"You were saying just now you did n't understand," he went on slowly, without looking up; "so you must take your own bearings from what I'm telling you. When I met you that night I had just arrived from Melbourne. I had been lucky in some trading speculations I had out there, and I had some bills with me, but no money except what I had tucked in the skin of that portmanteau and a few papers connected with my family at home. When a man lives the roving kind of life I have, he learns to keep all

that he cares for under his own hat, and is n't apt to blab to friends. But it got out in some way on the voyage that I had money, and as there was a mixed lot of 'Sydney ducks' and 'ticket of leave men' on board, it seems they hatched a nice little plot to waylay me on the wharf on landing, rob me, and drop me into deep water. To make it seem less suspicious, they associated themselves with a lot of crimps who were on the lookout for our sailors, who were going ashore that night too. I 'd my suspicions that a couple of those men might be waiting for me at the end of the wharf. I left the ship just a minute or two before the sailors did. Then I met you. That meeting, my lad, was my first step toward salvation. For the two men let *you* pass with my portmanteau, which they did n't recognize, as I knew they would *me*, and supposed you were a stranger, and lay low, waiting for me. I, who went into the gin-mill with the other sailors, was foolish enough to drink, and was drugged and crimped as they were. I had n't thought of that. A poor devil of a ticket of leave man, about my size, was knocked down for me, and," he added, suppressing a laugh, "will be buried, deeply lamented, in the chancel of Dornton Church. While the row was going on, the skipper, fearing to lose other men, warped out into the stream, and so knew nothing of what happened to me. When they found what they thought was my body, he was willing to identify it in the hope that the crime might be charged to the crimps, and so did the other sailor witnesses. But my brother Bill, who had just arrived here from Callao, where he had been hunting for me, hushed it up to prevent a scandal. All the same, Bill might have known the body was n't mine, even though he had n't seen me for years."

"But it was frightfully disfigured, so that even *I*, who saw you only once, could not have sworn it was *not* you," said Randolph quickly.

"Humph!" said Captain Dornton musingly. "Bill may have acted on the square — though he was in a d——d hurry."

"But," said Randolph eagerly, "you will put an end to all this now. You will assert yourself. You have witnesses to prove your identity."

"Steady, lad," said the captain, waving his pipe gently. "Of course I have. But" — he stopped, laid down his pipe, and put his hands doggedly in his pockets — "*is it worth it?*" Seeing the look of amazement in Randolph's face, he laughed his low laugh, and settled himself back in his chair again. "No," he said quietly, "if it was n't for my son, and what 's due him as my heir, I suppose — I reckon I 'd just chuck the whole d——d thing."

"What!" said Randolph. "Give up the property, the title, the family honor, the wrong done to your reputation, the punishment" — He hesitated, fearing he had gone too far.

Captain Dornton withdrew his pipe from his mouth with a gesture of caution, and holding it up, said: "Steady, lad. We 'll come to *that* by and by. As to the property and title, I cut and run from *them* ten years ago. To me they meant only the old thing — the life of a country gentleman, the hunting, the shooting, the whole beastly business that the land, over there, hangs like a millstone round your neck. They meant all this to me, who loved adventure and the sea from my cradle. I cut the property, for I hated it, and I hate it still. If I went back I should hear the sea calling me day and night; I should feel the breath of the southwest trades in every wind that blew over that tight little island yonder; I should be always scenting the old trail, lad, the trail that leads straight out of the Gate to swoop down to the South Seas. Do you think a man who has felt his ship's bows heave and plunge under him in the long Pacific swell — just ahead of him a reef breaking

white into the lagoon, and beyond a fence of feathery palms — cares to follow hounds over gray hedges under a gray November sky? And the society? A man who 's got a speaking acquaintance in every port from Acapulco to Melbourne, who knows every den and every longshoreman in it from a South American *tienda* to a Samoan beach-comber's hut, — what does he want with society?" He paused as Randolph's eyes were fixed wonderingly on the first sign of emotion on his weather-beaten face, which seemed for a moment to glow with the strength and freshness of the sea, and then said, with a laugh: "You stare, lad. Well, for all the Dorntons are rather proud of their family, like as not there was some beastly old Danish pirate among them long ago, and I 've got a taste of his blood in me. But I 'm not quite as bad as that yet."

He laughed, and carelessly went on: "As to the family honor, I don't see that it will be helped by my ripping up the whole thing and perhaps showing that Bill was a little too previous in identifying me. As to my reputation, that was gone after I left home, and if I had n't been the legal heir they would n't have bothered their heads about me. My father had given me up long ago, and there is n't a man, woman, or child that would n't now welcome Bill in my place."

"There is one who would n't," said Randolph impulsively.

"You mean Caroline Avondale?" said Captain Dornton dryly.

Randolph colored. "No; I mean Miss Eversleigh, who was with your brother."

Captain Dornton reflected. "To be sure! Sibyl Eversleigh! I have n't seen her since she was so high. I used to call her my little sweetheart. So Sybby remembered Cousin Jack and came to find him? But when did you meet her?" he asked suddenly, as if this was the only detail

of the past which had escaped him, fixing his frank eyes upon Randolph.

The young man recounted at some length the dinner party at Dingwall's, his conversation with Miss Eversleigh, and his interview with Sir William, but spoke little of Miss Avondale. To his surprise, the captain listened smilingly, and only said: "That was like Billy to take a rise out of you by pretending you were suspected. That 's his way — a little rough when you don't know him and he 's got a little grog amidships. All the same, I 'd have given something to have heard him ' running ' you, when all the while you had the biggest bulge on him, only neither of you knew it." He laughed again, until Randolph, amazed at his levity and indifference, lost his patience.

"Do you know," he said bluntly, "that they don't believe you were legally married?"

But Captain Dornton only continued to laugh, until, seeing his companion's horrified face, he became demure. "I suppose Bill did n't, for Bill had sense enough to know that otherwise he would have to take a back seat to Bobby."

"But did Miss Avondale know you were legally married, and that your son was the heir?" asked Randolph bluntly.

"She had no reason to suspect otherwise, although we were married secretly. She was an old friend of my wife, not particularly of mine."

Randolph sat back amazed and horrified. Those were *her* own words. Or was this man deceiving him as the others had?

But the captain, eying him curiously, but still amusedly, added: "I even thought of bringing her as one of my witnesses, until" —

"Until what?" asked Randolph quickly, as he saw the captain had hesitated.

"Until I found she was n't to be trusted; until I found she was too thick with Bill," said the captain bluntly.

"And now she 's gone to England with him and the boy, I suppose she 'll make him come to terms."

"Come to terms?" echoed Randolph. "I don't understand." Yet he had an instinctive fear that he did.

"Well," said the captain slowly, "suppose she might prefer the chance of being the wife of a grown-up baronet to being the governess of one who was only a minor? She 's a cute girl," he added dryly.

"But," said Randolph indignantly, "you have other witnesses, I hope."

"Of course I have. I 've got the Spanish records now from the Callao priest, and they 're put in a safe place should anything happen to me — if anything could happen to a dead man!" he added grimly. "These proofs were all I was waiting for before I made up my mind whether I should blow the whole thing, or let it slide."

Randolph looked again with amazement at this strange man who seemed so indifferent to the claims of wealth, position, and even to revenge. It seemed inconceivable, and yet he could not help being impressed with his perfect sincerity. He was relieved, however, when Captain Dornton rose with apparent reluctance and put away his pipe.

"Now look here, my lad, I 'm right glad to have overhauled you again, whatever happened or is going to happen, and there 's my hand upon it! Now, to come to business. I 'm going over to England on this job, and I want you to come and help me."

Randolph's heart leaped. The appeal revived all his old boyish enthusiasm, with his secret loyalty to the man before him. But he suddenly remembered his past illusions, and for an instant he hesitated.

"But the bank," he stammered, scarce knowing what to say.

The captain smiled. "I will pay you better than the bank; and at the end of four months, in whatever way this

job turns out, if you still wish to return here, I will see that you are secured from any loss. Perhaps you may be able to get a leave of absence. But your real object must be kept a secret from every one. Not a word of my existence or my purpose must be blown before I am ready. You and Jack Redhill are all that know it now."

"But you have a lawyer?" said the surprised Randolph.

"Not yet. I 'm my own lawyer in this matter until I get fairly under way. I 've studied the law enough to know that as soon as I prove that I 'm alive the case must go on on account of my heir, whether *I* choose to cry quits or not. And it 's just *that* that holds my hand."

Randolph stared at the extraordinary man before him. For a moment, as the strange story of his miraculous escape and his still more wonderful indifference to it all recurred to his mind, he felt a doubt of the narrator's truthfulness or his sanity. But another glance at the sailor's frank eyes dispelled that momentary suspicion. He held out his hand as frankly, and grasping Captain Dornton's, said, "I will go."

V

Randolph's request for a four months' leave of absence was granted with little objection and no curiosity. He had acquired the confidence of his employers, and beyond Mr. Revelstoke's curt surprise that a young fellow on the road to fortune should sacrifice so much time to irrelevant travel, and the remark, "But you know your own business best," there was no comment. It struck the young man, however, that Mr. Dingwall's slight coolness on receiving the news might be attributed to a suspicion that he was following Miss Avondale, whom he had fancied Dingwall disliked, and he quickly made certain inquiries in regard to Miss Eversleigh and the possibility of his meeting her. As, without intending it, and to his own surprise, he achieved a blush in

so doing, which Dingwall noted, he received a gracious reply, and the suggestion that it was "quite proper" for him, on arriving, to send the young lady his card.

Captain Dornton, under the alias of "Captain Johns," was ready to catch the next steamer to the Isthmus, and in two days they sailed. The voyage was uneventful, and if Randolph had expected any enthusiasm on the part of the captain in the mission on which he was now fairly launched, he would have been disappointed. Although his frankness was unchanged, he volunteered no confidences. It was evident he was fully acquainted with the legal strength of his claim, yet he, as evidently, deferred making any plan of redress until he reached England. Of Miss Eversleigh he was more communicative. "You would have liked her better, my lad, if you had n't been bewitched by the Avondale woman, for she is the whitest of the Dorntons." In vain Randolph protested truthfully, yet with an even more convincing color, that it had made no difference, and he *had* liked her. The captain laughed. "Ay, lad! But she 's a poor orphan, with scarcely a hundred pounds a year, who lives with her guardian, an old clergyman. And yet," he added grimly, "there are only three lives between her and the property — mine, Bobby's, and Bill's — unless *he* should marry and have an heir."

"The more reason why you should assert yourself and do what you can for her now," said Randolph eagerly.

"Ay," returned the captain, with his usual laugh, "when she was a child I used to call her my little sweetheart, and gave her a ring, and I reckon I promised to marry her, too, when she grew up."

The truthful Randolph would have told him of Miss Eversleigh's gift, but unfortunately he felt himself again blushing, and fearful lest the captain would misconstrue his confusion, he said nothing.

Except on this occasion, the captain talked with Randolph

chiefly of his later past, — of voyages he had made, of places they were passing, and ports they visited. He spent much of the time with the officers, and even the crew, over whom he seemed to exercise a singular power, and with whom he exhibited an odd freemasonry. To Randolph's eyes he appeared to grow in strength and stature in the salt breath of the sea, and although he was uniformly kind, even affectionate, to him, he was brusque to the other passengers, and at times even with his friends the sailors. Randolph sometimes wondered how he would treat a crew of his own. He found some answer to that question in the captain's manner to Jack Redhill, the abstractor of the portmanteau, and his old shipmate, who was accompanying the captain in some dependent capacity, but who received his master's confidences and orders with respectful devotion.

It was a cold, foggy morning, nearly two months later, that they landed at Plymouth. The English coast had been a vague blank all night, only pierced, long hours apart, by dim star-points or weird yellow beacon flashes against the horizon. And this vagueness and unreality increased on landing, until it seemed to Randolph that they had slipped into a land of dreams. The illusion was kept up as they walked in the weird shadows through half-lit streets into a murky railway station throbbing with steam and sudden angry flashes in the darkness, and then drew away into what ought to have been the open country, but was only gray plains of mist against a lost horizon. Sometimes even the vague outlook was obliterated by passing trains coming from nowhere and slipping into nothingness. As they crept along with the day, without, however, any lightening of the opaque vault overhead to mark its meridian, there came at times a thinning of the gray wall on either side of the track, showing the vague bulk of a distant hill, the battlemented sky line of an old-time hall, or the spires of a cathedral, but always melting back into the mist again as in a dream. Then

vague stretches of gloom again, foggy stations obscured by nebulous light and blurred and moving figures, and the black relief of a tunnel. Only once the captain, catching sight of Randolph's awed face under the lamp of the smoking carriage, gave way to his long, low laugh. "Jolly place, England — so very 'Merrie.'" And then they came to a comparatively lighter, broader, and more brilliantly signaled tunnel filled with people, and as they remained in it, Randolph was told it was London. With the sensation of being only half awake, he was guided and put into a cab by his companion, and seemed to be completely roused only at the hotel.

It had been arranged that Randolph should first go down to Chillingworth rectory and call on Miss Eversleigh, and, without disclosing his secret, gather the latest news from Dornton Hall, only a few miles from Chillingworth. For this purpose he had telegraphed to her that evening, and had received a cordial response. The next morning he arose early, and, in spite of the gloom, in the glow of his youthful optimism entered the bedroom of the sleeping Captain Dornton, and shook him by the shoulder in lieu of the accolade, saying: "Rise, Sir John Dornton!"

The captain, a light sleeper, awoke quickly. "Thank you, my lad, all the same, though I don't know that I 'm quite ready yet to tumble up to that kind of piping. There 's a rotten old saying in the family that only once in a hundred years the eldest son succeeds. That 's why Bill was so cocksure, I reckon. Well?"

"In an hour I 'm off to Chillingworth to begin the campaign," said Randolph cheerily.

"Luck to you, my boy, whatever happens. Clap a stopper on your jaws, though, now and then. I 'm glad you like Sybby, but I don't want you to like her so much as to forget yourself and give me away."

Half an hour out of London the fog grew thinner, breaking into lace-like shreds in the woods as the train sped by, or expanding into lustrous tenuity above him. Although the trees were leafless, there was some recompense in the glimpses their bare boughs afforded of clustering chimneys and gables nestling in ivy. An infinite repose had been laid upon the landscape with the withdrawal of the fog, as of a veil lifted from the face of a sleeper. All his boyish dreams of the mother country came back to him in the books he had read, and re-peopled the vast silence. Even the rotting leaves that lay thick in the crypt-like woods seemed to him the dead laurels of its past heroes and sages. Quaint old-time villages, thatched roofs, the ever-recurring square towers of church or hall, the trim, ordered parks, tiny streams crossed by heavy stone bridges much too large for them — all these were only pages of those books whose leaves he seemed to be turning over. Two hours of this fancy, and then the train stopped at a station within a mile or two of a bleak headland, a beacon, and the gray wash of a pewter-colored sea, where a hilly village street climbed to a Norman church tower and the ivied gables of a rectory.

Miss Eversleigh, dignifiedly tall, but youthfully frank, as he remembered her, was waiting to drive him in a pony trap to the rectory. A little pink, with suppressed consciousness and the responsibilities of presenting a stranger guest to her guardian, she seemed to Randolph more charming than ever.

But her first word of news shocked and held him breathless. Bobby, the little orphan, a frail exotic, had succumbed to the Northern winter. A cold caught in New York had developed into pneumonia, and he died on the passage. Miss Avondale, although she had received marked attention from Sir William, returned to America in the same ship.

"I really don't think she was quite as devoted to the

poor child as all that, you know," she continued with innocent frankness, "and Cousin Bill was certainly most kind to them both, yet there really seemed to be some coolness between them after the child's death. But," she added suddenly, for the first time observing her companion's evident distress, and coloring in confusion, "I beg your pardon — I 've been horribly rude and heartless. I dare say the poor boy was very dear to you, and of course Miss Avondale was your friend. Please forgive me!"

Randolph, intent only on that catastrophe which seemed to wreck all Captain Dornton's hopes and blunt his only purpose for declaring himself, hurriedly reassured her, yet was not sorry his agitation had been misunderstood. And what was to be done? There was no train back to London for four hours. He dare not telegraph, and if he did, could he trust to his strange patron's wise conduct under the first shock of this news to his present vacillating purpose? He could only wait.

Luckily for his ungallant abstraction, they were speedily at the rectory, where a warm welcome from Mr. Brunton, Sibyl's guardian, and his family forced him to recover himself, and showed him that the story of his devotion to John Dornton had suffered nothing from Miss Eversleigh's recital. Distraught and anxious as he was, he could not resist the young girl's offer after luncheon to show him the church with the vault of the Dorntons and the tablet erected to John Dornton, and, later, the Hall, only two miles distant. But here Randolph hesitated.

"I would rather not call on Sir William to-day," he said.

"You need not. He is over at the horse show at Fern Dyke, and won't be back till late. And if he has been forgathering with his boon companions he won't be very plea sant company."

"Sibyl!" said the rector in good-humored protest.

"Oh, Mr. Trent has had a little of Cousin Bill's convivial manners before now," said the young girl vivaciously, "and is n't shocked. But we can see the Hall from the park on our way to the station."

Even in his anxious preoccupation he could see that the church itself was a quaint and wonderful preservation of the past. For four centuries it had been sacred to the tombs of the Dorntons and their effigies in brass and marble, yet, as Randolph glanced at the stately sarcophagus of the unknown ticket of leave man, its complacent absurdity, combined with his nervousness, made him almost hysterical. Yet again, it seemed to him that something of the mystery and inviolability of the past now invested that degraded dust, and it would be an equal impiety to disturb it. Miss Eversleigh, again believing his agitation caused by the memory of his old patron, tactfully hurried him away. Yet it was a more bitter thought, I fear, that not only were his lips sealed to his charming companion on the subject in which they could sympathize, but his anxiety prevented him from availing himself of that interview to exchange the lighter confidences he had eagerly looked forward to. It seemed cruel that he was debarred this chance of knitting their friendship closer by another of those accidents that had brought them together. And he was aware that his gloomy abstraction was noticed by her. At first she drew herself up in a certain proud reserve, and then, perhaps, his own nervousness infecting her in turn, he was at last terrified to observe that, as she stood before the tomb, her clear gray eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, please don't do that — *there*, Miss Eversleigh," he burst out impulsively.

"I was thinking of Cousin Jack," she said, a little startled at his abruptness. "Sometimes it seems so strange that he is dead — I scarcely can believe it."

"I meant," stammered Randolph, "that he is much hap-

pier — you know" — he grew almost hysterical again as he thought of the captain lying cheerfully in his bed at the hotel — "much happier than you or I," he added bitterly; "that is — I mean, it grieves me so to see *you* grieve, you know."

Miss Eversleigh did *not* know, but there was enough sincerity and real feeling in the young fellow's voice and eyes to make her color slightly and hurry him away to a locality less fraught with emotions. In a few moments they entered the park, and the old Hall rose before them. It was a great Tudor house of mullioned windows, traceries, and battlements; of stately towers, moss-grown balustrades, and statues darkening with the fog that was already hiding the angles and wings of its huge bulk. A peacock spread its ostentatious tail on the broad stone steps before the portal; a flight of rooks from the leafless elms rose above its stacked and twisted chimneys. After all, how little had this stately incarnation of the vested rights and sacred tenures of the past in common with the laughing rover he had left in London that morning! And thinking of the destinies that the captain held so lightly in his hand, and perhaps not a little of the absurdity of his own position to the confiding young girl beside him, for a moment he half hated him.

The fog deepened as they reached the station, and, as it seemed to Randolph, made their parting still more vague and indefinite, and it was with difficulty that he could respond to the young girl's frank hope that he would soon return to them. Yet he half resolved that he would not until he could tell her all.

Nevertheless, as the train crept more and more slowly, with halting signals, toward London, he buoyed himself up with the hope that Captain Dornton would still try conclusions for his patrimony, or at least come to some compromise by which he might be restored to his rank and name. But upon these hopes the vision of that great house settled firmly

upon its lands, held there in perpetuity by the dead and stretched-out hands of those that lay beneath its soil, always obtruded itself. Then the fog deepened, and the crawling train came to a dead stop at the next station. The whole line was blocked. Four precious hours were hopelessly lost.

Yet despite his impatience, he reëntered London with the same dazed semi-consciousness of feeling as on the night he had first arrived. There seemed to have been no interim; his visit to the rectory and Hall, and even his fateful news, were only a dream. He drove through the same shadow to the hotel, was received by the same halo-encircled lights that had never been put out. After glancing through the halls and reading room he hurriedly made his way to his companion's room. The captain was not there. He quickly summoned the waiter. The gentleman? Yes; Captain Dornton had left with his servant, Redhill, a few hours after Mr. Trent went away. He had left no message.

Again condemned to wait in inactivity, Randolph tried to resist a certain uneasiness that was creeping over him, by attributing the captain's absence to some unexpected legal consultation or the gathering of evidence, his prolonged detention being due to the same fog that had delayed his own train. But he was somewhat surprised to find that the captain had ordered his luggage into the porter's care in the hall below before leaving, and that nothing remained in his room but a few toilet articles and the fateful portmanteau. The hours passed slowly. Owing to that perpetual twilight in which he had passed the day, there seemed no perceptible flight of time, and at eleven o'clock, the captain not arriving, he determined to wait in the latter's room so as to be sure not to miss him. Twelve o'clock boomed from an adjacent invisible steeple, but still he came not. Overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the day, Randolph concluded to lie down in his clothes on the captain's bed, not

without a superstitious and uncomfortable recollection of that night, about a year before, when he had awaited him vainly at the San Francisco hotel. Even the fateful portmanteau was there to assist his gloomy fancy. Nevertheless, with the boom of one o'clock in his drowsy ears as his last coherent recollection, he sank into a dreamless sleep.

He was awakened by a tapping at his door, and jumped up to realize by his watch and the still burning gaslight that it was nine o'clock. But the intruder was only a waiter with a letter which he had brought to Randolph's room in obedience to the instructions the latter had given overnight. Not doubting it was from the captain, although the handwriting of the address was unfamiliar, he eagerly broke the seal. But he was surprised to read as follows: —

Dear Mr. Trent, — We had such sad news from the Hall after you left. Sir William was seized with a kind of fit. It appears that he had just returned from the horse show, and had given his mare to the groom while he walked to the garden entrance. The groom saw him turn at the yew hedge, and was driving to the stables when he heard a queer kind of cry, and turning back to the garden front, found poor Sir William lying on the ground in convulsions. The doctor was sent for, and Mr. Brunton and I went over to the Hall. The doctor thinks it was something like a stroke, but he is not certain, and Sir William is quite delirious, and does n't recognize anybody. I gathered from the groom that he had been *drinking heavily*. Perhaps it was well that you did not see him, but I thought you ought to know what had happened in case you came down again. It 's all very dreadful, and I wonder if that is why I was so nervous all the afternoon. It may have been a kind of presentiment. Don't you think so?

Yours faithfully,

Sibyl Eversleigh.

I am afraid Randolph thought more of the simple-minded girl who, in the midst of her excitement, turned to him half unconsciously, than he did of Sir William. Had it not been for the necessity of seeing the captain, he would probably have taken the next train to the rectory. Perhaps he might later. He thought little of Sir William's illness, and was inclined to accept the young girl's naïve suggestion of its cause. He read and reread the letter, staring at the large, grave, childlike handwriting — so like herself — and obeying a sudden impulse, raised the signature, as gravely as if it had been her hand, to his lips.

Still the day advanced and the captain came not. Randolph found the inactivity insupportable. He knew not where to seek him; he had no more clue to his resorts or his friends — if, indeed, he had any in London — than he had after their memorable first meeting in San Francisco. He might, indeed, be the dupe of an impostor, who, at the eleventh hour, had turned craven and fled. He might be, in the captain's indifference, a mere instrument set aside at his pleasure. Yet he could take advantage of Miss Eversleigh's letter and seek her, and confess everything, and ask her advice. It was a great and at the moment it seemed to him an overwhelming temptation. But only for the moment. He had given his word to the captain — more, he had given his youthful *faith*. And, to his credit, he never swerved again. It seemed to him, too, in his youthful superstition, as he looked at the abandoned portmanteau, that he had again to take up his burden — his "trust."

It was nearly four o'clock when the spell was broken. A large packet, bearing the printed address of a London and American bank, was brought to him by a special messenger; but the written direction was in the captain's hand. Randolph tore it open. It contained one or two inclosures, which he hastily put aside for the letter, two pages of foolscap, which he read breathlessly: —

Dear Trent, — Don't worry your head if I have slipped my cable without telling you. I 'm all right, only I got the news you are bringing me, *just after you left*, by Jack Redhill, whom I had sent to Dornton Hall to see how the land lay the night before. It was not that I did n't trust *you*, but *he* had ways of getting news that you would n't stoop to. You can guess, from what I have told you already, that, now Bobby is gone, there 's nothing to keep me here, and I 'm following my own idea of letting the whole blasted thing slide. I only worked this racket for the sake of him. I 'm sorry for him, but I suppose the poor little beggar could n't stand these sunless, God-forsaken longitudes any more than I could. Besides that, as I did n't want to trust any lawyer with my secret, I myself had hunted up some books on the matter, and found that, by the law of entail, I 'd have to rip up the whole blessed thing, and Bill would have had to pay back every blessed cent of what rents he had collected since he took hold — not to *me*, but the *estate* — with interest, and that no arrangement *I* could make with *him* would be legal on account of the boy. At least, that 's the way the thing seemed to pan out to me. So that when I heard of Bobby's death I was glad to jump the rest, and that 's what I made up my mind to do.

But, like a blasted lubber, now that I *could* do it and cut right away, I must needs think that I 'd like first to see Bill on the sly, without letting on to any one else, and tell him what I was going to do. I 'd no fear that he 'd object, or that he 'd hesitate a minute to fall in with my plan of dropping my name and my game, and giving him full swing, while I stood out to sea and the South Pacific, and dropped out of his mess for the rest of my life. Perhaps I wanted to set his mind at rest, if he 'd ever had any doubts; perhaps I wanted to have a little fun out of him for his d——d previousness; perhaps, lad, I had a hankering to see the old place for the last time. At any rate, I allowed to go to

Dornton Hall. I timed myself to get there about the hour you left, to keep out of sight until I knew he was returning from the horse show, and to waylay him *alone* and have our little talk without witnesses. I dare n't go to the Hall, for some of the old servants might recognize me.

I went down there with Jack Redhill, and we separated at the station. I hung around in the fog. I even saw you pass with Sibyl in the dogcart, but you did n't see me. I knew the place, and just where to hide where I could have the chance of seeing him alone. But it was a beastly job waiting there. I felt like a d——d thief instead of a man who was simply visiting his own. Yet, you may n't believe me, lad, but I hated the place and all it meant more than ever. Then, by and by, I heard him coming. I had arranged it all with myself to get into the yew hedge, and step out as he came to the garden entrance, and as soon as he recognized me to get him round the terrace into the summer house, where we could speak without danger.

I heard the groom drive away to the stable with the cart, and, sure enough, in a minute he came lurching along toward the garden door. He was mighty unsteady on his pins, and I reckon he was more than half full, which was a bad look-out for our confab. But I calculated that the sight of me, when I slipped out, would sober him. And, by ——, it did! For his eyes bulged out of his head and got fixed there; his jaw dropped; he tried to strike at me with a hunting crop he was carrying, and then he uttered an ungodly yell you might have heard . the station, and dropped down in his tracks. I had just time to slip back into the hedge again before the groom came driving back, and then all hands were piped, and they took him into the house.

And of course the game was up, and I lost my only chance. I was thankful enough to get clean away without discovering myself, and I have to trust now to the fact of Bill's being drunk, and thinking it was my ghost that he

saw, in a touch of the jimjams! And I 'm not sorry to have given him that start, for there was that in his eye, and that in the stroke he made, my lad, that showed a guilty conscience I had n't reckoned on. And it cured me of my wish to set his mind at ease. He 's welcome to all the rest.

And that 's why I 'm going away — never to return. I 'm sorry I could n't take you with me, but it 's better that I should n't see you again, and that you did n't even know *where* I was gone. When you get this I shall be on blue water and heading for the sunshine. You 'll find two letters inclosed. One you need not open unless you hear that my secret was blown, and you are ever called upon to explain your relations with me. The other is my thanks, my lad, in a letter of credit on the bank, for the way you have kept your trust, and I believe will continue to keep it, to

JOHN DORNTON.

P. S. I hope you dropped a tear over my swell tomb at Dornton Church. All the same, I don't begrudge it to the poor devil who lost his life instead of me.

J. D.

As Randolph read, he seemed to hear the captain's voice throughout the letter, and even his low, characteristic laugh in the postscript. Then he suddenly remembered the luggage which the porter had said the captain had ordered to be taken below; but on asking that functionary he was told a conveyance for the Victoria Docks had called with an order, and taken it away at daybreak. It was evident that the captain had intended the letter should be his only farewell. Depressed and a little hurt at his patron's abruptness, Randolph returned to his room. Opening the letter of credit, he found it was for a thousand pounds — a munificent beneficence, as it seemed to Randolph, for his dubious services, and a proof of his patron's frequent declarations

that he had money enough without touching the Dornton estates.

For a long time he sat with these sole evidences of the reality of his experience in his hands, a prey to a thousand surmises and conflicting thoughts. Was he the self-deceived disciple of a visionary, a generous, unselfish, but weak man, whose eccentricity passed even the bounds of reason? Who would believe the captain's story or the captain's motives? Who comprehend his strange quest and its stranger and almost ridiculous termination? Even if the seal of secrecy were removed in after years, what had he, Randolph, to show in corroboration of his patron's claim?

Then it occurred to him that there was no reason why he should not go down to the rectory and see Miss Eversleigh again under pretense of inquiring after the luckless baronet, whose title and fortune had, nevertheless, been so strangely preserved. He began at once his preparations for the journey, and was nearly ready when a servant entered with a telegram. Randolph's heart leaped. The captain had sent him news — perhaps had changed his mind! He tore off the yellow cover, and read, —

Sir William died at twelve o'clock without recovering consciousness. S. Eversleigh.

VI

For a moment Randolph gazed at the dispatch with a half-hysterical laugh, and then became as suddenly sane and cool. One thought alone was uppermost in his mind: the captain could not have heard this news yet, and if he was still within reach, or accessible by any means whatever, however determined his purpose, he must know it at once. The only clue to his whereabouts was the Victoria Docks. But that was something. In another moment Randolph was in the lower hall, had learned the quickest way of reaching the docks, and plunged into the street.

The fog here swooped down, and to the embarrassment of his mind was added the obscurity of light and distance, which halted him after a few hurried steps, in utter perplexity. Indistinct figures were here and there approaching him out of nothingness and melting away again into the greenish gray chaos. He was in a busy thoroughfare; he could hear the slow trample of hoofs, the dull crawling of vehicles, and the warning outcries of a traffic he could not see. Trusting rather to his own speed than that of a halting conveyance, he blundered on until he reached the railway station. A short but exasperating journey of impulses and hesitations, of detonating signals and warning whistles, and he at last stood on the docks, beyond him a vague bulk or two, and a soft, opaque flowing wall — the river!

But one steamer had left that day — the Dom Pedro, for the River Plate — two hours before, but until the fog thickened, a quarter of an hour ago, she could be seen, so his informant said, still lying, with steam up, in midstream. Yes, it was still possible to board her. But even as the boatman spoke, and was leading the way toward the landing steps, the fog suddenly lightened; a soft salt breath stole in from the distant sea, and a veil seemed to be lifted from the face of the gray waters. The outlines of the two shores came back; the spars of nearer vessels showed distinctly, but the space where the huge hulk had rested was empty and void. There was a trail of something darker and more opaque than fog itself lying near the surface of the water, but the Dom Pedro was a mere speck in the broadening distance.

A bright sun and a keen easterly wind were revealing the curling ridges of the sea beyond the headland when Randolph again passed the gates of Dornton Hall on his way to the rectory. Now, for the first time, he was able to see clearly the outlines of that spot which had seemed to him only a misty dream, and even in his preoccupation he was

struck by its grave beauty. The leafless limes and elms in the park grouped themselves as part of the picturesque details of the Hall they encompassed, and the evergreen slope of firs and larches rose as a background to the gray battlements, covered with dark green ivy, whose rich shadows were brought out by the unwonted sunshine. With a half-repugnant curiosity he had tried to identify the garden entrance and the fateful yew hedge the captain had spoken of as he passed. But as quickly he fell back upon the resolution he had taken in coming there — to dissociate his secret, his experience, and his responsibility to his patron from his relations to Sibyl Eversleigh; to enjoy her companionship without an obtruding thought of the strange circumstances that had brought them together at first, or the stranger fortune that had later renewed their acquaintance. He had resolved to think of her as if she had merely passed into his life in the casual ways of society, with only her personal charms to set her apart from others. Why should his exclusive possession of a secret — which, even if confided to her, would only give her needless and hopeless anxiety — debar them from an exchange of those other confidences of youth and sympathy? Why could he not love her and yet withhold from her the knowledge of her cousin's existence? So he had determined to make the most of his opportunity during his brief holiday; to avail himself of her naïve invitation, and even of what he dared sometimes to think was her predilection for his companionship. And if, before he left, he had acquired a right to look forward to a time when her future and his should be one — but here his glowing fancy was abruptly checked by his arrival at the rectory door.

Mr. Brunton received him cordially, yet with a slight business preoccupation and a certain air of importance that struck him as peculiar. Sibyl, he informed him, was engaged at that moment with some friends who had come over

from the Hall. Mr. Trent would understand that there was a great deal for her to do — in her present position. Wondering why *she* should be selected to do it instead of older and more experienced persons, Randolph, however, contented himself with inquiries regarding the details of Sir William's seizure and death. He learned, as he expected, that nothing whatever was known of the captain's visit, nor was there the least suspicion that the baronet's attack was the result of any predisposing emotion. Indeed, it seemed more possible that his medical attendants, knowing something of his late excesses and their effect upon his constitution, preferred, for the sake of avoiding scandal, to attribute the attack to long-standing organic disease.

Randolph, who had already determined, as a forlorn hope, to write a cautious letter to the captain (informing him briefly of the news without betraying his secret, and directed to the care of the consignees of the Dom Pedro in Brazil, by the next post), was glad to be able to add this medical opinion to relieve his patron's mind of any fear of having hastened his brother's death by his innocent appearance. But here the entrance of Sibyl Eversleigh with her friends drove all else from his mind.

She looked so tall and graceful in her black dress, which set off her dazzling skin, and, with her youthful gravity, gave to her figure the charming maturity of a young widow, that he was for a moment awed and embarrassed. But he experienced a relief when she came eagerly toward him in all her old girlish frankness, and with even something of yearning expectation in her gray eyes.

"It was so good of you to come," she said. "I thought you would imagine how I was feeling" — She stopped, as if she were conscious, as Randolph was, of a certain chill of unresponsiveness in the company, and said in an undertone, "Wait until we are alone." Then, turning with a slight color and a pretty dignity toward her friends, she contin-

ued: "Lady Ashbrook, this is Mr. Trent, an old friend of both my cousins when they were in America."

In spite of the gracious response of the ladies, Randolph was aware of their critical scrutiny of both himself and Miss Eversleigh, of the exchange of significant glances, and a certain stiffness in her guardian's manner. It was quite enough to affect Randolph's sensitiveness and bring out his own reserve.

Fancying, however, that his reticence disturbed Miss Eversleigh, he forced himself to converse with Lady Ashbrook — avoiding many of her pointed queries as to himself, his acquaintance with Sibyl, and the length of time he expected to stay in England — and even accompanied her to her carriage. And here he was rewarded by Sibyl running out with a crape veil twisted round her throat and head, and the usual femininely forgotten final message to her visitor. As the carriage drove away, she turned to Randolph, and said quickly, —

"Let us go in by way of the garden."

It was a slight detour, but it gave them a few moments alone.

"It was so awful and sudden," she said, looking gravely at Randolph, "and to think that only an hour before I had been saying unkind things of him! Of course," she added naïvely, "they were true, and the groom admitted to me that the mare was overdriven and Sir William could hardly stand. And only to think of it! he never recovered complete consciousness, but muttered incoherently all the time. I was with him to the last, and he never said a word I could understand — only once."

"What did he say?" asked Randolph uneasily.

"I don't like to say — it was *too* dreadful!"

Randolph did not press her. Yet, after a pause, she said in a low voice, with a naïveté impossible to describe, "It was, 'Jack, damn you!'"

He did not dare to look at her, even with this grim mingling of farce and tragedy which seemed to invest every scene of that sordid drama. Miss Eversleigh continued gravely: "The groom's name was Robert, but Jack might have been the name of one of his boon companions."

Convinced that she suspected nothing, yet in the hope of changing the subject, Randolph said quietly: "I thought your guardian perhaps a little less frank and communicative to-day."

"Yes," said the young girl suddenly, with a certain impatience, and yet in half apology to her companion, "of course. He — *they* — all and everybody — are much more concerned and anxious about my new position than I am. It 's perfectly dreadful — this thinking of it all the time, arranging everything, criticising everything in reference to it, and the poor man who is the cause of it all not yet at rest in his grave! The whole thing is inhuman and unchristian!"

"I don't understand," stammered Randolph vaguely. "What *is* your new position? What do you mean?"

The girl looked up in his face with surprise. "Why, did n't you know? I 'm the next of kin — I 'm the heiress — and will succeed to the property in six months, when I am of age."

In a flash of recollection Randolph suddenly recalled the captain's words, "There are only three lives between her and the property." Their meaning had barely touched his comprehension before. She was the heiress. Yes, save for the captain!

She saw the change, the wonder, even the dismay, in his face, and her own brightened frankly. "It 's so good to find one who never thought of it, who had n't it before him as the chief end for which I was born! Yes, I was the next of kin after dear Jack died and Bill succeeded, but there was every chance that he would marry and have a

heir. And yet the moment he was taken ill that idea was uppermost in my guardian's mind, good man as he is, and even forced upon me. If this — this property had come from poor Cousin Jack, whom I loved, there would have been something dear in it as a memory or a gift, but from *him*, whom I could n't bear — I know it 's wicked to talk that way, but it 's simply dreadful!"

"And yet," said Randolph, with a sudden seriousness he could not control, "I honestly believe that Captain Dornton would be perfectly happy — yes, rejoiced! — if he knew the property had come to *you*."

There was such an air of conviction, and, it seemed to the simple girl, even of spiritual insight, in his manner that her clear, handsome eyes rested wonderingly on his.

"Do you really think so?" she said thoughtfully. "And yet *he* knows that I am like him. Yes," she continued, answering Randolph's look of surprise, "I am just like *him* in that. *I* loathe and despise the life that this thing would condemn me to; *I* hate all that it means, and all that it binds me to, as he used to; and if I could, *I* would cut and run from it as *he* did."

She spoke with a determined earnestness and warmth, so unlike her usual grave naïveté that he was astonished. There was a flush on her cheek and a frank fire in her eye that reminded him strangely of the captain; and yet she had emphasized her words with a little stamp of her narrow foot and a gesture of her hand that was so untrained and girlish that he smiled, and said, with perhaps the least touch of bitterness in his tone, "But you will get over that when you come into the property."

"I suppose I shall," she returned, with an odd lapse to her former gravity and submissiveness. "That 's what they all tell me."

"You will be independent and your own mistress," he added.

"Independent," she repeated impatiently, "with Dornton Hall and twenty thousand a year! Independent, with every duty marked out for me! Independent, with every one to criticise my smallest actions — every one who would never have given a thought to the orphan who was contented and made her own friends on a hundred a year! Of course you, who are a stranger, don't understand; yet I thought that you" — she hesitated,—"would have thought differently."

"Why?"

"Why, with your belief that one should make one's own fortune," she said.

"That would do for a man, and in that I respected Captain Dornton's convictions, as you told them to me. But for a girl, how could she be independent, except with money?"

She shook her head as if unconvinced, but did not reply. They were nearing the garden porch, when she looked up, and said: "And as *you* 're a man, you will be making your way in the world. Mr. Dingwall said you would."

There was something so childishly trustful and confident in her assurance that he smiled. "Mr. Dingwall is too sanguine, but it gives me hope to hear *you* say so."

She colored slightly, and said gravely: "We must go in now." Yet she lingered for a moment before the door. For a long time afterward he had a very vivid recollection of her charming face, in its childlike gravity and its quaint frame of black crape, standing out against the sunset-warmed wall of the rectory. "Promise me you will not mind what these people say or do," she said suddenly.

"I promise," he returned, with a smile, "to mind only what *you* say or do."

"But I might not be always quite right, you know," she said naïvely.

"I 'll risk that."

"Then, when we go in now, don't talk much to me, but make yourself agreeable to all the others, and then go straight home to the inn, and don't come here until after the funeral."

The faintest evasive glint of mischievousness in her withdrawn eyes at this moment mitigated the austerity of her command as they both passed in.

Randolph had intended not to return to London until after the funeral, two days later, and spent the interesting day at the neighboring town, whence he dispatched his exploring and perhaps hopeless letter to the captain. The funeral was a large and imposing one, and impressed Randolph for the first time with the local importance and solid standing of the Dorntons. All the magnates and old county families were represented. The inn yard and the streets of the little village were filled with their quaint liveries, crested paneled carriages, and silver-cipher caparisoned horses, with a sprinkling of fashion from London. He could not close his ears to the gossip of the villagers regarding the suddenness of the late baronet's death, the extinction of the title, the accession of the orphaned girl to the property, and even, to his greater exasperation, speculations upon her future and probable marriage. "Some o' they gay chaps from Lunnon will be lordin' it over the Hall afore long," was the comment of the hostler.

It was with some little bitterness that Randolph took his seat in the crowded church. But this feeling, and even his attempts to discover Miss Eversleigh's face in the stately family pew fenced off from the chancel, presently passed away. And then his mind began to be filled with strange and weird fancies. What grim and ghostly revelations might pass between this dead scion of the Dorntons lying on the trestles before them and the obscure, nameless ticket of leave man awaiting his entrance in the vault below! The incongruity of this thought, with the smug complacency of

the worldly minded congregation sitting around him, and the probable smiling carelessness of the reckless rover — the cause of all — even now idly pacing the deck on the distant sea, touched him with horror. And when added to this was the consciousness that Sibyl Eversleigh was forced to become an innocent actor in this hideous comedy, it seemed as much as he could bear. Again he questioned himself, Was he right to withhold his secret from her? In vain he tried to satisfy his conscience that she was happier in her ignorance. The resolve he had made to keep his relations with her apart from his secret, he knew now, was impossible. But one thing was left to him. Until he could disclose his whole story — until his lips were unsealed by Captain Dornton — he must never see her again. And the grim sanctity of the edifice seemed to make that resolution a vow.

He did not dare to raise his eyes again toward her pew, lest a sight of her sweet, grave face might shake his resolution, and he slipped away first among the departing congregation. He sent her a brief note from the inn saying that he was recalled to London by an earlier train, and that he would be obliged to return to California at once, but hoping that if he could be of any further assistance to her she would write to him to the care of the bank. It was a formal letter, and yet he had never written otherwise than formally to her. That night he reached London. On the following night he sailed from Liverpool for America.

Six months had passed. It was difficult, at first, for Randolph to pick up his old life again; but his habitual earnestness and singleness of purpose stood him in good stead, and a vague rumor that he had made some powerful friends abroad, with the nearer fact that he had a letter of credit for a thousand pounds, did not lessen his reputation. He was reinstalled and advanced at the bank. Mr. Ding-

wall was exceptionally gracious, and minute in his inquiries regarding Miss Eversleigh's succession to the Dornton property, with an occasional shrewdness of eye in his interrogations which recalled to Randolph the questioning of Miss Eversleigh's friends, and which he responded to as cautiously. For the young fellow remained faithful to his vow even in thinking of her, and seemed to be absorbed entirely in his business. Yet there was a vague ambition of purpose in this absorption that would probably have startled the more conservative Englishman had he known it.

He had not heard from Miss Eversleigh since he left, nor had he received any response from the captain. Indeed, he had indulged in little hopes of either. But he kept stolidly at work, perhaps with a larger trust than he knew. And then, one day, he received a letter addressed in a handwriting that made his heart leap, though he had seen it but once, when it conveyed the news of Sir William Dornton's sudden illness. It was from Miss Eversleigh, but the postmark was Callao! He tore open the envelope, and for the next few moments forgot everything — his business devotion, his lofty purpose, even his solemn vow.

It read as follows: —

Dear Mr. Trent, — I should not be writing to you now if I did not believe that I *now* understand why you left us so abruptly on the day of the funeral, and why you were at times so strange. You might have been a little less hard and cold even if you knew all that you did know. But I must write now, for I shall be in San Francisco a few days after this reaches you, and I *must* see you and have *your* help, for I can have no other, as you know. You are wondering what this means, and why I am here. I know *all* and *everything*. I know *he* is alive and never was dead. I know I have no right to what I have, and never had, and I have come here to seek him and make him take it back.

I could do no other. I could not live and do anything but that, and *you* might have known it. But I have not found him here as I hoped I should, though perhaps it was a foolish hope of mine, and I am coming to you to help me seek him, for he *must be found*. You know I want to keep his and your secret, and therefore the only one I can turn to for assistance and counsel is *you*.

You are wondering how I know what I do. Two months ago *I got a letter from him* — the strangest, quaintest, and yet *the kindest letter* — exactly like himself and the way he used to talk! He had just heard of his brother's death, and congratulated me on coming into the property, and said he was now perfectly happy, and should *keep dead*, and never, never come to life again; that he never thought things would turn out as splendidly as they had — for Sir William *might* have had an heir — and that now he should *really die happy*. He said something about everything being legally right, and that I could do what I liked with the property. As if *that* would satisfy me! Yet it was all so sweet and kind, and so like dear old Jack, that I cried all night. And then I resolved to come here, where his letter was dated from. Luckily I was of age now, and could do as I liked, and I said I wanted to travel in South America and California; and I suppose they did n't think it very strange that I should use my liberty in that way. Some said it was quite like a Dornton! I knew something of Callao from your friend Miss Avondale, and could talk about it, which impressed them. So I started off with only a maid — my old nurse. I was a little frightened at first, when I came to think what I was doing, but everybody was very kind, and I really feel quite independent now. So, you see, a girl may be *independent*, after all! Of course I shall see Mr. Dingwall in San Francisco, but he need not know anything more than that I am traveling for pleasure. And I may go to the Sandwich Islands or Sydney, if I think

he is there. Of course I have had to use some money — some of *his* rents — but it shall be paid back. I will tell you everything about my plans when I see you.

Yours faithfully,

SIBYL EVERSLEIGH.

P. S. Why did you let me cry over that man's tomb in the church?

Randolph looked again at the date, and then hurriedly consulted the shipping list. She was due in ten days. Yet, delighted as he was with that prospect, and touched as he had been with her courage and naïve determination, after his first joy he laid the letter down with a sigh. For whatever was his ultimate ambition, he was still a mere salaried clerk; whatever was her self-sacrificing purpose, she was still the rich heiress. The seal of secrecy had been broken, yet the situation remained unchanged; their association must still be dominated by it. And he shrank from the thought of making her girlish appeal to him for help an opportunity for revealing his real feelings.

This instinct was strengthened by the somewhat formal manner in which Mr. Dingwall announced her approaching visit. "Miss Eversleigh will stay with Mrs. Dingwall while she is here, on account of her — er — position, and the fact that she is without a chaperon. Mrs. Dingwall will, of course, be glad to receive any friends Miss Eversleigh would like to see."

Randolph frankly returned that Miss Eversleigh had written to him, and that he would be glad to present himself. Nothing more was said, but as the days passed he could not help noticing that, in proportion as Mr. Dingwall's manner became more stiff and ceremonious, Mr. Revelstoke's usually crisp, good-humored suggestions grew more deliberate, and Randolph found himself once or twice the subject of the president's penetrating but smiling scrutiny. And the day

before Miss Eversleigh's arrival his natural excitement was a little heightened by a summons to Mr. Revelstoke's private office.

As he entered, the president laid aside his pen and closed the door.

"I have never made it my business, Trent," he said, with good-humored brusqueness, "to interfere in my employees' private affairs, unless they affect their relations to the bank, and I have n't had the least occasion to do so with you. Neither has Mr. Dingwall, although it is on *his* behalf that I am now speaking." As Randolph listened with a contracted brow, he went on with a grim smile: "But he is an Englishman, you know, and has certain ideas of the importance of 'position,' particularly among his own people. He wishes me, therefore, to warn you of what *he* calls the 'disparity' of your position and that of a young English lady — Miss Eversleigh — with whom you have some acquaintance, and in whom," he added with a still grimmer satisfaction, "he fears you are too deeply interested."

Randolph blazed. "If Mr. Dingwall had asked *me*, sir," he said hotly, "I would have told him that I have never yet had to be reminded that Miss Eversleigh is a rich heiress and I only a poor clerk, but as to his using her name in such a connection, or dictating to me the manner of" —

"Hold hard," said Revelstoke, lifting his hand deprecatingly, yet with his unchanged smile. "I don't agree with Mr. Dingwall, and I have every reason to know the value of *your* services, yet I admit something is due to *his* prejudices. And in this matter, Trent, the Bank of Eureka, while I am its president, does n't take a back seat. I have concluded to make you manager of the branch bank at Marysville, an independent position with its salary and commissions. And if that does n't suit Dingwall, why," he added, rising from his desk with a short laugh, "he has a bigger idea of the value of property than the bank has."

"One moment, sir, I implore you," burst out Randolph breathlessly. "If your kind offer is based upon the mistaken belief that I have the least claim upon Miss Eversleigh's consideration more than that of simple friendship — if anybody has dared to give you the idea that I have aspired by word or deed to more, or that the young lady has ever countenanced or even suspected such aspirations, it is utterly false, and grateful as I am for your kindness, I could not accept it."

"Look here, Trent," returned Revelstoke curtly, yet laying his hand on the young man's shoulder not unkindly. "All that is *your* private affair, which, as I told you, I don't interfere with. The other is a question between Mr. Dingwall and myself of your comparative value. It won't hurt you with *anybody* to know how high we 've assessed it. Don't spoil a good thing!"

Grateful even in his uncertainty, Randolph could only thank him and withdraw. Yet this fateful forcing of his hand in a delicate question gave him a new courage. It was with a certain confidence now in his capacity as *her* friend and qualified to advise *her* that he called at Mr. Dingwall's the evening she arrived. It struck him that in the Dingwalls' reception of him there was mingled with their formality a certain respect.

Thanks to this, perhaps, he found her alone. She seemed to him more beautiful than his recollection had painted her, in the development that maturity, freedom from restraint, and time had given her. For a moment his new, fresh courage was staggered. But she had retained her youthful simplicity, and came toward him with the same naïve and innocent yearning in her clear eyes that he remembered at their last meeting. Their first words were, naturally, of their great secret, and Randolph told her the whole story of his unexpected and startling meeting with the captain, and the captain's strange narrative, of his undertaking the jour-

ney with him to recover his claim, establish his identity, and, as Randolph had hoped, restore to her that member of the family whom she had most cared for. He recounted the captain's hesitation on arriving; his own journey to the rectory; the news she had given him; the reason of his singular behavior; his return to London; and the second disappearance of the captain. He read to her the letter he had received from him, and told her of his hopeless chase to the docks only to find him gone. She listened to him breathlessly, with varying color, with an occasional outburst of pity, or a strange shining of the eyes, that sometimes became clouded and misty, and at the conclusion with a calm and grave paleness.

"But," she said, "you should have told me all."

"It was not my secret," he pleaded.

"You should have trusted me."

"But the captain had trusted *me*."

She looked at him with grave wonder, and then said with her old directness: "But if I had been told such a secret affecting you, I should have told you." She stopped suddenly, seeing his eyes fixed on her, and dropped her own lids with a slight color. "I mean," she said hesitatingly, "of course you have acted nobly, generously, kindly, wisely — but I hate secrets! Oh, why cannot one be always frank?"

A wild idea seized Randolph. "But I have another secret — you have not guessed — and I have not dared to tell you. Do you wish me to be frank now?"

"Why not?" she said simply, but she did not look up.

Then he told her! But, strangest of all, in spite of his fears and convictions, it flowed easily and naturally as a part of his other secret, with an eloquence he had not dreamed of before. But when he told her of his late position and his prospects, she raised her eyes to his for the first time,

yet without withdrawing her hand from his, and said reproachfully, —

"Yet but for *that* you would never have told me."

"How could I?" he returned eagerly. "For but for *that* how could I help you to carry out *your* trust? How could I devote myself to your plans, and enable you to carry them out without touching a dollar of that inheritance which you believe to be wrongfully yours?"

Then, with his old boyish enthusiasm, he sketched a glowing picture of their future: how they would keep the Dornton property intact until the captain was found and communicated with; and how they would cautiously collect all the information accessible to find him until such time as Randolph's fortunes would enable them both to go on a voyage of discovery after him. And in the midst of this prophetic forecast, which brought them so closely together that she was enabled to examine his watch chain, she said, —

"I see you have kept Cousin Jack's ring. Did he ever see it?"

"He told me he had given it to you as his little sweetheart, and that he" —

There was a singular pause here.

"He never did *that* — at least, not in that way!" said Sybil Eversleigh.

And, strangely enough, the optimistic Randolph's prophecies came true. He was married a month later to Sibyl Eversleigh, Mr. Dingwall giving away the bride. He and his wife were able to keep their trust in regard to the property, for, without investing a dollar of it in the bank, the mere reputation of his wife's wealth brought him a flood of other investors and a confidence which at once secured his success. In two years he was able to take his wife on a six

months' holiday to Europe via Australia, but of the details of that holiday no one knew. It is, however, on record that ten or twelve years ago Dornton Hall, which had been leased or unoccupied for a long time, was refitted for the heiress, her husband, and their children during a brief occupancy, and that in that period extensive repairs were made to the interior of the old Norman church, and much attention given to the redecoration and restoration of its ancient tombs.

MR. MACGLOWRIE'S WIDOW

MR. MACGLOWRIE'S WIDOW

VERY little was known of her late husband, yet that little was of a sufficiently awe-inspiring character to satisfy the curiosity of Laurel Spring. A man of unswerving animosity and candid belligerency, untempered by any human weakness, he had been actively engaged as survivor in two or three blood feuds in Kentucky, and some desultory dueling, only to succumb, through the irony of fate, to an attack of fever and ague in San Francisco. Gifted with a fine sense of humor, he is said, in his last moments, to have called the simple-minded clergyman to his bedside to assist him in putting on his boots. The kindly divine, although pointing out to him that he was too weak to rise, much less walk, could not resist the request of a dying man. When it was fulfilled, Mr. MacGlowrie crawled back into bed with the remark that his race had always "died with their boots on," and so passed smilingly and tranquilly away.

It is probable that this story was invented to soften the ignominy of MacGlowrie's peaceful end. The widow herself was also reported to be endowed with relations of equally homicidal eccentricities. Her two brothers, Stephen and Hector Boompointer, had Western reputations that were quite as lurid and remote. Her own experiences of a frontier life had been rude and startling, and her scalp — a singularly beautiful one of blond hair — had been in peril from Indians on several occasions. A pair of scissors, with which she had once pinned the intruding hand of a marauder to her cabin doorpost, was to be seen in her sitting room at Laurel Spring. A fair-faced woman with eyes the color of pale sherry, a complexion sallowed by innutritious

food, slight and tall figure, she gave little suggestion of this Amazonian feat. But that it exercised a wholesome restraint over the many who would like to have induced her to reënter the married state, there is little reason to doubt. Laurel Spring was a peaceful agricultural settlement. Few of its citizens dared to aspire to the dangerous eminence of succeeding the defunct MacGlowrie; few could hope that the sister of living Boompointers would accept an obvious *mésalliance* with them. However sincere their affection, life was still sweet to the rude inhabitants of Laurel Spring, and the preservation of the usual quantity of limbs necessary to them in their avocations. With their devotion thus chastened by caution, it would seem as if the charming mistress of Laurel Spring House was secure from disturbing attentions.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and the sun was beginning to strike under the laurels around the hotel into the little office where the widow sat with the housekeeper — a stout spinster of a coarser Western type. Mrs. MacGlowrie was looking wearily over some accounts on the desk before her, and absently putting back some tumbled sheaves from the stack of her heavy hair. For the widow had a certain indolent Southern negligence, which in a less pretty woman would have been untidiness, and a characteristic hook and eyeless freedom of attire which on less graceful limbs would have been slovenly. One sleeve cuff was unbuttoned, but it showed the blue veins of her delicate wrist; the neck of her dress had lost a hook, but the glimpse of a bit of edging round the white throat made amends. Of all which, however, it should be said that the widow, in her limp abstraction, was really unconscious.

"I reckon we kin put the new preacher in Kernel Starbottle's room," said Miss Morvin, the housekeeper. "The kernel 's going to-night."

"Oh," said the widow in a tone of relief, but whether at

the early departure of the gallant colonel or at the successful solution of the problem of lodging the preacher, Miss Morvin could not determine. But she went on tentatively: —

"The kernel was talkin' in the bar room, and kind o' wonderin' why you had n't got married agin. Said you 'd make a stir in Sacramento — but you was jest berried *here.*"

"I suppose he 's heard of my husband?" said the widow indifferently.

"Yes — but he said he could n't *place you,*" returned Miss Morvin.

The widow looked up. "Could n't place *me?*" she repeated.

"Yes — had n't heard o' MacGlowrie's wife and disremembered your brothers."

"The colonel does n't know everybody, even if he is a fighting man," said Mrs. MacGlowrie with languid scorn.

"That 's just what Dick Blair said," returned Miss Morvin. "And though he 's only a doctor, he jest stuck up agin' the kernel, and told that story about your jabbin' that man with your scissors — beautiful; and how you once fought off a bear with a red-hot iron, so that you 'd have admired to hear him. He 's awfully gone on you!"

The widow took that opportunity to button her cuff.

"And how long does the preacher calculate to stay?" she added, returning to business details.

"Only a day. They 'll have his house fixed up and ready for him to-morrow. They 're spendin' a heap o' money on it. He ought to be the pow'ful preacher they say he is — to be worth it."

But here Mrs. MacGlowrie's interest in the conversation ceased, and it dropped.

In her anxiety to further the suit of Dick Blair, Miss Morvin had scarcely reported the colonel with fairness.

That gentleman, leaning against the bar in the hotel sa-

loon with a cocktail in his hand, had expatiated with his usual gallantry upon Mrs. MacGlowrie's charms, and on his own "personal" responsibility had expressed the opinion that they were thrown away on Laurel Spring. That — blank it all — she reminded him of the blankest beautiful woman he had seen even in Washington — old Major Beveridge's daughter from Kentucky. Were they sure she was n't from Kentucky? Was n't her name Beveridge — and not Boompointer? Becoming more reminiscent over his second drink, the colonel could vaguely recall only one Boompointer — a blank skulking hound, sir — a mean white shyster — but, of course, he could n't have been of the same breed as such a blank fine woman as the widow! It was here that Dick Blair interrupted with a heightened color and a glowing eulogy of the widow's relations and herself, which, however, only increased the chivalry of the colonel — who would be the last man, sir, to detract from — or suffer any detraction of — a lady's reputation. It was needless to say that all this was intensely diverting to the bystanders, and proportionally discomposing to Blair, who already experienced some slight jealousy of the colonel as a man whose fighting reputation might possibly attract the affections of the widow of the belligerent MacGlowrie. He had cursed his folly and relapsed into gloomy silence until the colonel left.

For Dick Blair loved the widow with the unselfishness of a generous nature and a first passion. He had admired her from the first day his lot was cast in Laurel Spring, where coming from a rude frontier practice he had succeeded the district doctor in a more peaceful and domestic ministration. A skillful and gentle surgeon rather than a general household practitioner, he was at first coldly welcomed by the gloomy dyspeptics and ague-haunted settlers from riparian lowlands. The few bucolic idlers who had relieved the monotony of their lives by the stimulus of patent medicine

and the exaltation of stomach bitters, also looked askance at him. A common-sense way of dealing with their ailments did not naturally commend itself to the shopkeepers who vended these nostrums, and he was made to feel the opposition of trade. But he was gentle to women and children and animals, and, oddly enough, it was to this latter dilection that he owed the widow's interest in him — an interest that eventually made him popular elsewhere.

The widow had a pet dog — a beautiful spaniel, who, however, had assimilated her graceful languor to his own native love of ease to such an extent that he failed in a short leap between a balcony and a window, and fell to the ground with a fractured thigh. The dog was supposed to be crippled for life — even if that life were worth preserving — when Dr. Blair came to the rescue, set the fractured limb, put it in splints and plaster after an ingenious design of his own, visited him daily, and eventually restored him to his mistress's lap sound in wind and limb. How far this daily ministration and the necessary exchange of sympathy between the widow and himself heightened his zeal was not known. There were those who believed that the whole thing was an unmanly trick to get the better of his rivals in the widow's good graces; there were others who averred that his treatment of a brute beast like a human being was sinful and unchristian. "He could n't have done more for a regularly baptized child," said the postmistress. "And what mo' would a regularly baptized child have wanted?" returned Mrs. MacGlowrie, with the drawling Southern intonation she fell back upon when most contemptuous.

But Dr. Blair's increasing practice and the widow's preoccupation presently ended their brief intimacy. It was well known that she encouraged no suitors at the hotel, and his shyness and sensitiveness shrank from ostentatious advances. There seemed to be no chance of her becoming,

herself, his patient; her sane mind, indolent nerves, and calm circulation kept her from feminine "vapors" of feminine excesses. She retained the teeth and digestion of a child in her thirty odd years, and abused neither. Riding and the cultivation of her little garden gave her sufficient exercise. And yet the unexpected occurred! The day after Starbottle left, Dr. Blair was summoned hastily to the hotel. Mrs. MacGlowrie had been found lying senseless in a dead faint in the passage outside the dining room. In his hurried flight thither with the messenger he could learn only that she had seemed to be in her usual health that morning, and that no one could assign any cause for her fainting.

He could find out little more when he arrived and examined her as she lay pale and unconscious on the sofa of her sitting room. It had not been thought necessary to loosen her already loose dress, and indeed he could find no organic disturbance. The case was one of sudden nervous shock — but this, with his knowledge of her indolent temperament, seemed almost absurd. They could tell him nothing but that she was evidently on the point of entering the dining room when she fell unconscious. Had she been frightened by anything? A snake or a rat? Miss Morvin was indignant! The widow of MacGlowrie — the repeller of grizzlies — frightened at "sich"! Had she been upset by any previous excitement, passion, or the receipt of bad news? No! — she "was n't that kind," as the doctor knew. And even as they were speaking he felt the widow's healthy life returning to the pulse he was holding, and giving a faint tinge to her lips. Her blue-veined eyelids quivered slightly and then opened with languid wonder on the doctor and her surroundings. Suddenly a quick, startled look contracted the yellow brown pupils of her eyes, she lifted herself to a sitting posture with a hurried glance around the room and at the door beyond. Catching the quick, observant eyes

of Dr. Blair, she collected herself with an effort, which Dr. Blair felt in her pulse, and drew away her wrist.

"What is it? What happened?" she said weakly.

"You had a slight attack of faintness," said the doctor cheerily, "and they called me in as I was passing, but you 're all right now."

"How pow'ful foolish," she said, with returning color, but her eyes still glancing at the door, "slumping off like a green gyrl at nothin'."

"Perhaps you were startled?" said the doctor.

Mrs. MacGlowrie glanced up quickly and looked away. "No! — Let me see! I was just passing through the hall, going into the dining room, when — everything seemed to waltz round me — and I was off! Where did they find me?" she said, turning to Miss Morvin.

"I picked you up just outside the door," replied the housekeeper.

"Then they did not see me?" said Mrs. MacGlowrie.

"Who 's they?" responded the housekeeper with more directness than grammatical accuracy.

"The people in the dining room. I was just opening the door — and I felt this coming on — and — I reckon I had just sense enough to shut the door again before I went off."

"Then that accounts for what Jim Slocum said," uttered Miss Morvin triumphantly. "He was in the dining room talkin' with the new preacher, when he allowed he heard the door open and shut behind him. Then he heard a kind of slump outside and opened the door again just to find you lyin' there, and to rush off and get me. And that 's why he was so mad at the preacher! — for he says he just skurried away without offerin' to help. He allows the preacher may be a pow'ful exhorter — but he ain't worth much at 'works.'"

"Some men can't bear to be around when a woman 's up

to that sort of foolishness," said the widow, with a faint attempt at a smile, but a return of her paleness.

"Had n't you better lie down again?" said the doctor solicitously.

"I 'm all right now," returned Mrs. MacGlowrie, struggling to her feet; "Morvin will look after me till the shakiness goes. But it was mighty touching and neighborly to come in, Doctor," she continued, succeeding at last in bringing up a faint but adorable smile, which stirred Blair's pulses. "If I were my own dog — you could n't have treated me better!"

With no further excuse for staying longer, Blair was obliged to depart — yet reluctantly, both as lover and physician. He was by no means satisfied with her condition. He called to inquire the next day — but she was engaged and sent word to say she was "better."

In the excitement attending the advent of the new preacher the slight illness of the charming widow was forgotten. He had taken the settlement by storm. His first sermon at Laurel Spring exceeded even the extravagant reputation that had preceded him. Known as the "Inspired Cowboy," a common unlettered frontiersman, he was said to have developed wonderful powers of exhortatory eloquence among the Indians, and scarcely less savage border communities where he had lived, half outcast, half missionary. He had just come up from the Southern agricultural districts, where he had been, despite his rude antecedents, singularly effective with women and young people. The moody dyspeptics and lazy rustics of Laurel Spring were stirred as with a new patent medicine. Dr. Blair went to the first "revival" meeting. Without undervaluing the man's influence, he was instinctively repelled by his appearance and methods. The young physician's trained powers of observation not only saw an overwrought emotionalism in the speaker's eloquence, but detected the ring of insincerity in

his more lucid speech and acts. Nevertheless, the hysteria of the preacher was communicated to the congregation, who wept and shouted with him. Tired and discontented housewives found their vague sorrows and vaguer longings were only the result of their "unregenerate" state; the lazy country youths felt that the frustration of their small ambitions lay in their not being "convicted of sin." The mourners' bench was crowded with wildly emulating sinners. Dr. Blair turned away with mingled feelings of amusement and contempt. At the door Jim Slocum tapped him on the shoulder: "Fetches the wimmin folk every time, don't he, Doctor?" said Jim.

"So it seems," said Blair dryly.

"You 're one o' them scientific fellers that look inter things — what do *you* allow it is?"

The young doctor restrained the crushing answer that rose to his lips. He had learned caution in that neighborhood. "I could n't say," he said indifferently.

"'T ain't no religion," said Slocum emphatically; "it 's jest pure fas'nation. Did ye look at his eye? It 's like a rattlesnake's, and them wimmin are like birds. They 're frightened of him — but they hev to do jest what he 'wills' 'em. That 's how he skeert the widder the other day."

The doctor was alert and on fire at once. "Scared the widow?" he repeated indignantly.

"Yes. You know how she swooned away. Well, sir, me and that preacher, Brown, was the only one in that dinin' room at the time. The widder opened the door behind me and sorter peeked in, and that thar preacher give a start and looked up; and then, that sort of queer light come in his eyes, and she shut the door, and kinder fluttered and flopped down in the passage outside, like a bird! And he crawled away like a snake, and never said a word! My belief is that either he had n't time to turn on the hull influence, or else she, bein' smart, got the door shut betwixt

her and it in time! Otherwise, sure as you 're born, she 'd hev been floppin' and crawlin' and sobbin' arter him — jist like them critters we 've left."

"Better not let the brethren hear you talk like that, or they 'll lynch you," said the doctor, with a laugh. "Mrs. MacGlowrie simply had an attack of faintness from some overexertion, that 's all."

Nevertheless, he was uneasy as he walked away. Mrs. MacGlowrie had evidently received a shock which was still unexplained, and, in spite of Slocum's exaggerated fancy, there might be some foundation in his story. He did not share the man's superstition, although he was not a skeptic regarding magnetism. Yet even then, the widow's action was one of repulsion, and as long as she was strong enough not to come to these meetings, she was not in danger. A day or two later, as he was passing the garden of the hotel on horseback, he saw her lithe, graceful, languid figure bending over one of her favorite flower beds. The high fence partially concealed him from view, and she evidently believed herself alone. Perhaps that was why she suddenly raised herself from her task, put back her straying hair with a weary, abstracted look, remained for a moment quite still staring at the vacant sky, and then, with a little catching of her breath, resumed her occupation in a dull, mechanical way. In that brief glimpse of her charming face, Blair was shocked at the change; she was pale, the corners of her pretty mouth were drawn, there were deeper shades in the orbits of her eyes, and in spite of her broad garden hat with its blue ribbon, her light flowered frock and frilled apron, she looked as he fancied she might have looked in the first crushing grief of her widowhood. Yet he would have passed on, respecting her privacy of sorrow, had not her little spaniel detected him with her keener senses. And Fluffy being truthful — as dogs are — and recognizing a dear friend in the intruder, barked joyously.

The widow looked up, her eyes met Blair's, and she reddened. But he was too acute a lover to misinterpret what he knew, alas! was only confusion at her abstraction being discovered. Nevertheless, there was something else in her brown eyes he had never seen before. A momentary lighting up of *relief* — of even hopefulness — in his presence. It was enough for Blair; he shook off his old shyness like the dust of his ride, and galloped around to the front door.

But she met him in the hall with only her usual languid good humor. Nevertheless, Blair was not abashed.

"I can't put you in splints and plaster like Fluffy, Mrs. MacGlowrie," he said, "but I can forbid you to go into the garden unless you 're looking better. It 's a positive reflection on my professional skill, and Laurel Spring will be shocked, and hold me responsible."

Mrs. MacGlowrie had recovered enough of her old spirit to reply that she thought Laurel Spring could be in better business than looking at her over her garden fence.

"But your dog, who knows you 're not well, and does n't think me quite a fool, had the good sense to call me. You heard him."

But the widow protested that she was as strong as a horse, and that Fluffy was like all puppies, conceited to the last degree.

"Well," said Blair cheerfully, "suppose I admit you are all right, physically, you 'll confess you have some trouble on your mind, won't you? If I can't make you *show* me your tongue, you 'll let me hear you *use* it to tell me what worries you. If," he added more earnestly, "you won't confide in your physician — you will perhaps — to — to — a — *friend*."

But Mrs. MacGlowrie, evading his earnest eyes as well as his appeal, was wondering what good it would do either a doctor, or — a — a — she herself seemed to hesitate over

the word — "a *friend*, to hear the worriments of a silly, nervous old thing — who had only stuck a little too closely to her business."

"You are neither nervous nor old, Mrs. MacGlowrie," said the doctor promptly, "though I begin to think you *have* been too closely confined here. You want more diversion, or — excitement. You might even go to hear this preacher" — he stopped, for the word had slipped from his mouth unawares.

But a swift look of scorn swept her pale face. "And you 'd like me to follow those skinny old frumps and leggy, limp chits, that slobber and cry over that man!" she said contemptuously. "No! I reckon I only want a change — and I 'll go away, or get out of this for a while."

The poor doctor had not thought of this possible alternative. His heart sank, but he was brave. "Yes, perhaps you are right," he said sadly, "though it would be a dreadful loss — to Laurel Spring — to us all — if you went."

"Do I look so *very* bad, doctor?" she said, with a half-mischievous, half-pathetic smile.

The doctor thought her upturned face very adorable, but restrained his feelings heroically, and contented himself with replying to the pathetic half of her smile. "You look as if you had been suffering," he said gravely, "and I never saw you look so before. You seem as if you had experienced some great shock. Do you know," he went on, in a lower tone and with a half-embarrassed smile, "that when I saw you just now in the garden, you looked as I imagined you might have looked in the first days of your widowhood — when your husband's death was fresh in your heart."

A strange expression crossed her face. Her eyelids dropped instantly, and with both hands she caught up her frilled apron as if to meet them and covered her face. A little shudder seemed to pass over her shoulders, and then a cry that ended in an uncontrollable and half-hysterical

laugh followed from the depths of that apron, until shaking her sides, and with her head still enveloped in its covering, she fairly ran into the inner room and closed the door behind her.

Amazed, shocked, and at first indignant, Dr. Blair remained fixed to the spot. Then his indignation gave way to a burning mortification as he recalled his speech. He had made a frightful *faux pas!* He had been fool enough to try to recall the most sacred memories of that dead husband he was trying to succeed — and her quick woman's wit had detected his ridiculous stupidity. Her laugh was hysterical — but that was only natural in her mixed emotions. He mounted his horse in confusion and rode away.

For a few days he avoided the house. But when he next saw her she had a charming smile of greeting and an air of entire obliviousness of his past blunder. She said she was better. She had taken his advice and was giving herself some relaxation from business. She had been riding again — oh, so far! Alone? — of course; she was always alone — else what would Laurel Spring say?

"True," said Blair smilingly; "besides, I forgot that you are quite able to take care of yourself in an emergency. And yet," he added, admiringly looking at her lithe figure and indolent grace, "do you know I never can associate you with the dreadful scenes they say you have gone through."

"Then please don't!" she said quickly; "really, I'd rather you would n't. I 'm sick and tired of hearing of it!" She was half laughing and yet half in earnest, with a slight color on her cheek.

Blair was a little embarrassed. "Of course, I don't mean your heroism — like that story of the intruder and the scissors," he stammered.

"Oh, *that* 's the worst of all! It 's too foolish — it 's sickening!" she went on almost angrily. "I don't know

who started that stuff." She paused, and then added shyly, "I really am an awful coward and horribly nervous — as you know."

He would have combated this — but she looked really disturbed, and he had no desire to commit another imprudence. And he thought, too, that he again had seen in her eyes the same hopeful, wistful light he had once seen before, and was happy.

This led him, I fear, to indulge in wilder dreams. His practice, although increasing, barely supported him, and the widow was rich. Her business had been profitable, and she had repaid the advances made her when she first took the hotel. But this disparity in their fortunes which had frightened him before now had no fears for him. He felt that if he succeeded in winning her affections she could afford to wait for him, despite other suitors, until his talents had won an equal position. His rivals had always felt as secure in his poverty as they had in his peaceful profession. How could a poor, simple doctor aspire to the hand of the rich widow of the redoubtable MacGlowrie?

It was late one afternoon, and the low sun was beginning to strike athwart the stark columns and down the long aisles of the redwoods on the High Ridge. The doctor, returning from a patient at the loggers' camp in its depths, had just sighted the smaller groves of Laurel Springs, two miles away. He was riding fast, with his thoughts filled with the widow, when he heard a joyous bark in the underbrush, and Fluffy came bounding towards him. Blair dismounted to caress him, as was his wont, and then, wisely conceiving that his mistress was not far away, sauntered forward exploringly, leading his horse, the dog bounding before him and barking, as if bent upon both leading and announcing him. But the latter he effected first, for as Blair turned from the trail into the deeper woods, he saw the figures of a man and woman walking together suddenly separate at the

dog's warning. The woman was Mrs. MacGlowrie — the man was the revival preacher!

Amazed, mystified, and indignant, Blair nevertheless obeyed his first instinct, which was that of a gentleman. He turned leisurely aside as if not recognizing them, led his horse a few paces further, mounted him, and galloped away without turning his head. But his heart was filled with bitterness and disgust. This woman — who but a few days before had voluntarily declared her scorn and contempt for that man and his admirers — had just been giving him a clandestine meeting like one of the most infatuated of his devotees! The story of the widow's fainting, the coarse surmises and comments of Slocum, came back to him with overwhelming significance. But even then his reason forbade him to believe that she had fallen under the preacher's influence — she, with her sane mind and indolent temperament. Yet, whatever her excuse or purpose was, she had deceived him wantonly and cruelly! His abrupt avoidance of her had prevented him from knowing if she, on her part, had recognized him as he rode away. If she *had*, she would understand why he had avoided her, and any explanation must come from her.

Then followed a few days of uncertainty, when his thoughts again reverted to the preacher with returning jealousy. Was she, after all, like other women, and had her gratuitous outburst of scorn of *their* infatuation been prompted by unsuccessful rivalry? He was too proud to question Slocum again or breathe a word of his fears. Yet he was not strong enough to keep from again seeking the High Ridge, to discover any repetition of that rendezvous. But he saw her neither there, nor elsewhere, during his daily rounds. And one night his feverish anxiety getting the better of him, he entered the great "Gospel Tent" of the revival preacher.

It chanced to be an extraordinary meeting, and the usual

enthusiastic audience was reinforced by some sight-seers from the neighboring county town — the district judge and officials from the court in session, among them Colonel Starbottle. The impassioned revivalist — his eyes ablaze with fever, his lank hair wet with perspiration, hanging beside his heavy but weak jaws — was concluding a fervent exhortation to his auditors to confess their sins, "accept conviction," and regenerate then and there, without delay. They must put off "the old Adam," and put on the flesh of righteousness at once! They were to let no false shame or worldly pride keep them from avowing their guilty past before their brethren. Sobs and groans followed the preacher's appeals; his own agitation and convulsive efforts seemed to spread in surging waves through the congregation, until a dozen men and women arose, staggering like drunkards blindly, or led or dragged forward by sobbing sympathizers towards the mourners' bench. And prominent among them, but stepping jauntily and airily forward, was the redoubtable and worldly Colonel Starbottle!

At this proof of the orator's power the crowd shouted — but stopped suddenly, as the colonel halted before the preacher, and ascended the rostrum beside him. Then taking a slight pose with his gold-headed cane in one hand and the other thrust in the breast of his buttoned coat, he said in his blandest, forensic voice: —

"If I mistake not, sir, you are advising these ladies and gentlemen to a free and public confession of their sins and a — er — denunciation of their past life — previous to their conversion. If I am mistaken I — er — ask your pardon, and theirs — and — er — hold myself responsible — er — personally responsible!"

The preacher glanced uneasily at the colonel, but replied, still in the hysterical intonation of his exordium: —

"Yes! a complete searching of hearts — a casting out of the seven Devils of Pride, Vain Glory" —

"Thank you — that is sufficient," said the colonel blandly. "But might I — er — be permitted to suggest that you — er — er — *set them the example!* The statement of the circumstances attending your own past life and conversion would be singularly interesting and exemplary."

The preacher turned suddenly and glanced at the colonel with furious eyes set in an ashy face.

"If this is the flouting and jeering of the Ungodly and Dissolute," he screamed, "woe to you! I say — woe to you! What have such as *you* to do with my previous state of unregeneracy?"

"Nothing," said the colonel blandly, "unless that state were also the *State of Arkansas!* Then, sir, as a former member of the Arkansas *Bar* — I might be able to assist your memory — and — er — even corroborate your confession."

But here the enthusiastic adherents of the preacher, vaguely conscious of some danger to their idol, gathered threateningly round the platform from which he had promptly leaped into their midst, leaving the colonel alone, to face the sea of angry upturned faces. But that gallant warrior never altered his characteristic pose. Behind him loomed the reputation of the dozen duels he had fought, the gold-headed stick on which he leaned was believed to contain eighteen inches of shining steel — and the people of Laurel Spring had discretion.

He smiled suavely, stepped jauntily down, and made his way to the entrance without molestation.

But here he was met by Blair and Slocum, and a dozen eager questions: —

"What was it?" "What had he done?" "*Who* was he?"

"A blank shyster, who had swindled the widows and orphans in Arkansas and escaped from jail."

"And his name is n't Brown?"

"No," said the colonel curtly.

"What is it?"

"That is a matter which concerns only myself and him, sir," said the colonel loftily; "but for which I am — er — personally responsible."

A wild idea took possession of Blair.

"And you say he was a noted desperado?" he said with nervous hesitation.

The colonel glared.

"Desperado, sir! Never! Blank it all! — a mean, psalm-singing, crawling, sneak thief!"

And Blair felt relieved without knowing exactly why.

The next day it was known that the preacher, Gabriel Brown, had left Laurel Spring on an urgent "Gospel Call" elsewhere.

Colonel Starbottle returned that night with his friends to the county town. Strange to say, a majority of the audience had not grasped the full significance of the colonel's unseemly interruption, and those who had, as partisans, kept it quiet. Blair, tortured by doubt, had a new delicacy added to his hesitation, which left him helpless until the widow should take the initiative in explanation.

A sudden summons from his patient at the loggers' camp the next day brought him again to the fateful redwoods. But he was vexed and mystified to find, on arriving at the camp, that he had been made the victim of some stupid blunder, and that no message had been sent from there. He was returning abstractedly through the woods when he was amazed at seeing at a little distance before him the flutter of Mrs. MacGlowrie's well-known dark green riding habit and the figure of the lady herself. Her dog was not with her, neither was the revival preacher — or he might have thought the whole vision a trick of his memory. But she slackened her pace, and he was obliged to rein up abreast of her in some confusion.

"I hope I won't shock you again by riding alone through the woods with a man," she said with a light laugh.

Nevertheless, she was quite pale as he answered, somewhat coldly, that he had no right to be shocked at anything she might choose to do.

"But you *were* shocked, for you rode away the last time without speaking," she said; "and yet" — she looked up suddenly into his eyes with a smileless face — "that man you saw me with once had a better right to ride alone with me than any other man. He was" —

"Your lover?" said Blair with brutal brevity.

"My husband!" returned Mrs. MacGlowrie slowly.

"Then you are *not* a widow," gasped Blair.

"No. I am only a divorced woman. That is why I have had to live a lie here. That man — that hypocrite — whose secret was only half exposed the other night, was my husband — divorced from me by the law, when, an escaped convict, he fled with another woman from the State three years ago." Her face flushed and whitened again; she put up her hand blindly to her straying hair, and for an instant seemed to sway in the saddle.

But Blair as quickly leaped from his horse, and was beside her. "Let me help you down," he said quickly, "and rest yourself until you are better." Before she could reply, he lifted her tenderly to the ground and placed her on a mossy stump a little distance from the trail. Her color and a faint smile returned to her troubled face.

"Had we not better go on?" she said, looking around. "I never went so far as to sit down in the woods with *him* that day."

"Forgive me," he said pleadingly, "but, of course, I knew nothing. I disliked the man from instinct — I thought he had some power over you."

"He has none — except the secret that would also have exposed himself."

"But others knew it. Colonel Starbottle must have known his name? And yet" — as he remembered he stammered — "he refused to tell me."

"Yes, but not because he knew he was my husband, but because he knew he bore the same name. He thinks, as every one does, that my husband died in San Francisco. The man who died there was my husband's cousin — a desperate man and a noted duelist."

"And *you* assumed to be *his* widow?" said the astounded Blair.

"Yes, but don't blame me too much," she said pathetically. "It was a wild, a silly deceit, but it was partly forced upon me. For when I first arrived across the plains, at the frontier, I was still bearing my husband's name, and although I was alone and helpless, I found myself strangely welcomed and respected by those rude frontiersmen. It was not long before I saw it was because I was presumed to be the widow of *Allen* MacGlowrie — who had just died in San Francisco. I let them think so, for I knew — what they did not — that Allen's wife had separated from him and married again, and that my taking his name could do no harm. I accepted their kindness; they gave me my first start in business, which brought me here. It was not much of a deceit," she continued, with a slight tremble of her pretty lip, "to prefer to pass as the widow of a dead desperado than to be known as the divorced wife of a living convict. It has hurt no one, and it has saved me just now."

"You were right! No one could blame you," said Blair eagerly, seizing her hand.

But she disengaged it gently, and went on: —

"And now you wonder why I gave him a meeting here?"

"I wonder at nothing but your courage and patience in all this suffering!" said Blair fervently; "and at your forgiving me for so cruelly misunderstanding you."

"But you must learn all. When I first saw MacGlowrie

under his assumed name, I fainted, for I was terrified and believed he knew I was here and had come to expose me even at his own risk. That was why I hesitated between going away or openly defying him. But it appears he was more frightened than I at finding me here — he had supposed I had changed my name after the divorce, and that Mrs. MacGlowrie, Laurel Spring, was his cousin's widow. When he found out who I was he was eager to see me and agree upon a mutual silence while he was here. He thought only of himself," she added scornfully, "and Colonel Starbottle's recognition of him that night as the convicted swindler was enough to put him to flight."

"And the colonel never suspected that you were his wife?" said Blair.

"Never! He supposed from the name that he was some relation of my husband, and that was why he refused to tell it — for my sake. The colonel is an old fogy — and pompous — but a gentleman — as good as they make them!"

A slightly jealous uneasiness and a greater sense of shame came over Blair.

"I seem to have been the only one who suspected and did not aid you," he said sadly, "and yet God knows" —

The widow had put up her slim hand in half-smiling, half-pathetic interruption.

"Wait! I have not told you everything. When I took over the responsibility of being Allen MacGlowrie's widow, I had to take over *her* relations and *her* history as I gathered it from the frontiersmen. *I* never frightened any grizzly — *I* never jabbed anybody with the scissors; it was *she* who did it. *I* never was among the Injins — *I* never had any fighting relations; my paw was a plain farmer. I was only a peaceful Blue Grass girl — there! I never thought there was any harm in it; it seemed to keep the men off, and leave me free — until I knew you! And you know I didn't want you to believe it — don't you?"

She hid her flushed face and dimples in her handkerchief.

"But did you never think there might be another way to keep the men off, and sink the name of MacGlowrie forever?" said Blair in a lower voice.

"I think we must be going back now," said the widow timidly, withdrawing her hand, which Blair had again mysteriously got possession of in her confusion.

"But wait just a few minutes longer to keep me company," said Blair pleadingly. "I came here to see a patient, and as there must have been some mistake in the message — I must try to discover it."

"Oh! Is that all?" said the widow quickly. "Why?" — she flushed again and laughed faintly — "Well! I am that patient! I wanted to see you alone to explain everything, and I could think of no other way. I 'm afraid I 've got into the habit of thinking nothing of being somebody else."

"I wish you would let me select who you should be," said the doctor boldly.

"We really must go back — to the horses," said the widow.

"Agreed — if we will ride home together."

They did. And before the year was over, although they both remained, the name of MacGlowrie had passed out of Laurel Spring.

A WARD OF COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S

A WARD OF COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S

"The kernel seems a little off color to-day," said the barkeeper as he replaced the whiskey decanter, and gazed reflectively after the departing figure of Colonel Starbottle.

"I did n't notice anything," said a bystander; "he passed the time o' day civil enough to me."

"Oh, he 's allus polite enough to strangers and wimmin folk even when he is that way; it 's only his old chums, or them ez like to be thought so, that he 's peppery with. Why, ez to that, after he 'd had that quo'll with his old partner, Judge Pratt, in one o' them spells, I saw him the next minit go half a block out of his way to direct an entire stranger; and ez for wimmin! — well, I reckon if he 'd just got a bead drawn on a man, and a woman spoke to him, he 'd drop his battery and take off his hat to her. No — ye can't judge by that!"

And perhaps in his larger experience the barkeeper was right. He might have added, too, that the colonel, in his general outward bearing and jauntiness, gave no indication of his internal irritation. Yet he was undoubtedly in one of his "spells," suffering from a moody cynicism which made him as susceptible of affront as he was dangerous in resentment.

Luckily, on this particular morning he reached his office and entered his private room without any serious *rencontre*. Here he opened his desk, and arranging his papers, he at once set to work with grim persistency. He had not been occupied for many minutes before the door opened to Mr. Pyecroft — one of a firm of attorneys who undertook the colonel's office work.

"I see you are early to work, Colonel," said Mr. Pyecroft cheerfully.

"You see, sir," said the colonel, correcting him with a slow deliberation that boded no good — "you see a Southern gentleman — blank it! — who has stood at the head of his profession for thirty-five years, obliged to work like a blank nigger, sir, in the dirty squabbles of psalm-singing Yankee traders, instead of — er — attending to the affairs of — er — legislation!"

"But you manage to get pretty good fees out of it — eh, Colonel?" continued Pyecroft, with a laugh.

"Fees, sir! Filthy shekels! and barely enough to satisfy a debt of honor with one hand, and wipe out a tavern score for the entertainment of — er — a few lady friends with the other!"

This allusion to his losses at poker, as well as an oyster supper given to the two principal actresses of the "North Star Troupe," then performing in the town, convinced Mr. Pyecroft that the colonel was in one of his "moods," and he changed the subject.

"That reminds me of a little joke that happened in Sacramento last week. You remember Dick Stannard, who died a year ago — one of your friends?"

"I have yet to learn," interrupted the colonel, with the same deadly deliberation, "what right *he* — or *anybody* — had to intimate that he held such a relationship with me. Am I to understand, sir, that he — er — publicly boasted of it?"

"Don't know!" resumed Pyecroft hastily; "but it don't matter, for if he was n't a friend it only makes the joke bigger. Well, his widow did n't survive him long, but died in the States t' other day, leavin' the property in Sacramento — worth about three thousand dollars — to her little girl, who is at school at Santa Clara. The question of guardianship came up, and it appears that the widow — who only

knew you through her husband — had, some time before her death, mentioned *your* name in that connection! He! he!"

"What!" said Colonel Starbottle, starting up.

"Hold on!" said Pyecroft hilariously. "That is n't all! Neither the executors nor the probate judge knew you from Adam, and the Sacramento bar, scenting a good joke, lay low and said nothing. Then the old fool judge said that 'as you appeared to be a lawyer, a man of mature years, and a friend of the family, you were an eminently fit person, and ought to be communicated with' — you know his hifalutin' style. Nobody says anything. So that the next thing you 'll know you 'll get a letter from that executor asking you to look after that kid. Ha! ha! The boys said they could fancy they saw you trotting around with a ten year old girl holding on to your hand, and the Señorita Dolores or Miss Bellamont looking on! Or your being called away from a poker deal some night by the infant, singing, 'Gardy, dear gardy, come home with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes one!' And think of that old fool judge not knowing you! Ha! ha!"

A study of Colonel Starbottle's face during this speech would have puzzled a better physiognomist than Mr. Pyecroft. His first look of astonishment gave way to an empurpled confusion, from which a single short Silenus-like chuckle escaped, but this quickly changed again into a dull coppery indignation, and, as Pyecroft's laugh continued, faded out into a sallow rigidity in which his murky eyes alone seemed to keep what was left of his previous high color. But what was more singular, in spite of his enforced calm, something of his habitual old-fashioned loftiness and oratorical exaltation appeared to be returning to him as he placed his hand on his inflated breast and faced Pyecroft.

"The ignorance of the executor of Mrs. Stannard and the — er — probate judge," he began slowly, "may be pardon-

able, Mr. Pyecroft, since his Honor would imply that, although unknown to *him* personally, I am at least *amicus curiæ* in this question of — er — guardianship. But I am grieved — indeed I may say shocked — Mr. Pyecroft, that the — er — last sacred trust of a dying widow — perhaps the holiest trust that can be conceived by man — the care and welfare of her helpless orphaned girl — should be made the subject of mirth, sir, by yourself and the members of the Sacramento bar! I shall not allude, sir, to my own feelings in regard to Dick Stannard, one of my most cherished friends," continued the colonel, in a voice charged with emotion, "but I can conceive of no nobler trust laid upon the altar of friendship than the care and guidance of his orphaned girl! And if, as you tell me, the utterly inadequate sum of three thousand dollars is all that is left for her maintenance through life, the selection of a guardian sufficiently devoted to the family to be willing to augment that pittance out of his own means from time to time would seem to be most important."

Before the astounded Pyecroft could recover himself, Colonel Starbottle leaned back in his chair, half closing his eyes, and abandoned himself, quite after his old manner, to one of his dreamy reminiscences.

"Poor Dick Stannard! I have a vivid recollection, sir, of driving out with him on the Shell Road at New Orleans in '54, and of his saying, 'Star' — the only man, sir, who ever abbreviated my name — 'Star, if anything happens to me or her, look after our child!' It was during that very drive, sir, that, through his incautious neglect to fortify himself against the swampy malaria by a glass of straight Bourbon with a pinch of bark in it, he caught that fever which undermined his constitution. Thank you, Mr. Pyecroft, for — er — recalling the circumstance. I shall," continued the colonel, suddenly abandoning reminiscence, sitting up, and arranging his papers, "look forward with great interest to — er — letter from the executor."

The next day it was universally understood that Colonel Starbottle had been appointed guardian of Pansy Stannard by the probate judge of Sacramento.

There are of record two distinct accounts of Colonel Starbottle's first meeting with his ward after his appointment as her guardian. One, given by himself, varying slightly at times, but always bearing unvarying compliment to the grace, beauty, and singular accomplishments of this apparently gifted child, was nevertheless characterized more by vague, dreamy reminiscences of the departed parents than by any personal experience of the daughter.

"I found the young lady, sir," he remarked to Mr. Pyecroft, "recalling my cherished friend Stannard in — er — form and features, and — although — er — personally unacquainted with her deceased mother — who belonged, sir, to one of the first families of Virginia — I am told that she is — er — remarkably like her. Miss Stannard is at present a pupil in one of the best educational establishments in Santa Clara, where she is receiving tuition in — er — the English classics, foreign belles lettres, embroidery, the harp, and — er — the use of the — er — globes, and — er — blackboard — under the most fastidious care, and my own personal supervision. The principal of the school, Miss Eudoxia Tish — associated with — er — er — Miss Prinkwell — is — er — remarkably gifted woman; and as I was present at one of the school exercises, I had the opportunity of testifying to her excellence in — er — short address I made to the young ladies." From such glittering but unsatisfying generalities as these I prefer to turn to the real interview, gathered from contemporary witnesses.

It was the usual cloudless, dazzling, Californian summer day, tempered with the asperity of the northwest trades, that Miss Tish, looking through her window towards the rose-embowered gateway of the seminary, saw an extraordinary

figure advancing up the avenue. It was that of a man slightly past middle age, yet erect and jaunty, whose costume recalled the early water-color portraits of her own youthful days. His tightly buttoned blue frock coat with gilt buttons was opened far enough across the chest to allow the expanding of a frilled shirt, black stock, and nankeen waistcoat, and his immaculate white trousers were smartly strapped over his smart varnished boots. A white bell-crowned hat, carried in his hand to permit the wiping of his forehead with a silk handkerchief, and a gold-headed walking stick hooked over his arm, completed this singular equipment. He was followed, a few paces in the rear, by a negro carrying an enormous bouquet, and a number of small boxes and parcels tied up with ribbons. As the figure paused before the door, Miss Tish gasped, and cast a quick restraining glance around the classroom. But it was too late; a dozen pairs of blue, black, round, inquiring, or mischievous eyes were already dancing and gloating over the bizarre stranger through the window.

"A cirkiss — or nigger minstrels — sure as you 're born!" said Mary Frost, aged nine, in a fierce whisper.

"No! — a agent from 'The Emporium,' with samples," returned Miss Briggs, aged fourteen.

"Young ladies, attend to your studies," said Miss Tish, as the servant brought in a card. Miss Tish glanced at it with some nervousness, and read to herself, "Colonel Culpeper Starbottle," engraved in script, and below it in pencil, "To see Miss Pansy Stannard, under favor of Miss Tish." Rising with some perturbation, Miss Tish hurriedly intrusted the class to an assistant, and descended to the reception room. She had never seen Pansy's guardian before (the executor had brought the child); and this extraordinary creature, whose visit she could not deny, might be ruinous to school discipline. It was therefore with an extra degree of frigidity of demeanor that she threw open the door of the

reception room, and entered majestically. But to her utter astonishment, the colonel met her with a bow so stately, so ceremonious, and so commanding that she stopped, disarmed and speechless.

"I need not ask if I am addressing Miss Tish," said the colonel loftily, "for without having the pleasure of — er — previous acquaintance, I can at once recognize the — er — Lady Superior and — er — châtelaine of this — er — establishment." Miss Tish here gave way to a slight cough and an embarrassed curtsy, as the colonel, with a wave of his white hand towards the burden carried by his follower, resumed more lightly: "I have brought — er — few trifles and gewgaws for my ward — subject, of course, to your rules and discretion. They include some — er — dainties, free from any deleterious substance, as I am informed — a sash — a ribbon or two for the hair, gloves, mittens, and a nosegay — from which, I trust, it will be *her* pleasure, as it is my own, to invite you to cull such blossoms as may suit your taste. Boy, you may set them down and retire!"

"At the present moment," stammered Miss Tish, "Miss Stannard is engaged on her lessons. But" — She stopped again, hopelessly.

"I see," said the colonel, with an air of playful, poetical reminiscence — "her lessons! Certainly!

> 'We will — er — go to our places,
> With smiles on our faces,
> And say all our lessons distinctly and slow.'

Certainly! Not for worlds would I interrupt them; until they are done, we will — er — walk through the classrooms and inspect" —

"No! no!" interrupted the horrified principal, with a dreadful presentiment of the appalling effect of the colonel's entry upon the class. "No! — that is — I mean — our rules exclude — except on days of public examination" —

"Say no more, my dear madam," said the colonel politely.

"Until she is free I will stroll outside, through — er — the groves of the Academus" —

But Miss Tish, equally alarmed at the diversion this would create at the classroom windows, recalled herself with an effort. "Please wait here a moment," she said hurriedly; "I will bring her down;" and before the colonel could politely open the door for her, she had fled.

Happily unconscious of the sensation he had caused, Colonel Starbottle seated himself on the sofa, his white hands resting easily on the gold-headed cane. Once or twice the door behind him opened and closed quietly, scarcely disturbing him; or again opened more ostentatiously to the words, "Oh, excuse, please," and the brief glimpse of a flaxen braid, or a black curly head — to all of which the colonel nodded politely — even rising later to the apparition of a taller, demure young lady — and her more affected "Really, I beg your pardon!" The only result of this evident curiosity was slightly to change the colonel's attitude, so as to enable him to put his other hand in his breast in his favorite pose. But presently he was conscious of a more active movement in the hall, of the sounds of scuffling, of a high youthful voice saying "I won't" and "I shan't!" of the door opening to a momentary apparition of Miss Tish dragging a small hand and half of a small black-ribboned arm into the room, and her rapid disappearance again, apparently pulled back by the little hand and arm; of another and longer pause, of a whispered conference outside, and then the reappearance of Miss Tish majestically, reinforced and supported by the grim presence of her partner, Miss Prinkwell.

"This — er — unexpected visit," began Miss Tish — "not previously arranged by letter" —

"Which is an invariable rule of our establishment," supplemented Miss Prinkwell —

"And the fact that you are personally unknown to us," continued Miss Tish —

"An ignorance shared by the child, who exhibits a distaste for an interview," interpolated Miss Prinkwell, in a kind of antiphonal response —

"For which we have had no time to prepare her," continued Miss Tish —

"Compels us most reluctantly" — But here she stopped short. Colonel Starbottle, who had risen with a deep bow at their entrance and remained standing, here walked quietly towards them. His usually high color had faded except from his eyes, but his exalted manner was still more pronounced, with a dreadful deliberation superadded.

"I believe — er — I had — the honah — to send up my kyard!" (In his supreme moments the colonel's Southern accent was always in evidence.) "I may — er — be mistaken — but — er — that is my impression." The colonel paused, and placed his right hand statuesquely on his heart.

The two women trembled — Miss Tish fancied the very shirt frill of the colonel was majestically erecting itself — as they stammered in one voice, —

"Ye-e-es!"

"That kyard contained my full name — with a request to see my ward — Miss Stannard," continued the colonel slowly. "I believe that is the fact."

"Certainly! certainly!" gasped the women feebly.

"Then may I — er — point out to you that I *am* — er — *waiting?*"

Although nothing could exceed the laborious simplicity and husky sweetness of the colonel's utterance, it appeared to demoralize utterly his two hearers — Miss Prinkwell seemed to fade into the pattern of the wall paper, Miss Tish to droop submissively forward like a pink wax candle in the rays of the burning sun.

"We will bring her instantly. A thousand pardons, sir," they uttered in the same breath, backing towards the door.

But here the unexpected intervened. Unnoticed by the

three during the colloquy, a little figure in a black dress had peeped through the door, and then glided into the room. It was a girl of about ten, who, in all candor, could scarcely be called pretty, although the awkward change of adolescence had not destroyed the delicate proportions of her hands and feet nor the beauty of her brown eyes. These were, just then, round and wondering, and fixed alternately on the colonel and the two women. But like many other round and wondering eyes, they had taken in the full meaning of the situation, with a quickness the adult mind is not apt to give them credit for. They saw the complete and utter subjugation of the two supreme autocrats of the school, and, I grieve to say, they were filled with a secret and "fearful joy." But the casual spectator saw none of this; the round and wondering eyes, still rimmed with recent and recalcitrant tears, only looked big and innocently shining.

The relief of the two women was sudden and unaffected.

"Oh, here you are, dearest, at last!" said Miss Tish eagerly. "This is your guardian, Colonel Starbottle. Come to him, dear!"

She took the hand of the child, who hung back with an odd mingling of shamefacedness and resentment of the interference, when the voice of Colonel Starbottle, in the same deadly calm deliberation, said, —

"I — er — will speak with her — alone."

The round eyes again saw the complete collapse of authority, as the two women shrank back from the voice, and said hurriedly, —

"Certainly, Colonel Starbottle; perhaps it would be better," and ingloriously quitted the room.

But the colonel's triumph left him helpless. He was alone with a simple child, an unprecedented, unheard-of situation, which left him embarrassed and — speechless. Even his vanity was conscious that his oratorical periods, his methods, his very attitude, were powerless here. The

perspiration stood out on his forehead; he looked at her vaguely, and essayed a feeble smile. The child saw his embarrassment, even as she had seen and understood his triumph, and the small woman within her exulted. She put her little hands on her waist, and with the fingers turned downwards and outwards pressed them down her hips to her bended knees until they had forced her skirts into an egregious fullness before and behind, as if she were making a curtsy, and then jumped up and laughed.

"You did it! Hooray!"

"Did what?" said the colonel, pleased yet mystified.

"Frightened 'em! — the two old cats! Frightened 'em outen their slippers! Oh, jiminy! Never, *never*, NEVER before was they so skeert! Never since school kept did they have to crawl like that! They was skeert enough *first* when you come, but just now! — Lordy! They was n't a-goin' to let you see me — but they had to! *had to!* HAD TO!" and she emphasized each repetition with a skip.

"I believe — er," said the colonel blandly, "that I — er — intimated with some firmness" —

"That 's it — just it!" interrupted the child delightedly. "You — you — overdid 'em!"

"What?"

"*Overdid 'em!* Don't you know? They 're always so high and mighty! Kinder 'Don't tech me. My mother 's an angel; my father 's a king' — all that sort of thing. They did *this*" — she drew herself up in a presumable imitation of the two women's majestic entrance — "and then," she continued, "you — *you* jest did this" — here she lifted her chin, and puffing out her small chest, strode towards the colonel in evident simulation of his grandest manner.

A short, deep chuckle escaped him — although the next moment his face became serious again. But Pansy in the mean time had taken possession of his coat sleeve and was rubbing her cheek against it like a young colt. At which

the colonel succumbed feebly and sat down on the sofa, the child standing beside him, leaning over and transferring her little hands to the lapels of his frock coat, which she essayed to button over his chest as she looked into his murky eyes.

"The other girls said," she began, tugging at the button, "that you was a 'cirkiss'" — another tug — "'a nigger minstrel'" — and a third tug — "'a agent with samples' — but that showed all they knew!"

"Ah," said the colonel with exaggerated blandness, "and — er — what did *you* — er — say?"

The child smiled. "I said you was a Stuffed Donkey — but that was *before* I knew you. I was a little skeert too; but *now*" — she succeeded in buttoning the coat and making the colonel quite apoplectic, — "*now* I ain't frightened one bit — no, not one *tiny* bit! But," she added, after a pause, unbuttoning the coat again and smoothing down the lapels between her fingers, "you 're to keep on frightening the old cats — mind! Never mind about the *girls*. I 'll tell them."

The colonel would have given worlds to be able to struggle up into an upright position with suitable oral expression. Not that his vanity was at all wounded by these irresponsible epithets, which only excited an amused wonder, but he was conscious of an embarrassed pleasure in the child's caressing familiarity, and her perfect trustfulness in him touched his extravagant chivalry. He ought to protect her, and yet correct her. In the consciousness of these duties he laid his white hand upon her head. Alas! she lifted her arm and instantly transferred his hand and part of his arm around her neck and shoulders, and comfortably snuggled against him. The colonel gasped. Nevertheless, something must be said, and he began, albeit somewhat crippled in delivery: —

"The — er — use of elegant and precise language by — er — young ladies cannot be too sedulously cultivated" —

But here the child laughed, and snuggling still closer, gurgled: "That 's right! Give it to her when she comes down! That 's the style!" and the colonel stopped, discomfited. Nevertheless, there was a certain wholesome glow in the contact of this nestling little figure.

Presently he resumed tentatively: "I have — er — brought you a few dainties."

"Yes," said Pansy, "I see; but they 're from the wrong shop, you dear old silly! They 're from Tomkins's, and we girls just abominate his things. You oughter have gone to Emmons's. Never mind. I 'll show you when we go out. We 're going out, are n't we?" she said suddenly, lifting her head anxiously. "You know it 's allowed, and it 's *rights* 'to parents and guardians'!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the colonel. He knew he would feel a little less constrained in the open air.

"Then we 'll go now," said Pansy, jumping up. "I 'll just run upstairs and put on my things. I 'll say it 's 'orders' from you. And I 'll wear my new frock — it 's longer." (The colonel was slightly relieved at this; it had seemed to him, as a guardian, that there was perhaps an abnormal display of Pansy's black stockings.) "You wait; I won't be long."

She darted to the door, but reaching it, suddenly stopped, returned to the sofa, where the colonel still sat, imprinted a swift kiss on his mottled cheek, and fled, leaving him invested with a mingled flavor of freshly ironed muslin, wintergreen lozenges, and recent bread and butter. He sat still for some time, staring out of the window. It was very quiet in the room; a bumblebee blundered from the jasmine outside into the open window, and snored loudly at the panes. But the colonel heeded it not, and remained abstracted and silent until the door opened to Miss Tish and Pansy — in her best frock and sash, at which the colonel started and became erect again and courtly.

"I am about to take my ward out," he said deliberately, "to — er — taste the air in the Alameda, and — er — view the shops. We may — er — also — indulge in — er — slight suitable refreshment; — er — seed cake — or — bread and butter — and — a dish of tea."

Miss Tish, now thoroughly subdued, was delighted to grant Miss Stannard the half holiday permitted on such occasions. She begged the colonel to suit his own pleasure, and intrusted "the dear child" to her guardian "with the greatest confidence."

The colonel made a low bow, and Pansy, demurely slipping her hand into his, passed with him into the hall; there was a slight rustle of vanishing skirts, and Pansy pressed his hand significantly. When they were well outside, she said, in a lower voice: —

"Don't look up until we 're under the gymnasium windows." The colonel, mystified but obedient, strutted on. "Now!" said Pansy. He looked up, beheld the windows aglow with bright young faces, and bewildering with many handkerchiefs and clapping hands, stopped, and then taking off his hat, acknowledged the salute with a sweeping bow. Pansy was delighted. "I knew they 'd be there; I 'd already fixed 'em. They 're just dyin' to know you."

The colonel felt a certain glow of pleasure. "I — er — had already intimated a — er — willingness to — er — inspect the classes; but — I — er — understood that the rules" —

"They 're sick old rules," interrupted the child. "Tish and Prinkwell are the rules! You say just right out that you *will!* Just overdo her!"

The colonel had a vague sense that he ought to correc both the spirit and language of this insurrectionary speech, but Pansy pulled him along, and then swept him quite away with a torrent of prattle of the school, of her friends, of the teachers, of her life and its infinitely small miseries and

pleasures. Pansy was voluble; never before had the colonel found himself relegated to the place of a passive listener. Nevertheless, he liked it, and as they passed on, under the shade of the Alameda, with Pansy alternately swinging from his hand and skipping beside him, there was a vague smile of satisfaction on his face. Passers-by turned to look after the strangely assorted pair, or smiled, accepting them, as the colonel fancied, as father and daughter. An odd feeling, half of pain and half of pleasure, gripped at the heart of the empty and childless man.

And now, as they approached the more crowded thoroughfares, the instinct of chivalrous protection was keen in his breast. He piloted her skillfully; he jauntily suited his own to her skipping step; he lifted her with scrupulous politeness over obstacles; strutting beside her on crowded pavements, he made way for her with his swinging stick. All the while, too, he had taken note of the easy carriage of her head and shoulders, and most of all of her small, slim feet and hands, that, to his fastidious taste, betokened her race. "Ged, sir," he muttered to himself, "she's 'Blue Grass' stock, all through." To admiration succeeded pride, with a slight touch of ownership. When they went into a shop, which, thanks to the ingenuous Pansy, they did pretty often, he would introduce her with a wave of the hand and the remark, "*I* am — er — seeking nothing to-day, but if you will kindly — er — serve my *ward* — Miss Stannard!" Later, when they went into the confectioner's for refreshment, and Pansy frankly declared for "ice cream and cream cakes," instead of the "dish of tea and bread and butter" he had ordered in pursuance of his promise, he heroically took it himself — to satisfy his honor. Indeed, I know of no more sublime figure than Colonel Starbottle — rising superior to a long-withstood craving for a "cocktail," morbidly conscious also of the ridiculousness of his appearance to any of his old associates who might see him — drinking luke-

warm tea and pecking feebly at his bread and butter at a small table, beside his little tyrant.

And this domination of the helpless continued on their way home. Although Miss Pansy no longer talked of herself, she was equally voluble in inquiry as to the colonel's habits, ways of life, friends and acquaintances, happily restricting her interrogations, in regard to those of her own sex, to "any *little* girls that he knew." Saved by this exonerating adjective, the colonel saw here a chance to indulge his postponed monitorial duty, as well as his vivid imagination. He accordingly drew elaborate pictures of impossible children he had known — creatures precise in language and dress, abstinent of play and confectionery, devoted to lessons and duties, and otherwise, in Pansy's own words, "loathsome to the last degree!" As "daughters of oldest and most cherished friends," they might perhaps have excited Pansy's childish jealousy but for the singular fact that they had all long ago been rewarded by marriage with senators, judges, and generals — also associates of the colonel. This remoteness of presence somewhat marred their effect as an example, and the colonel was mortified, though not entirely displeased, to observe that their surprising virtues did not destroy Pansy's voracity for sweets, the recklessness of her skipping, nor the freedom of her language. The colonel was remorseful — but happy.

When they reached the seminary again, Pansy retired with her various purchases, but reappeared after an interval with Miss Tish.

"I remember," hesitated that lady, trembling under the fascination of the colonel's profound bow, "that you were anxious to look over the school, and although it was not possible then, I shall be glad to show you now through one of the classrooms."

The colonel, glancing at Pansy, was momentarily shocked by a distortion of one side of her face, which seemed, how-

ever, to end in a wink of her innocent brown eyes, but recovering himself, gallantly expressed his gratitude. The next moment he was ascending the stairs, side by side with Miss Tish, and had a distinct impression that he had been pinched in the calf by Pansy, who was following close behind.

It was recess, but the large classroom was quite filled with pupils, many of them older and prettier girls, inveigled there, as it afterwards appeared, by Pansy, in some precocious presentiment of her guardian's taste. The colonel's apologetic yet gallant bow on entering, and his erect, old-fashioned elegance, instantly took their delighted attention. Indeed, all would have gone well had not Miss Prinkwell, with the view of impressing the colonel as well as her pupils, majestically introduced him as "a distinguished jurist deeply interested in the cause of education, as well as guardian of their fellow pupil." That opportunity was not thrown away on Colonel Starbottle.

Stepping up to the desk of the astounded principal, he laid the points of his fingers delicately upon it, and, with a preparatory inclination of his head towards her, placed his other hand in his breast, and with an invocatory glance at the ceiling, began.

It was the colonel's habit at such moments to state at first, with great care and precision, the things that he "would not say," that he "*need* not say," and apparently that it was absolutely unnecessary even to allude to. It was therefore not strange that the colonel informed them that he need not say that he counted his present privilege among the highest that had been granted him; for besides the privilege of beholding the galaxy of youthful talent and excellence before him, besides the privilege of being surrounded by a garland of the blossoms of the school in all their freshness and beauty, it was well understood that he had the greater privilege of — er — standing *in loco parentis* to one

of these blossoms. It was not for him to allude to the high trust imposed upon him by — er — deceased and cherished friend, and daughter of one of the first families of Virginia, by the side of one who must feel that she was the recipient of trusts equally supreme (here the colonel paused, and statuesquely regarded the alarmed Miss Prinkwell as if he were in doubt of it), but he would say that it should be *his* devoted mission to champion the rights of the orphaned and innocent whenever and wherever the occasion arose, against all odds, and even in the face of misguided authority. (Having left the impression that Miss Prinkwell contemplated an invasion of those rights, the colonel became more lenient and genial.) He fully recognized her high and noble office; he saw in her the worthy successor of those two famous instructresses of Athens — those Greek ladies — er — whose names had escaped his memory, but which — er — no doubt Miss Prinkwell would be glad to recall to her pupils, with some account of their lives. (Miss Prinkwell colored; she had never heard of them before, and even the delight of the class in the colonel's triumph was a little dampened by this prospect of hearing more about them.) But the colonel was only too content with seeing before him these bright and beautiful faces, destined, as he firmly believed, in after years to lend their charm and effulgence to the highest places as the happy helpmeets of the greatest in the land. He was — er — leaving a — er — slight testimonial of his regard in the form of some — er — innocent refreshments in the hands of his ward, who would — er — act as — er — his proxy in their distribution; and the colonel sat down to the flutter of handkerchiefs, an applause only half restrained, and the utter demoralization of Miss Prinkwell.

But the time of his departure had come by this time, and he was too experienced a public man to risk the possibility of an anticlimax by protracting his leave-taking. And in

an ominous shining of Pansy's big eyes as the time approached he felt an embarrassment as perplexing as the odd presentiment of loneliness that was creeping over him. But with an elaborate caution as to the dangers of self-indulgence, and the private bestowal of a large gold piece slipped into her hand, a promise to come again soon, and an exaction that she would write to him often, the colonel received in return a wet kiss, a great deal of wet cheek pressed against his own, and a momentary tender clinging, like that which attends the pulling up of some small flower, as he passed out into the porch. In the hall, on the landing above him, there was a close packing of brief skirts against the railing, and a voice, apparently proceeding from a pair of very small mottled legs protruding through the balusters, said distinctly, "Free cheers for Ternel Tarbottle!" And to this benediction the colonel, hat in hand, passed out of this Eden into the world again.

The colonel's next visit to the seminary did not produce the same sensation as the first, although it was accompanied with equal disturbance to the fair principals. Had he been a less conceited man he might have noticed that their antagonism, although held in restraint by their wholesome fear of him, was in danger of becoming more a conviction than a mere suspicion. He was made aware of it through Pansy's resentment towards them, and her revelation of a certain inquisition that she had been subjected to in regard to his occupation, habits, and acquaintances. Naturally of these things Pansy knew very little, but this had not prevented her from saying a great deal. There had been enough in her questioners' manner to make her suspect that her guardian was being attacked, and to his defense she brought the mendacity and imagination of a clever child. What she had really said did not transpire except through her own comments to the colonel: "And of course you 've killed people

— for you 're a kernel, you know!" (Here the colonel admitted, as a point of fact, that he had served in the Mexican war.) "And you kin *preach*, for they heard you do it when you was here before," she added confidently; "and of course you own niggers — for there 's 'Jim.'" (The colonel here attempted to explain that Jim, being in a free State, was now a free man, but Pansy swept away such fine distinctions.) "And you 're rich, you know, for you gave me that ten-dollar gold piece all for myself. So I jest gave 'em as good as they sent — the old spies and curiosity shops!"

The colonel, more pleased at Pansy's devotion than concerned over the incident itself, accepted this interpretation of his character as a munificent, militant priest with a smiling protest. But a later incident caused him to remember it more seriously.

They had taken their usual stroll through the Alameda, and had made the round of the shops, where the colonel had exhibited his usual liberality of purchase and his exalted parental protection, and so had passed on to their usual refreshment at the confectioner's, the usual ices and cakes for Pansy, but this time — a concession also to the tyrant Pansy — a glass of lemon soda and a biscuit for the colonel. He was coughing over his unaccustomed beverage, and Pansy, her equanimity and volubility restored by sweets, was chirruping at his side; the large saloon was filling up with customers — mainly ladies and children, embarrassing to him as the only man present, when suddenly Pansy's attention was diverted by another arrival. It was a good-looking young woman, overdressed, striking, and self-conscious, who, with an air of one who was in the habit of challenging attention, affectedly seated herself with a male companion at an empty table, and began to pull off an overtight glove.

"My!" said Pansy in admiring wonder, "ain't she fine?"

Colonel Starbottle looked up abstractedly, but at the first glance his face flushed redly, deepened to a purple, and then

became gray and stern. He had recognized in the garish fair one Miss Flora Montague, the "Western Star of Terpsichore and Song," with whom he had supped a few days before at Sacramento. The lady was "on tour" with her "Combination Troupe."

The colonel leaned over and fixed his murky eyes on Pansy. "The room is filling up; the place is stifling; I must — er — request you to — er — hurry."

There was a change in the colonel's manner, which the quick-witted child heeded. But she had not associated it with the entrance of the strangers, and as she obediently gulped down her ice, she went on innocently, —

"That fine lady 's smilin' and lookin' over here. Seems to know you; so does the man with her."

"I — er — must request you," said the colonel, with husky precision, "*not* to look that way, but finish your — er — repast."

His tone was so decided that the child's lips pouted, but before she could speak a shadow leaned over their table. It was the companion of the "fine lady."

"Don't seem to see us, Colonel," he said with coarse familiarity, laying his hand on the colonel's shoulder. "Florry wants to know what 's up."

The colonel rose at the touch. "Tell her, sir," he said huskily, but with slow deliberation, "that *I* 'am up' and leaving this place with my ward, Miss Stannard. Good-morning." He lifted Pansy with infinite courtesy from her chair, took her hand, strolled to the counter, threw down a gold piece, and passing the table of the astonished fair one with an inflated breast, swept with Pansy out of the shop. In the street he paused, bidding the child go on; and then, finding he was not followed by the woman's escort, rejoined his little companion.

For a few moments they walked silently side by side. Then Pansy's curiosity, getting the better of her pout, de-

manded information. She had applied a child's swift logic to the scene. The colonel was angry, and had punished the woman for something. She drew closer to his side, and looking up with her big eyes, said confidentially, —

"What had she been a-doing?"

The colonel was amazed, embarrassed, and speechless. He was totally unprepared for the question, and as unable to answer it. His abrupt departure from the shop had been to evade the very truth now demanded of him. Only a supreme effort of mendacity was left him. He wiped his brow with his handkerchief, coughed, and began deliberately: —

"The — er — lady in question is in the habit of using a scent called — er — patchouli, a — er — perfume exceedingly distressing to me. I detected it instantly on her entrance. I wished to avoid it — without further contact. It is — er — singular but accepted fact that some people are — er — peculiarly affected by odors. I had — er — old cherished friend who always — er — fainted at the odor of jasmine; and I was intimately acquainted with General Bludyer, who — er — dropped like a shot on the presentation of a simple violet. The — er — habit of using such perfumes excessively in public," continued the colonel, looking down upon the innocent Pansy, and speaking in tones of deadly deliberation, "cannot be too greatly condemned, as well as the habit of — er — frequenting places of public resort in extravagant costumes, with — er — individuals who — er — intrude upon domestic privacy. I trust you will eschew such perfumes, places, costumes, and — er — companions *forever* and — *on all occasions!*" The colonel had raised his voice to his forensic emphasis, and Pansy, somewhat alarmed, assented. Whether she entirely accepted the colonel's explanation was another matter.

The incident, although not again alluded to, seemed to shadow the rest of their brief afternoon holiday, and the colonel's manner was unmistakably graver. But it seemed

to the child more affectionate and thoughtful. He had previously at parting submitted to be kissed by Pansy with stately tolerance and an immediate resumption of his loftiest manner. On this present leave-taking he laid his straight closely shaven lips on the crown of her dark head, and as her small arms clipped his neck, drew her closely to his side. The child uttered a slight cry; the colonel hurriedly put his hand to his breast. Her round cheek had come in contact with his derringer — a small weapon of beauty and precision — which invariably nestled also at his side, in his waistcoat pocket. The child laughed; so did the colonel, but his cheek flushed mightily.

It was four months later, and a turbulent night. The early rains, driven by a strong southwester against the upper windows of the Magnolia Restaurant, sometimes blurred the radiance of the bright lights within, and the roar of the encompassing pines at times drowned the sounds of song and laughter that rose from a private supper room. Even the clattering arrival and departure of the Sacramento stage coach, which disturbed the depths below, did not affect these upper revelers. For Colonel Starbottle, Jack Hamlin, Judge Beeswinger, and Jo Wynyard, assisted by Mesdames Montague, Montmorency, Bellefield, and "Tinky" Clifford, of the "Western Star Combination Troupe," then performing "on tour," were holding "high jinks" in the supper room. The colonel had been of late moody, irritable, and easily upset. In the words of a friend and admirer, "he was kam only at twelve paces."

In a lull in the general tumult a Chinese waiter was seen at the door vainly endeavoring to attract the attention of the colonel by signs and interjections. Mr. Hamlin's quick eye first caught sight of the intruder. "Come in, Confucius," said Jack pleasantly; "you 're a trifle late for a regular turn, but any little thing in the way of knife swallowing" —

"Lill missee to see connle! Waitee waitee, bottom side housee," interrupted the Chinaman, dividing his speech between Jack and the colonel.

"What! *Another* lady? This is no place for me!" said Jack, rising with finely simulated decorum.

"Ask her up," chirped "Tinky" Clifford.

But at this moment the door opened against the Chinaman, and a small figure in a cloak and hat, dripping with raindrops, glided swiftly in. After a moment's half-frightened, half-admiring glance at the party, she darted forward with a little cry and threw her wet arms round the colonel. The rest of the company, arrested in their festivity, gasped with vague and smiling wonder; the colonel became purple and gasped. But only for a moment. The next instant he was on his legs, holding the child with one hand, while with the other he described a stately sweep of the table.

"My ward — Miss Pansy Stannard," he said with husky brevity. But drawing the child aside, he whispered quickly, "What has happened? Why are you here?"

But Pansy, child-like, already diverted by the lights, the table piled with delicacies, the gayly dressed women, and the air of festivity, answered half abstractedly, and as much, perhaps, to the curious eyes about her as to the colonel's voice, —

"I runned away!"

"Hush!" whispered the colonel, aghast.

But Pansy, responding again to the company rather than her guardian's counsel, and as if appealing to them, went on half poutingly: "Yes! I runned away because they teased me! Because they did n't like you and said horrid things. Because they told awful, dreadful lies! Because they said I was n't no orphan! — that my name was n't Stannard, and that you 'd made it all up. Because they said I was a liar — and *you was my father!*"

A sudden outbreak of laughter here shook the room, and

even drowned the storm outside; again and again it rose, as the colonel staggered gaspingly to his feet. For an instant it seemed as if his struggles to restrain himself would end in an apoplectic fit. Perhaps it was for this reason that Jack Hamlin checked his own light laugh and became alert and grave. Yet the next moment Colonel Starbottle went as suddenly dead white, as leaning over the table he said huskily, but deliberately, "I must request the ladies present to withdraw."

"Don't mind *us*, Colonel," said Judge Beeswinger, "it 's all in the family here, you know! And — now I look at the girl — hang it all! she *does* favor you, old man. Ha! ha!"

"And as for the ladies," said Wynyard with a weak, vinous laugh, "unless any of 'em is inclined to take the matter as *personal* — eh?"

"Stop!" roared the colonel.

There was no mistaking his voice nor his intent now. The two men, insulted and instantly sobered, were silent. Mr. Hamlin rose, playfully but determinedly tapped his fair companions on the shoulders, saying, "Run away and play, girls," actually bundled them, giggling and protesting, from the room, closed the door, and stood with his back against it. Then it was seen that the colonel, still very white, was holding the child by the hand, as she shrank back wonderingly and a little frightened against him.

"I thank *you*, Mr. Hamlin," said the colonel in a lower voice — yet with a slight touch of his habitual stateliness in it, "for being here to bear witness, in the presence of this child, to my unqualified statement that a more foul, vile, and iniquitous falsehood never was uttered than that which has been poured into her innocent ears!" He paused, walked to the door, still holding her hand, and, as Mr. Hamlin stepped aside, opened it, told her to await him in the public parlor, closed the door again, and once more faced

the two men. "And," he continued more deliberately, "for the infamous jests that you, Judge Beeswinger, and you, Mr. Wynyard, have dared to pass in her presence and mine, I shall expect from each of you the fullest satisfaction — personal satisfaction. My seconds will wait on you in the morning."

The two men stood up sobered — yet belligerent.

"As you like, sir," said Beeswinger, flashing.

"The sooner the better for me," added Wynyard curtly.

They passed the unruffled Jack Hamlin with a smile and a vaguely significant air, as if calling him as a witness to the colonel's madness, and strode out of the room.

As the door closed behind them, Mr. Hamlin lightly settled his white waistcoat, and, with his hands on his hips, lounged towards the colonel. "And *then?*" he said quietly.

"Eh?" said the colonel.

"After you 've shot one or both of these men, or one of 'em has knocked *you* out, what 's to become of that child?"

"If — I am — er — spared, sir," said the colonel huskily, "I shall continue to defend her — against calumny and sneers" —

"In this style, eh? After her life has been made a hell by her association with a man of your reputation, you propose to whitewash it by a quarrel with a couple of drunken scallawags like Beeswinger and Wynyard, in the presence of three painted trollops and a d——d scamp like myself! Do you suppose this won't be blown all over California before she can be sent back to school? Do you suppose those cackling hussies in the next room won't give the whole story away to the next man who stands treat?" (A fine contempt for the sex in general was one of Mr. Hamlin's most subtle attractions for them.)

"Nevertheless, sir," stammered the colonel, "the prompt punishment of the man who has dared" —

"Punishment!" interrupted Hamlin, "who 's to punish the man who has dared most? The one man who is responsible for the whole thing? Who 's to punish *you?*"

"Mr. Hamlin — sir!" gasped the colonel, falling back, as his hand involuntarily rose to the level of his waistcoat pocket and his derringer.

But Mr. Hamlin only put down the wine glass he had lifted from the table and was delicately twirling between his fingers, and looked fixedly at the colonel.

"Look here," he said slowly. "When the boys said that you accepted the guardianship of that child *not* on account of Dick Stannard, but only as a bluff against the joke they 'd set up at you, I did n't believe them! When these men and women to-night tumbled to that story of the child being *yours*, I did n't believe that! When it was said by others that you were serious about making her your ward, and giving her your property, because you doted on her like a father, I did n't believe that."

"And — why not *that?*" said the colonel quickly, yet with an odd tremor in his voice.

"Because," said Hamlin, becoming suddenly as grave as the colonel, "I could not believe that any one who cared a picayune for the child could undertake a trust that might bring her into contact with a life and company as rotten as ours. I could not believe that even the most God-forsaken, conceited fool would, for the sake of a little sentimental parade and splurge among people outside his regular walk, allow the prospects of that child to be blasted. I could n't believe it, even if he thought he was acting like a father. I did n't believe it — but I 'm beginning to believe it now!"

There was little to choose between the attitudes and expressions of the two set stern faces now regarding each other, silently, a foot apart. But the colonel was the first to speak: —

"Mr. Hamlin — sir! You said a moment ago that *I* was — er — ahem — responsible for this evening's affair — but you expressed a doubt as to who could — er — punish me for it. I accept the responsibility you have indicated, sir, and offer you that chance. But as this matter between us must have precedence over — my engagements with that *canaille*, I shall expect you with your seconds at sunrise on Burnt Ridge. Good-evening, sir."

With head erect the colonel left the room. Mr. Hamlin slightly shrugged his shoulders, turned to the door of the room whither he had just banished the ladies, and in a few minutes his voice was heard melodiously among the gayest.

For all that he managed to get them away early. When he had bundled them into a large carryall, and watched them drive away through the storm, he returned for a minute to the waiting room for his overcoat. He was surprised to hear the sound of the child's voice in the supper room, and the door being ajar, he could see quite distinctly that she was seated at the table, with a plate full of sweets before her, while Colonel Starbottle, with his back to the door, was sitting opposite to her, his shoulders slightly bowed as he eagerly watched her. It seemed to Mr. Hamlin that it was the close of an emotional interview, for Pansy's voice was broken, partly by sobs, and partly, I grieve to say, by the hurried swallowing of the delicacies before her. Yet, above the beating of the storm outside, he could hear her saying, —

"Yes! I promise to be good — (sob) — and to go with Mrs. Pyecroft — (sob) — and to try — to like another guardian — (sob) — and not to cry any more — (sob) — and — oh, please, *don't you do it either!*"

But here Mr. Hamlin slipped out of the room and out of the house, with a rather grave face. An hour later, when the colonel drove up to the Pyecrofts' door with Pansy, he

A BUGGY WAS SEEN DRIVING FURIOUSLY UP THE GRADE

found that Mr. Pyecroft was slightly embarrassed, and a figure, which, in the darkness, seemed to resemble Mr. Hamlin's, had just emerged from the door as he entered.

Yet the sun was not up on Burnt Ridge earlier than Mr. Hamlin. The storm of the night before had blown itself out; a few shreds of mist hung in the valleys from the Ridge, that lay above coldly reddening. Then a breeze swept over it, and out of the dissipating mist fringe Mr. Hamlin saw two black figures, closely buttoned up like himself, emerge, which he recognized as Beeswinger and Wynyard, followed by their seconds. But the colonel came not. Hamlin joined the others in an animated confidential conversation, attended by a watchful outlook for the missing adversary. Five, ten minutes elapsed, and yet the usually prompt colonel was not there. Mr. Hamlin looked grave; Wynyard and Beeswinger exchanged interrogatory glances. Then a buggy was seen driving furiously up the grade, and from it leaped Colonel Starbottle, accompanied by Dick MacKinstry, his second, carrying his pistol case. And then — strangely enough for men who were waiting the coming of an antagonist who was a dead shot — they drew a breath of relief!

MacKinstry slightly preceded his principal, and the others could see that Starbottle, though erect, was walking slowly. They were surprised also to observe that he was haggard and hollow eyed, and seemed, in the few hours that had elapsed since they last saw him, to have aged ten years. MacKinstry, a tall Kentuckian, saluted, and was the first one to speak.

"Colonel Starbottle," he said formally, "desires to express his regrets at this delay, which was unavoidable, as he was obliged to attend his ward, who was leaving by the down coach for Sacramento with Mrs. Pyecroft, this morning." Hamlin, Wynyard, and Beeswinger exchanged glances. "Colonel Starbottle," continued MacKinstry,

turning to his principal, "desires to say a word to Mr. Hamlin."

As Mr. Hamlin would have advanced from the group, Colonel Starbottle lifted his hand deprecatingly. "What I have to say must be said before these gentlemen," he began slowly. "Mr. Hamlin — sir! when I solicited the honor of this meeting I was under a grievous misapprehension of the intent and purpose of your comments on my action last evening. I think," he added, slightly inflating his buttoned-up figure, "that the reputation I have always borne in — er — meetings of this kind will prevent any — er — misunderstanding of my present action — which is to — er — ask permission to withdraw my challenge — and to humbly beg your pardon."

The astonishment produced by this unexpected apology, and Mr. Hamlin's prompt grasp of the colonel's hand, had scarcely passed before the colonel drew himself up again, and turning to his second said, "And now I am at the service of Judge Beeswinger and Mr. Wynyard — whichever may elect to honor me first."

But the two men thus addressed looked for a moment strangely foolish and embarrassed. Yet the awkwardness was at last broken by Judge Beeswinger frankly advancing towards the colonel with an outstretched hand. "We came here only to apologize, Colonel Starbottle. Without possessing your reputation and experience in these matters, we still think we can claim, as you have, an equal exemption from any misunderstanding when we say that we deeply regret our foolish and discourteous conduct last evening."

A quick flush mounted to the colonel's haggard cheek as he drew back with a suspicious glance at Hamlin.

"Mr. Hamlin! — gentlemen! — if this is — er —!"

But before he could finish his sentence Hamlin had

clapped his hand on the colonel's shoulder. "You 'll take my word, colonel, that these gentlemen honestly intended to apologize, and came here for that purpose; — and — *so did I* — only you anticipated me!"

In the laughter that followed Mr. Hamlin's frankness the colonel's features relaxed grimly, and he shook the hands of his late possible antagonists.

"And now," said Mr. Hamlin gayly, "you 'll all adjourn to breakfast with me — and try to make up for the supper we left unfinished last night."

It was the only allusion to that interruption and its consequences, for during the breakfast the colonel said nothing in regard to his ward, and the other guests were discreetly reticent. But Mr. Hamlin was not satisfied. He managed to get the colonel's servant, Jim, aside, and extracted from the negro that Colonel Starbottle had taken the child that night to Pyecroft's; that he had had a long interview with Pyecroft; had written letters and "walked de flo'" all night; that he (Jim) was glad the child was gone!

"Why?" asked Hamlin, with affected carelessness.

"She was just makin' de kernel like any o' de low-down No'th'n folks — keerful, and stingy, and mighty 'fraid o' de opinions o' de biggety people. And fo' what? Jess to strut round wid dat child like he was her 'spectable go to meeting fader!"

"And was the child sorry to leave him?" asked Hamlin.

"Wull — no, sah. De mighty curos thing, Marse Jack, about the gals — big and little — is dey just *use* de kernel! — dat 's all! Dey just use de ole man like a pole to bring down deir persimmons — see?"

But Mr. Hamlin did not smile.

Later it was known that Colonel Starbottle had resigned his guardianship with the consent of the court. Whether

he ever again saw his late ward was not known, nor if he remained loyal to his memories of her.

Readers of these chronicles may, however, remember that years after, when the colonel married the widow of a certain Mr. Tretherick, both in his courtship and his short married life he was singularly indifferent to the childish graces of Carrie Tretherick, her beloved little daughter, and that his obtuseness in that respect provoked the widow's ire.

PROSPER'S "OLD MOTHER"

PROSPER'S "OLD MOTHER"

"It 's all very well," said Joe Wynbrook, "for us to be sittin' here, slingin' lies easy and comfortable, with the wind whistlin' in the pines outside, and the rain just liftin' the ditches to fill our sluice boxes with gold ez we 're smokin' and waitin', but I tell you what, boys — it ain't home! No, sir, it ain't *home!*"

The speaker paused, glanced around the bright, comfortable barroom, the shining array of glasses beyond, and the circle of complacent faces fronting the stove, on which his own boots were cheerfully steaming, lifted a glass of whiskey from the floor under his chair, and in spite of his deprecating remark, took a long draught of the spirits with every symptom of satisfaction.

"If ye mean," returned Cyrus Brewster, "that it ain't the old farmhouse of our boyhood, 'way back in the woods, I 'll agree with you; but ye 'll just remember that there was n't any gold placers lying round on the medder on *that* farm. Not much! Ef thar had been, we would n't have left it."

"I don't mean that," said Joe Wynbrook, settling himself comfortably back in his chair; "it 's the family hearth I 'm talkin' of. The soothin' influence, ye know — the tidiness of the women folks."

"Ez to the soothin' influence," remarked the barkeeper, leaning his elbows meditatively on his counter, 'afore I struck these diggin's I had a grocery and bar, 'way back in Mizzoori, where there was five old-fashioned farms jined. Blame my skin ef the men folks were n't a darned sight oftener over in my grocery, sittin' on barrils and histin' in

their reg'lar corn-juice, than ever any of you be here — with all these modern improvements."

"Ye don't catch on, any of you," returned Wynbrook impatiently. "Ef it was a mere matter o' buildin' houses and becomin' family men, I reckon that this yer camp is about prosperous enough to do it, and able to get gals enough to marry us, but that would be only borryin' trouble and lettin' loose a lot of jabberin' women to gossip agin' each other and spile all our friendships. No, gentlemen! What we want here — each of us — is a good old mother! Nothin' new-fangled or fancy, but the reg'lar old-fashioned mother we was used to when we was boys!"

The speaker struck a well-worn chord — rather the worse for wear, and one that had jangled falsely ere now, but which still produced its effect. The men were silent. Thus encouraged, Wynbrook proceeded: —

"Think o' comin' home from the gulch a night like this and findin' yer old mother a-waitin' ye! No fumblin' around for the matches ye 'd left in the gulch; no high old cussin' because the wood was wet or you forgot to bring it in; no bustlin' around for your dry things and findin' you forgot to dry 'em that mornin' — but everything waitin' for ye and ready. And then, mebbe, she brings ye in some doughnuts she 's just cooked for ye — cooked ez only *she* kin cook 'em! Take Prossy Riggs — alongside of me here — for instance! *He* 's made the biggest strike yet, and is puttin' up a high-toned house on the hill. Well! he 'll hev it finished off and furnished slap-up style, you bet! with a Chinese cook, and a Biddy, and a Mexican vaquero to look after his horse — but he won't have no mother to housekeep! That is," he corrected himself perfunctorily, turning to his companion, "you 've never spoke o' your mother, so I reckon you 're about fixed up like us."

The young man thus addressed flushed slightly, and then nodded his head with a sheepish smile. He had, however,

listened to the conversation with an interest almost childish, and a reverent admiration of his comrades — qualities which, combined with an intellect not particularly brilliant, made him alternately the butt and the favorite of the camp. Indeed, he was supposed to possess that proportion of stupidity and inexperience which, in mining superstition, gives "luck" to its possessor. And this had been singularly proven in the fact that he had made the biggest "strike" of the season.

Joe Wynbrook's sentimentalism, albeit only argumentative and half serious, had unwittingly touched a chord of "Prossy's" simple history, and the flush which had risen to his cheek was not entirely bashfulness. The home and relationship of which they spoke so glibly, *he* had never known; he was a foundling! As he lay awake that night he remembered the charitable institution which had protected his infancy, the master to whom he had later been apprenticed; that was all he knew of his childhood. In his simple way he had been greatly impressed by the strange value placed by his companions upon the family influence, and he had received their extravagance with perfect credulity. In his absolute ignorance and his lack of humor he had detected no false quality in their sentiment. And a vague sense of his responsibility, as one who had been the luckiest, and who was building the first "house" in the camp, troubled him. He lay staringly wide awake, hearing the mountain wind, and feeling warm puffs of it on his face through the crevices of the log cabin, as he thought of the new house on the hill that was to be lathed and plastered and clapboarded, and yet void and vacant of that mysterious "mother"! And then, out of the solitude and darkness, a tremendous idea struck him that made him sit up in his bunk!

A day or two later "Prossy" Riggs stood on a sand-blown, wind-swept suburb of San Francisco, before a large

building whose forbidding exterior proclaimed that it was an institution of formal charity. It was, in fact, a refuge for the various waifs and strays of ill-advised or hopeless immigration. As Prosper paused before the door, certain old recollections of a similar refuge were creeping over him, and, oddly enough, he felt as embarrassed as if he had been seeking relief for himself. The perspiration stood out on his forehead as he entered the room of the manager.

It chanced, however, that this official, besides being a man of shrewd experience of human weakness, was also kindly hearted, and having, after his first official scrutiny of his visitor and his resplendent watch chain, assured himself that he was not seeking personal relief, courteously assisted him in his stammering request.

"If I understand you, you want some one to act as your housekeeper?"

"That 's it! Somebody to kinder look arter things — and me — ginrally," returned Prosper, greatly relieved.

"Of what age?" continued the manager, with a cautious glance at the robust youth and good-looking, simple face of Prosper.

"I ain't nowise partickler — ez long ez she 's old — ye know. Ye follow me? Old — ez ef — betwixt you an' me, she might be my own mother."

The manager smiled inwardly. A certain degree of discretion was noticeable in this rustic youth! "You are quite right," he answered gravely, "as yours is a mining camp where there are no other women. Still, you don't want any one *too* old or decrepit. There is an elderly maiden lady" — But a change was transparently visible on Prosper's simple face, and the manager paused.

"She oughter be kinder married, you know — ter be like a mother," stammered Prosper.

"Oh, ay. I see," returned the manager, again illuminated by Prosper's unexpected wisdom.

He mused for a moment. "There is," he began tentatively, "a lady in reduced circumstances — not an inmate of this house, but who has received some relief from us. She was the wife of a whaling captain who died some years ago, and broke up her home. She was not brought up to work, and this, with her delicate health, has prevented her from seeking active employment. As you don't seem to require that of her, but rather want an overseer, and as your purpose, I gather, is somewhat philanthropical, you might induce her to accept a 'home' with you. Having seen better days, she is rather particular," he added, with a shrewd smile.

Simple Prosper's face was radiant. "She 'll have a Chinaman and a Biddy to help her," he said quickly. Then recollecting the tastes of his comrades, he added, half apologetically, half cautiously, "Ef she could, now and then, throw herself into a lemming pie or a pot of doughnuts, jest in a motherly kind o' way, it would please the boys."

"Perhaps you can arrange that, too," returned the manager, "but I shall have to broach the whole subject to her, and you had better call again to-morrow, when I will give you her answer."

"Ye kin say," said Prosper, lightly fingering his massive gold chain and somewhat vaguely recalling the language of advertisement, "that she kin have the comforts of a home and no questions asked, and fifty dollars a month."

Rejoiced at the easy progress of his plan, and half inclined to believe himself a miracle of cautious diplomacy, Prosper, two days later, accompanied the manager to the cottage on Telegraph Hill where the relict of the late Captain Pottinger lamented the loss of her spouse, in full view of the sea he had so often tempted. On their way thither the manager imparted to Prosper how, according to hearsay, that lamented seaman had carried into the domestic circle those severe habits of discipline which had earned for him

the prefix of "Bully" and "Belaying-pin" Pottinger during his strenuous life. "They say that though she is very quiet and resigned, she once or twice stood up to the captain; but that 's not a bad quality to have, in a rough community, as I presume yours is, and would insure her respect."

Ushered at last into a small tank-like sitting room, whose chief decorations consisted of large *abelone* shells, dried marine algæ, coral, and a swordfish's broken weapon, Prosper's disturbed fancy discovered the widow, sitting, apparently, as if among her husband's remains at the bottom of the sea. She had a dejected yet somewhat ruddy face; her hair was streaked with white, but primly disposed over her ears like lappets, and her garb was cleanly but sombre. There was no doubt but that she was a lugubrious figure, even to Prosper's optimistic and inexperienced mind. He could not imagine her as beaming on his hearth! It was with some alarm that, after the introduction had been completed, he beheld the manager take his leave. As the door closed, the bashful Prosper felt the murky eyes of the widow fixed upon him. A gentle cough, accompanied with the resigned laying of a black mittened hand upon her chest, suggested a genteel prelude to conversation, with possible pulmonary complications.

"I am induced to accept your proposal temporarily," she said, in a voice of querulous precision, "on account of pressing pecuniary circumstances which would not have happened had my claim against the shipowners for my dear husband's loss been properly raised. I hope you fully understand that I am unfitted both by ill health and early education from doing any menial or manual work in your household. I shall simply oversee and direct. I shall expect that the stipend you offer shall be paid monthly in advance. And as my medical man prescribes a certain amount of stimulation for my system, I shall expect to be furnished with such

viands — or even" — she coughed slightly — "such beverages as may be necessary. I am far from strong — yet my wants are few."

"Ez far ez I am ketchin' on and followin' ye, ma'am," returned Prosper timidly, "ye 'll hev everything ye want — jest like it was yer own home. In fact," he went on, suddenly growing desperate as the difficulties of adjusting this unexpectedly fastidious and superior woman to his plan seemed to increase, "ye 'll jest consider me ez yer" — But here her murky eyes were fixed on his and he faltered. Yet he had gone too far to retreat. "Ye see," he stammered, with a hysterical grimness that was intended to be playful — "ye see, this is jest a little secret betwixt and between you and me; there 'll be only you and me in the house, and it would kinder seem to the boys more homelike — ef — ef — you and me had — you bein' a widder, you know — a kind of — of" — here his smile became ghastly — "close relationship."

The widow of Captain Pottinger here sat up so suddenly that she seemed to slip through her sombre and precise enwrappings with an exposure of the real Mrs. Pottinger that was almost improper. Her high color deepened; the pupils of her black eyes contracted in the light the innocent Prosper had poured into them. Leaning forward, with her fingers clasped on her bosom, she said: "Did you tell this to the manager?"

"Of course not," said Prosper; "ye see, it 's only a matter 'twixt you and me."

Mrs. Pottinger looked at Prosper, drew a deep breath, and then gazed at the *abelone* shells for moral support. A smile, half querulous, half superior, crossed her face as she said: "This is very abrupt and unusual. There is, of course, a disparity in our ages! You have never seen me before — at least to my knowledge — although you may have heard of me. The Spraggs of Marblehead are well

known — perhaps better than the Pottingers. And yet, Mr. Griggs" —

"Riggs," suggested Prosper hurriedly.

"Riggs. Excuse me! I was thinking of young Lieutenant Griggs of the Navy, whom I knew in the days now past. Mr. Riggs, I should say. Then you want me to" —

"To be my old mother, ma'am," said Prosper tremblingly. "That is, to pretend and look ez ef you was! You see, I have n't any, but I thought it would be nice for the boys, and make it more like home in my new house, ef I allowed that *my* old mother would be comin' to live with me. They don't know I never had a mother to speak of. They 'll never find it out! Say ye will, Mrs. Pottinger! Do!"

And here the unexpected occurred. Against all conventional rules and all accepted traditions of fiction, I am obliged to state that Mrs. Pottinger did *not* rise up and order the trembling Prosper to leave the house! She only gripped the arm of her chair a little tighter, leaned forward, and disdaining her usual precision and refinement of speech, said quietly: "It 's a bargain. If *that* 's what you 're wanting, my son, you can count upon me as becoming your old mother, Cecilia Jane Pottinger Riggs, every time!"

A few days later the sentimentalist Joe Wynbrook walked into the Wild Cat saloon, where his comrades were drinking, and laid a letter down on the bar with every expression of astonishment and disgust. "Look," he said, "if that don't beat all! Ye would n't believe it, but here 's Prossy Riggs writin' that he came across his mother — his *mother*, gentlemen — in 'Frisco; she hevin', unbeknownst to him, joined a party visiting the coast! And what does this blamed fool do? Why, he 's goin' to bring her — that old woman — *here!* Here — gentlemen — to take charge of that new house — and spoil our fun. And the God-forsaken idiot thinks that we 'll *like* it!"

It was one of those rare mornings in the rainy season when there was a suspicion of spring in the air, and after a night of rainfall the sun broke through fleecy clouds with little islets of blue sky — when Prosper Riggs and his mother drove into Wild Cat camp. An expression of cheerfulness was on the faces of his old comrades. For it had been recognized that, after all, "Prossy" had a perfect right to bring his old mother there — his well-known youth and inexperience preventing this baleful performance from being established as a precedent. For these reasons hats were cheerfully doffed, and some jackets put on, as the buggy swept up the hill to the pretty new cottage, with its green blinds and white veranda, on the crest.

Yet I am afraid that Prosper was not perfectly happy, even in the triumphant consummation of his plans. Mrs. Pottinger's sudden and business-like acquiescence in it, and her singular lapse from her genteel precision, were gratifying but startling to his ingenuousness. And although from the moment she accepted the situation she was fertile in resources and full of precaution against any possibility of detection, he saw, with some uneasiness, that its control had passed out of his hands.

"You say your comrades know nothing of your family history?" she had said to him on the journey thither. "What are you going to tell them?"

"Nothin', 'cept your bein' my old mother," said Prosper hopelessly.

"That 's not enough, my son." (Another embarrassment to Prosper was her easy grasp of the maternal epithets.) "Now listen! You were born just six months after your father, Captain Riggs (formerly Pottinger) sailed on his first voyage. You remember very little of him, of course, as he was away so much."

"Had n't I better know suthin about his looks?" said Prosper submissively.

"A tall dark man, that 's enough," responded Mrs. Pottinger sharply.

"Had n't he better favor me?" said Prosper, with his small cunning recognizing the fact that he himself was a decided blond.

"Ain't at all necessary," said the widow firmly. "You were always wild and ungovernable," she continued, "and ran away from school to join some Western emigration. That accounts for the difference of our styles."

"But," continued Prosper, "I oughter remember suthin about our old times — runnin' arrants for you, and bringin' in the wood o' frosty mornin's, and you givin' me hot doughnuts," suggested Prosper dubiously.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Pottinger promptly. "We lived in the city, with plenty of servants. Just remember, Prosper dear, your mother was n't *that* low-down country style."

Glad to be relieved from further invention, Prosper was, nevertheless, somewhat concerned at this shattering of the ideal mother in the very camp that had sung her praises. But he could only trust to her recognizing the situation with her usual sagacity, of which he stood in respectful awe.

Joe Wynbrook and Cyrus Brewster had, as older members of the camp, purposely lingered near the new house to offer any assistance to "Prossy and his mother," and had received a brief and passing introduction to the latter. So deep and unexpected was the impression she made upon them that these two oracles of the camp retired down the hill in awkward silence for some time, neither daring to risk his reputation by comment or oversurprise.

But when they approached the curious crowd below awaiting them, Cyrus Brewster ventured to say, "Struck me ez ef that old gal was rather high-toned for Prossy's mother."

Joe Wynbrook instantly seized the fatal admission to show the advantage of superior insight: —

"Struck *you!* Why, it was no more than *I* expected all along! What did we know of Prossy? Nothin'! What did he ever tell us? Nothin'! And why? 'Cos it was his secret. Lord! a blind mule could see that. All this foolishness and simplicity o' his come o' his bein' cuddled and pampered as a baby. Then, like ez not, he was either kidnapped or led away by some feller — and nearly broke his mother's heart. I 'll bet my bottom dollar he has been advertised for afore this — only we did n't see the paper. Like as not they had agents out seekin' him, and he jest ran into their hands in 'Frisco! I had a kind o' presentiment o' this when he left, though I never let on anything."

"I reckon, too, that she 's kinder afraid he 'll bolt agin. Did ye notice how she kept watchin' him all the time, and how she did the bossin' o' everything? And there 's *one* thing sure! He 's changed — yes! He don't look as keerless and free and foolish ez he uster."

Here there was an unmistakable chorus of assent from the crowd that had joined them. Every one — even those who had not been introduced to the mother — had noticed his strange restraint and reticence. In the impulsive logic of the camp, conduct such as this, in the face of that superior woman — his mother — could only imply that her presence was distasteful to him; that he was either ashamed of their noticing his inferiority to her, or ashamed of *them!* Wild and hasty as was their deduction, it was, nevertheless, voiced by Joe Wynbrook in a tone of impartial and even reluctant conviction. "Well, gentlemen, some of ye may remember that when I heard that Prossy was bringin' his mother here I kicked — kicked because it only stood to reason that, being *his* mother, she 'd be that foolish she 'd upset the camp. There was n't room enough for two such chuckle-heads — and one of 'em being a woman, she could n't be shut up or sat upon ez we did to *him*. But now, gentlemen, ez we see she ain't that kind, but high-toned

and level-headed, and that she 's got the grip on Prossy — whether he likes it or not — we ain't goin' to let him go back on her! No, sir! we ain't goin' to let him break her heart the second time! He may think we ain't good enough for her, but ez long ez she 's civil to us, we 'll stand by her."

In this conscientious way were the shackles of that unhallowed relationship slowly riveted on the unfortunate Prossy. In his intercourse with his comrades during the next two or three days their attitude was shown in frequent and ostentatious praise of his mother, and suggestive advice, such as: "I would n't stop at the saloon, Prossy; your old mother is wantin' ye;" or, "Chuck that 'ere tarpolin over your shoulders, Pross, and don't take your wet duds into the house that yer old mother 's bin makin' tidy." Oddly enough, much of this advice was quite sincere, and represented — for at least twenty minutes — the honest sentiments of the speaker. Prosper was touched at what seemed a revival of the sentiment under which he had acted, forgot his uneasiness, and became quite himself again — a fact also noticed by his critics. "Ye 've only to keep him up to his work and he 'll be the widder's joy agin," said Cyrus Brewster. Certainly he was so far encouraged that he had a long conversation with Mrs. Pottinger that night, with the result that the next morning Joe Wynbrook, Cyrus Brewster, Hank Mann, and Kentucky Ike were invited to spend the evening at the new house. As the men, clean shirted and decently jacketed, filed into the neat sitting room with its bright carpet, its cheerful fire, its side table with a snowy cloth on which shining tea and coffee pots were standing, their hearts thrilled with satisfaction. In a large stuffed rocking chair, Prossy's old mother, wrapped up in a shawl and some mysterious ill health which seemed to forbid any exertion, received them with genteel languor and an extended black mitten.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Pottinger, with sad pensiveness, "offer you the hospitality of my own home, gentlemen — you remember, Prosper, dear, the large salon and our staff of servants at Lexington Avenue! — but since my son has persuaded me to take charge of his humble cot, I hope you will make all allowances for its deficiencies — even," she added, casting a look of mild reproach on the astonished Prosper — "even if *he* cannot."

"I 'm sure he oughter to be thankful to ye, ma'am," said Joe Wynbrook quickly, "for makin' a break to come here to live, jest ez we 're thankful — speakin' for the rest of this camp — for yer lightin' us up ez you 're doin'! I reckon I 'm speakin' for the crowd," he added, looking round him.

Murmurs of "That 's so" and "You bet" passed through the company, and one or two cast a half-indignant glance at Prosper.

"It 's only natural," continued Mrs. Pottinger resignedly, "that having lived so long alone, my dear Prosper may at first be a little impatient of his old mother's control, and perhaps regret his invitation."

"Oh no, ma'am," said the embarrassed Prosper.

But here the mercurial Wynbrook interposed on behalf of amity and the camp's *esprit de corps*. "Why, Lord! ma'am, he 's jest bin longin' for ye! Times and times agin he 's talked about ye; sayin' how ef he could only get ye out of yer Fifth Avenue saloon to share his humble lot with him here, he 'd die happy! *You* 've heard him talk, Brewster?"

"Frequent," replied the accommodating Brewster.

"Part of the simple refreshment I have to offer you," continued Mrs. Pottinger, ignoring further comment, "is a viand the exact quality of which I am not familiar with, but which my son informs me is a great favorite with you. It has been prepared by Li Sing, under my direction. Pros-

per, dear, see that the — er — doughnuts — are brought in with the coffee."

Satisfaction beamed on the faces of the company, with perhaps the sole exception of Prosper. As a dish containing a number of brown glistening spheres of baked dough was brought in, the men's eyes shone in sympathetic appreciation. Yet that epicurean light was for a moment dulled as each man grasped a sphere, and then sat motionless with it in his hand, as if it was a ball and they were waiting the signal for playing.

"I am told," said Mrs. Pottinger, with a glance of Christian tolerance at Prosper, "that lightness is considered desirable by some — perhaps you gentlemen may find them heavy."

"Thar is two kinds," said the diplomatic Joe cheerfully, as he began to nibble his, sideways, like a squirrel, "light and heavy; some likes 'em one way, and some another."

They were hard and heavy, but the men, assisted by the steaming coffee, finished them with heroic politeness. "And now, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pottinger, leaning back in her chair and calmly surveying the party, "you have my permission to light your pipes while you partake of some whiskey and water."

The guests looked up — gratified but astonished. "Are ye sure, ma'am, you don't mind it?" said Joe politely.

"Not at all," responded Mrs. Pottinger briefly. "In fact, as my physician advises the inhalation of tobacco smoke for my asthmatic difficulties, I will join you." After a moment's fumbling in a beaded bag that hung from her waist, she produced a small black clay pipe, filled it from the same receptacle, and lit it.

A thrill of surprise went round the company, and it was noticed that Prosper seemed equally confounded. Nevertheless, this awkwardness was quickly overcome by the privilege and example given them, and with a glass of whis-

key and water before them, the men were speedily at their ease. Nor did Mrs. Pottinger disdain to mingle in their desultory talk. Sitting there with her black pipe in her mouth, but still precise and superior, she told a thrilling whaling adventure of Prosper's father (drawn evidently from the experience of the lamented Pottinger), which not only deeply interested her hearers, but momentarily exalted Prosper in their minds as the son of that hero. "Now you speak o' that, ma'am," said the ingenuous Wynbrook, "there 's a good deal o' Prossy in that yarn o' his father's; same kind o' keerless grit! You remember, boys, that day the dam broke and he stood thar, the water up to his neck, heavin' logs in the break till he stopped it." Briefly, the evening, in spite of its initial culinary failure and its surprises, was a decided social success, and even the bewildered and doubting Prosper went to bed relieved. It was followed by many and more informal gatherings at the house, and Mrs. Pottinger so far unbent — if that term could be used of one who never altered her primness of manner — as to join in a game of poker — and even permitted herself to win.

But by the end of six weeks another change in their feelings towards Prosper seemed to creep insidiously over the camp. He had been received into his former fellowship, and even the presence of his mother had become familiar, but he began to be an object of secret commiseration. They still frequented the house, but among themselves afterwards they talked in whispers. There was no doubt to them that Prosper's old mother drank not only what her son had provided, but what she surreptitiously obtained from the saloon. There was the testimony of the barkeeper, himself concerned equally with the camp in the integrity of the Riggs household. And there was an even darker suspicion. But this must be given in Joe Wynbrook's own words: —

"I did n't mind the old woman winnin' and winnin' reg'-

lar — for poker 's an unsartin game; — it ain't the money that we 're losin' — for it 's all in the camp. But when she 's developing a habit o' holdin' *four* aces when somebody else hez *two*, who don't like to let on because it 's Prosper's old mother — it 's gettin' rough! And dangerous too, gentlemen, if there happened to be an outsider in, or one of the boys should kick. Why, I saw Bilson grind his teeth — he holdin' a sequence flush — ace high — when the dear old critter laid down her reg'lar four aces and raked in the pile. We had to nearly kick his legs off under the table afore he 'd understand — not havin' an old mother himself."

"Some un will hev to tackle her without Prossy knowin' it. For it would jest break his heart, arter all he 's gone through to get her here!" said Brewster significantly.

"Onless he *did* know it and it was that what made him so sorrowful when they first came. B'gosh! I never thought o' that," said Wynbrook, with one of his characteristic sudden illuminations.

"Well, gentlemen, whether he did or not," said the barkeeper stoutly, "he must never know that *we* know it. No, not if the old gal cleans out my bar and takes the last scad in the camp."

And to this noble sentiment they responded as one man.

How far they would have been able to carry out that heroic resolve was never known, for an event occurred which eclipsed its importance. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Pottinger fixed a clouded eye upon Prosper.

"Prosper," she said, with fell deliberation, "you ought to know you have a sister."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Prosper, with that meekness with which he usually received these family disclosures.

"A sister," continued the lady, "whom you have n't seen since you were a child; a sister who for family reasons has been living with other relatives; a girl of nineteen."

"Yes, ma'am," said Prosper humbly. "But ef you would n't mind writin' all that down on a bit o' paper — ye know my short memory! — I would get it by heart to-day in the gulch. I 'd have it all pat enough by night, ef," he added, with a short sigh, "ye was kalkilatin' to make any illusions to it when the boys are here."

"Your sister Augusta," continued Mrs. Pottinger, calmly ignoring these details, "will be here to-morrow to make me a visit."

But here the worm Prosper not only turned, but stood up, nearly upsetting the table. "It can't be did, ma'am! it *must n't* be did!" he said wildly. "It 's enough for me to have played this camp with *you* — but now to run in" —

"Can't be did!" repeated Mrs. Pottinger, rising in her turn and fixing upon the unfortunate Prosper a pair of murky piratical eyes that had once quelled the sea-roving Pottinger. "Do you, my adopted son, dare to tell me that I can't have my own flesh and blood beneath my roof?"

"Yes! I 'd rather tell the whole story — I 'd rather tell the boys I fooled them — than go on again!" burst out the excited Prosper.

But Mrs. Pottinger only set her lips implacably together. "Very well, tell them then," she said rigidly; "tell them how you lured me from my humble dependence in San Francisco with the prospect of a home with you; tell them how you compelled me to deceive their trusting hearts with your wicked falsehoods; tell them how you — a foundling — borrowed me for your mother, my poor dead husband for your father, and made me invent falsehood upon falsehood to tell them while you sat still and listened!"

Prosper gasped.

"Tell them," she went on deliberately, "that when I wanted to bring my helpless child to her only home — *then*, only then — you determined to break your word to me, either because you meanly begrudged her that share of your

house, or to keep your misdeeds from her knowledge! Tell them that, Prossy, dear, and see what they 'll say!"

Prosper sank back in his chair aghast. In his sudden instinct of revolt he had forgotten the camp! He knew, alas, too well what they would say! He knew that, added to their indignation at having been duped, their chivalry and absurd sentiment would rise in arms against the abandonment of two helpless women!

"P'r'aps ye 're right, ma'am," he stammered. "I was only thinkin'," he added feebly, "how *she* 'd take it."

"She 'll take it as I wish her to take it," said Mrs. Pottinger firmly.

"Supposin', ez the camp don't know her, and I ain't bin talkin' o' havin' any *sister*, you ran her in here as my *cousin?* See? You bein' her aunt?"

Mrs. Pottinger regarded him with compressed lips for some time. Then she said, slowly and half meditatively: "Yes, it might be done! She will probably be willing to sacrifice her nearer relationship to save herself from passing as your sister. It would be less galling to her pride, and she would n't have to treat you so familiarly."

"Yes, ma'am," said Prosper, too relieved to notice the uncomplimentary nature of the suggestion. "And ye see I could call her 'Miss Pottinger,' which would come easier to me."

In its high resolve to bear with the weaknesses of Prosper's mother, the camp received the news of the advent of Prosper's cousin solely with reference to its possible effect upon the aunt's habits, and very little other curiosity. Prosper's own reticence, they felt, was probably due to the tender age at which he had separated from his relations. But when it was known that Prosper's mother had driven to the house with a very pretty girl of eighteen, there was a flutter of excitement in that impressionable community. Prosper, with his usual shyness, had evaded an early meet-

ing with her, and was even loitering irresolutely on his way home from work, when, as he approached the house, to his discomfiture the door suddenly opened, the young lady appeared and advanced directly towards him.

She was slim, graceful, and prettily dressed, and at any other moment Prosper might have been impressed by her good looks. But her brows were knit, her dark eyes — in which there was an unmistakable reminiscence of Mrs. Pottinger — were glittering, and although she was apparently anticipating their meeting, it was evidently with no cousinly interest. When within a few feet of him she stopped. Prosper with a feeble smile offered his hand. She sprang back.

"Don't touch me! Don't come a step nearer or I 'll scream!"

Prosper, still with smiling inanity, stammered that he was only "goin' to shake hands," and moved sideways towards the house.

"Stop!" she said, with a stamp of her slim foot. "Stay where you are! We must have our talk out *here*. I 'm not going to waste words with you in there, before *her*."

Prosper stopped.

"What did you do this for?" she said angrily. "How dared you? How could you? Are you a man, or the fool she takes you for?"

"Wot did I do *wot* for?" said Prosper sullenly.

"This! Making my mother pretend you were her son! Bringing her here among these men to live a lie!"

"She was willin'," said Prosper gloomily. "I told her what she had to do, and she seemed to like it."

"But could n't you see she was old and weak, and was n't responsible for her actions? Or were you only thinking of yourself?"

This last taunt stung him. He looked up. He was not facing a helpless, dependent old woman as he had been the

day before, but a handsome, clever girl, in every way his superior — and in the right! In his vague sense of honor it seemed more creditable for him to fight it out with *her*. He burst out: "I never thought of myself! I never had an old mother; I never knew what it was to want one — but the men did! And as I could n't get one for them, I got one for myself — to share and share alike — I thought they 'd be happier ef there was one in the camp!"

There was the unmistakable accent of truth in his voice. There came a faint twitching of the young girl's lips and the dawning of a smile. But it only acted as a goad to the unfortunate Prosper. "Ye kin laugh, Miss Pottinger, but it"s God's truth! But one thing I did n't do. No! When your mother wanted to bring you in here as my sister, I kicked! I did! And you kin thank me, for all your laughin', that you 're standing in this camp in your own name — and ain't nothin' but my cousin."

"I suppose you thought your precious friends did n't want a *sister* too?" said the girl ironically.

"It don't make no matter wot they want now," he said gloomily. "For," he added, with sudden desperation, "it 's come to an end! Yes! You and your mother will stay here a spell so that the boys don't suspicion nothin' of either of ye. Then I 'll give it out that you 're takin' your aunt away on a visit. Then I 'll make over to her a thousand dollars for all the trouble I 've given her, and you 'll take her away. I 've bin a fool, Miss Pottinger, mebbe I am one now, but what I 'm doin' is on the square, and it 's got to be done!"

He looked so simple and so good — so like an honest schoolboy confessing a fault and abiding by his punishment, for all his six feet of altitude and silky mustache — that Miss Pottinger lowered her eyes. But she recovered herself and said sharply: —

"It 's all very well to talk of her going away! But she

won't. You have made her like you — yes! like you better than me — than any of us! She says you 're the only one who ever treated her like a mother — as a mother should be treated. She says she never knew what peace and comfort were until she came to you. There! Don't stare like that! Don't you understand? Don't you see? Must I tell you again that she is strange — that — that she was *always* queer and strange — and queerer on account of her unfortunate habits — surely you knew *them*, Mr. Riggs! She quarreled with us all. I went to live with my aunt, and she took herself off to San Francisco with a silly claim against my father's shipowners. Heaven only knows how she managed to live there; but she always impressed people with her manners, and some one always helped her! At last I begged my aunt to let me seek her, and I tracked her here. There! If you 've confessed everything to me, you have made me confess everything to you, and about my own mother, too! Now, what is to be done?"

"Whatever is agreeable to you is the same to me, Miss Pottinger," he said formally.

"But you must n't call me 'Miss Pottinger' so loud. Somebody might hear you," she returned mischievously.

"All right — 'cousin,' then," he said, with a prodigious blush. "Supposin' we go in."

In spite of the camp's curiosity, for the next few days they delicately withheld their usual evening visits to Prossy's mother. "They 'll be wantin' to talk o' old times, and we don't wanter be too previous," suggested Wynbrook. But their verdict, when they at last met the new cousin, was unanimous, and their praises extravagant. To their inexperienced eyes she seemed to possess all her aunt's gentility and precision of language, with a vivacity and playfulness all her own. In a few days the whole camp was in love with her. Yet she dispensed her favors with such tactful impartiality and with such innocent enjoyment —

free from any suspicion of coquetry — that there were no heartburnings, and the unlucky man who nourished a fancied slight would have been laughed at by his fellows. She had a town-bred girl's curiosity and interest in camp life, which she declared was like a "perpetual picnic," and her slim, graceful figure halting beside a ditch where the men were working seemed to them as grateful as the new spring sunshine. The whole camp became tidier; a coat was considered *de rigueur* at "Prossy's mother" evenings; there was less horseplay in the trails, and less shouting. "It 's all very well to talk about 'old mothers,'" said the cynical barkeeper, "but that gal, single handed, has done more in a week to make the camp decent than old Ma'am Riggs has in a month o' Sundays."

Since Prosper's brief conversation with Miss Pottinger before the house, the question "What is to be done?" had singularly lapsed, nor had it been referred to again by either. The young lady had apparently thrown herself into the diversions of the camp with the thoughtless gayety of a brief holiday maker, and it was not for him to remind her — even had he wished to — that her important question had never been answered. He had enjoyed her happiness with the relief of a secret shared by her. Three weeks had passed; the last of the winter's rains had gone. Spring was stirring in underbrush and wildwood, in the pulse of the waters, in the sap of the great pines, in the uplifting of flowers. Small wonder if Prosper's boyish heart had stirred a little too.

In fact, he had been possessed by another luminous idea — a wild idea that to him seemed almost as absurd as the one which had brought him all this trouble. It had come to him like that one — out of a starlit night — and he had risen one morning with a feverish intent to put it into action! It brought him later to take an unprecedented walk alone with Miss Pottinger, to linger under green leaves in

unfrequented woods, and at last seemed about to desert him as he stood in a little hollow with her hand in his — their only listener an inquisitive squirrel. Yet this was all the disappointed animal heard him stammer, —

"So you see, dear, it would *then* be no lie — for — don't you see? — she 'd be really *my* mother as well as *yours.*"

The marriage of Prosper Riggs and Miss Pottinger was quietly celebrated at Sacramento, but Prossy's "old mother" did not return with the happy pair.

Of Mrs. Pottinger's later career some idea may be gathered from a letter which Prosper received a year after his marriage. "Circumstances," wrote Mrs. Pottinger, "which had induced me to accept the offer of a widower to take care of his motherless household, have since developed into a more enduring matrimonial position, so that I can always offer my dear Prosper a home with his mother, should he choose to visit this locality, and a second father in Hiram W. Watergates, Esq., her husband."

THE CONVALESCENCE OF JACK HAMLIN

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The habitually quiet, ascetic face of Seth Rivers was somewhat disturbed and his brows were knitted as he climbed the long ascent of Windy Hill to its summit and his own rancho. Perhaps it was the effect of the characteristic wind, which that afternoon seemed to assault him from all points at once and did not cease its battery even at his front door, but hustled him into the passage, blew him into the sitting room, and then celebrated its own exit from the long, rambling house by the banging of doors throughout the halls and the slamming of windows in the remote distance.

Mrs. Rivers looked up from her work at this abrupt onset of her husband, but without changing her own expression of slightly fatigued self-righteousness. Accustomed to these elemental eruptions, she laid her hands from force of habit upon the lifting tablecloth, and then rose submissively to brush together the scattered embers and ashes from the large hearthstone, as she had often done before.

"You 're in early, Seth," she said.

"Yes. I stopped at the Cross Roads Post Office. Lucky I did, or you 'd hev had kempany on your hands afore you knowed it — this very night! I found this letter from Dr. Duchesne," and he produced a letter from his pocket.

Mrs. Rivers looked up with an expression of worldly interest. Dr. Duchesne had brought her two children into the world with some difficulty, and had skillfully attended her through a long illness consequent upon the inefficient maternity of soulful but fragile American women of her type. The doctor had more than a mere local reputation as

a surgeon, and Mrs. Rivers looked up to him as her sole connecting link with a world of thought beyond Windy Hill.

"He 's comin' up yer to-night, bringin' a friend of his — a patient that he wants us to board and keep for three weeks until he 's well agin," continued Mr. Rivers. "Ye know how the doctor used to rave about the pure air on our hill."

Mrs. Rivers shivered slightly, and drew her shawl over her shoulders, but nodded a patient assent.

"Well, he says it 's just what that patient oughter have to cure him. He 's had lung fever and other things, and this yer air and gin'ral quiet is bound to set him up. We 're to board and keep him without any fuss or feathers, and the doctor sez he 'll pay liberal for it. This yer 's what he sez," concluded Mr. Rivers, reading from the letter: "'He is now fully convalescent, though weak, and really requires no other medicine than the — ozone ' — yes, that 's what the doctor calls it ' — 'of Windy Hill, and in fact as little attendance as possible. I will not let him keep even his negro servant with him. He 'll give you no trouble, if he can be prevailed upon to stay the whole time of his cure.' "

"There 's our spare room — it has n't been used since Parson Greenwood was here," said Mrs. Rivers reflectively. "Melinda could put it to rights in an hour. At what time will he come?"

"He 'd come about nine. They drive over from Hightown depot. But," he added grimly, "here ye are orderin' rooms to be done up and ye don't know who for."

"You said a friend of Dr. Duchesne," returned Mrs. Rivers simply.

"Dr. Duchesne has many friends that you and me might n't cotton to," said her husband. "This man is Jack Hamlin." As his wife's remote and introspective black eyes returned only vacancy, he added quickly. "The noted gambler!"

"Gambler?" echoed his wife, still vaguely.

"Yes — reg'lar; it 's his business."

"Goodness, Seth! He can't expect to do it here."

"No," said Seth quickly, with that sense of fairness to his fellow man which most women find it so difficult to understand. "No — and he probably won't mention the word 'card' while he 's here."

"Well?" said Mrs. Rivers interrogatively.

"And," continued Seth, seeing that the objection was not pressed, "he 's one of them desprit men! A reg'lar fighter! Killed two or three men in dools!"

Mrs. Rivers stared. "What could Dr. Duchesne have been thinking of? Why, we would n't be safe in the house with him!"

Again Seth's sense of equity triumphed. "I never heard of his fightin' anybody but his own kind, and when he was bullyragged. And ez to women he 's quite t' other way in fact, and that 's why I think ye oughter know it afore you let him come. He don't go round with decent women. In fact" — But here Mr. Rivers, in the sanctity of conjugal confidences and the fullness of Bible reading, used a few strong scriptural substantives happily unnecessary to repeat here.

"Seth!" said Mrs. Rivers suddenly, "you seem to know this man."

The unexpectedness and irrelevancy of this for a moment startled Seth. But that chaste and God-fearing man had no secrets. "Only by hearsay, Jane," he returned quietly; "but if ye say the word I 'll stop his comin' now."

"It 's too late," said Mrs. Rivers decidedly.

"I reckon not," returned her husband, "and that 's why I came straight here. I 've only got to meet them at the depot and say this thing can't be done — and that 's the end of it. They 'll go off quiet to the hotel."

"I don't like to disappoint the doctor, Seth," said Mrs.

Rivers. "We might," she added, with a troubled look of inquiry at her husband, "we might take that Mr. Hamlin on trial. Like as not he won't stay, anyway, when he sees what we 're like, Seth. What do you think? It would be only our Christian duty, too."

"I was thinkin' o' that as a professin' Christian, Jane," said her husband. "But supposin' that other Christians don't look at it in that light. Thar 's Deacon Stubbs and his wife and the parson. Ye remember what he said about 'no covenant with sin'?"

"The Stubbses have no right to dictate who I 'll have in my house," said Mrs. Rivers quickly, with a faint flush in her rather sallow cheeks.

"It 's your say and nobody else's," assented her husband with grim submissiveness. "You do what you like."

Mrs. Rivers mused. "There 's only myself and Melinda here," she said with sublime naïveté; "and the children ain't old enough to be corrupted. I am satisfied if you are, Seth," and she again looked at him inquiringly.

"Go ahead, then, and get ready for 'em," said Seth, hurrying away with unaffected relief. "If you have everything fixed by nine o'clock, that 'll do."

Mrs. Rivers had everything "fixed" by that hour, including herself presumably, for she had put on a gray dress which she usually wore when shopping in the county town, adding a prim collar and cuffs. A pearl-encircled brooch, the wedding gift of Seth, and a solitaire ring next to her wedding ring, with a locket containing her children's hair, accented her position as a proper wife and mother. At a quarter to nine she had finished tidying the parlor, opening the harmonium so that the light might play upon its polished keyboard, and bringing from the forgotten seclusion of her closet two beautifully bound volumes of Tupper's "Poems" and Pollok's "Course of Time," to impart a literary grace to the centre table. She then drew a chair to the

table and sat down before it with a religious magazine in her lap. The wind roared over the deep-throated chimney, the clock ticked monotonously, and then there came the sound of wheels and voices.

But Mrs. Rivers was not destined to see her guest that night. Dr. Duchesne, under the safe lee of the door, explained that Mr. Hamlin had been exhausted by the journey, and, assisted by a mild opiate, was asleep in the carriage; that if Mrs. Rivers did not object, they would carry him at once to his room. In the flaring and guttering of candles, the flashing of lanterns, the flapping of coats and shawls, and the bewildering rush of wind, Mrs. Rivers was only vaguely conscious of a slight figure muffled tightly in a cloak carried past her in the arms of a grizzled negro up the staircase, followed by Dr. Duchesne. With the closing of the front door on the tumultuous world without, a silence fell again on the little parlor.

When the doctor made his reappearance it was to say that his patient was being undressed and put to bed by his negro servant, who, however, would return with the doctor to-night, but that the patient would be left with everything that was necessary, and that he would require no attention from the family until the next day. Indeed, it was better that he should remain undisturbed. As the doctor confined his confidences and instructions entirely to the physical condition of their guest, Mrs. Rivers found it awkward to press other inquiries.

"Of course," she said at last hesitatingly, but with a certain primness of expression, "Mr. Hamlin must expect to find everything here very different from what he is accustomed to — at least from what my husband says are his habits."

"Nobody knows that better than he, Mrs. Rivers," returned the doctor with an equally marked precision of manner, "and you could not have a guest who would be less likely to make you remind him of it."

A little annoyed, yet not exactly knowing why, Mrs. Rivers abandoned the subject, and as the doctor shortly afterwards busied himself in the care of his patient, with whom he remained until the hour of his departure, she had no chance of renewing it. But as he finally shook hands with his host and hostess, it seemed to her that he slightly recurred to it. "I have the greatest hope of the curative effect of this wonderful locality on my patient, but even still more of the beneficial effect of the complete change of his habits, his surroundings, and their influences." Then the door closed on the man of science and the grizzled negro servant, the noise of the carriage wheels was shut out with the song of the wind in the pine tops, and the rancho of Windy Hill possessed Mr. Jack Hamlin in peace. Indeed, the wind was now falling, as was its custom at that hour, and the moon presently arose over a hushed and sleeping landscape.

For the rest of the evening the silent presence in the room above affected the household; the half-curious servants and ranch hands spoke in whispers in the passages, and at evening prayers, in the dining room, Seth Rivers, kneeling before and bowed over a rush-bottomed chair whose legs were clutched by his strong hands, included "the stranger within our gates" in his regular supplications. When the hour for retiring came, Seth, with a candle in his hand, preceded his wife up the staircase, but stopped before the door of their guest's room. "I reckon," he said interrogatively to Mrs. Rivers, "I oughter see ef he 's wantin' anythin' ? "

"You heard what the doctor said," returned Mrs. Rivers cautiously. At the same time she did not speak decidedly, and the frontiersman's instinct of hospitality prevailed. He knocked lightly; there was no response. He turned the door handle softly. The door opened. A faint clean perfume — an odor of some general personality rather than any

particular thing — stole out upon them. The light of Seth's candle struck a few glints from some cut-glass and silver, the contents of the guest's dressing case, which had been carefully laid out upon a small table by his negro servant. There was also a refined neatness in the disposition of his clothes and effects which struck the feminine eye of even the tidy Mrs. Rivers as something new to her experience. Seth drew nearer the bed with his shaded candle, and then, turning, beckoned his wife to approach. Mrs. Rivers hesitated — but for the necessity of silence she would have openly protested — but that protest was shut up in her compressed lips as she came forward.

For an instant that awe with which absolute helplessness invests the sleeping and dead was felt by both husband and wife. Only the upper part of the sleeper's face was visible above the bedclothes, held in position by a thin white nervous hand that was encircled at the wrist by a ruffle. Seth stared. Short brown curls were tumbled over a forehead damp with the dews of sleep and exhaustion. But what appeared more singular, the closed eyes of this vessel of wrath and recklessness were fringed with lashes as long and silky as a woman's. Then Mrs. Rivers gently pulled her husband's sleeve, and they both crept back with a greater sense of intrusion and even more cautiously than they had entered. Nor did they speak until the door was closed softly and they were alone on the landing. Seth looked grimly at his wife.

"Don't look much ez ef he could hurt anybody."

"He looks like a sick man," returned Mrs. Rivers calmly.

The unconscious object of this criticism and attention slept until late; slept through the stir of awakened life within and without, through the challenge of early cocks in the lean-to shed, through the creaking of departing ox

teams and the lazy, long-drawn commands of teamsters, through the regular strokes of the morning pump and the splash of water on stones, through the far-off barking of dogs and the half-intelligible shouts of ranchmen; slept through the sunlight on his ceiling, through its slow descent of his wall, and awoke with it in his eyes! He woke, too, with a delicious sense of freedom from pain, and of even drawing a long breath without difficulty — two facts so marvelous and dreamlike that he naturally closed his eyes again lest he should waken to a world of suffering and dyspnœa. Satisfied at last that this relief was real, he again opened his eyes, but upon surroundings so strange, so wildly absurd and improbable, that he again doubted their reality. He was lying in a moderately large room, primly and severely furnished, but his attention was for the moment riveted to a gilt frame upon the wall beside him bearing the text, "God Bless Our Home," and then on another frame on the opposite wall which admonished him to "Watch and Pray." Beside them hung an engraving of the "Raising of Lazarus," and a Hogarthian lithograph of "The Drunkard's Progress." Mr. Hamlin closed his eyes; he was dreaming certainly — not one of those wild, fantastic visions that had so miserably filled the past long nights of pain and suffering, but still a dream! At last, opening one eye stealthily, he caught the flash of the sunlight upon the crystal and silver articles of his dressing case, and that flash at once illuminated his memory. He remembered his long weeks of illness and the devotion of Dr. Duchesne. He remembered how, when the crisis was past, the doctor had urged a complete change and absolute rest, and had told him of a secluded rancho in some remote locality kept by an honest Western pioneer whose family he had attended. He remembered his own reluctant assent, impelled by gratitude to the doctor and the helplessness of a sick man. He now recalled the weary journey thither, his exhaustion and

the semi-consciousness of his arrival in a bewildering wind on a shadowy hilltop. And this was the place!

He shivered slightly, and ducked his head under the cover again. But the brightness of the sun and some exhilarating quality in the air tempted him to have another outlook, avoiding as far as possible the grimly decorated walls. If they had only left him his faithful servant he could have relieved himself of that mischievous badinage which always alternately horrified and delighted that devoted negro. But he was alone — absolutely alone — in this conventicle!

Presently he saw the door open slowly. It gave admission to the small round face and yellow ringlets of a little girl, and finally to her whole figure, clasping a doll nearly as large as herself. For a moment she stood there, arrested by the display of Mr. Hamlin's dressing case on the table. Then her glances moved around the room and rested upon the bed. Her blue eyes and Mr. Hamlin's brown ones met and mingled. Without a moment's hesitation she moved to the bedside. Taking her doll's hands in her own, she displayed it before him.

"Is n't it pitty?"

Mr. Hamlin was instantly his old self again. Thrusting his hand comfortably under the pillow, he lay on his side and gazed at it long and affectionately. "I never," he said in a faint voice, but with immovable features, "saw anything so perfectly beautiful. Is it alive?"

"It 's a dolly," she returned gravely, smoothing down its frock and straightening its helpless feet. Then seized with a spontaneous idea, like a young animal she suddenly presented it to him with both hands and said, —

"Kiss it."

Mr. Hamlin implanted a chaste salute on its vermilion cheek. "Would you mind letting me hold it for a little?" he said with extreme diffidence.

The child was delighted, as he expected. Mr. Hamlin

placed it in a sitting posture on the edge of his bed, and put an ostentatious paternal arm around it.

"But you 're alive, ain't you?" he said to the child.

This subtle witticism convulsed her. "I 'm a little girl," she gurgled.

"I see; her mother?"

"Ess."

"And who 's your mother?"

"Mammy."

"Mrs. Rivers?"

The child nodded until her ringlets were shaken on her cheek. After a moment she began to laugh bashfully and with repression, yet as Mr. Hamlin thought a little mischievously. Then as he looked at her interrogatively she suddenly caught hold of the ruffle of his sleeve.

"Oo 's got on mammy's nighty."

Mr. Hamlin started. He saw the child's obvious mistake and actually felt himself blushing. It was unprecedented — it was the sheerest weakness — it must have something to do with the confounded air.

"I grieve to say you are deeply mistaken — it is my very own," he returned with great gravity. Nevertheless, he drew the coverlet close over his shoulder. But here he was again attracted by another face at the half-opened door — a freckled one, belonging to a boy apparently a year or two older than the girl. He was violently telegraphing to her to come away, although it was evident that he was at the same time deeply interested in the guest's toilet articles. Yet as his bright gray eyes and Mr. Hamlin's brown ones met, he succumbed, as the girl had, and walked directly to the bedside. But he did it bashfully — as the girl had not. He even attempted a defensive explanation.

"She had n't oughter come in here, and mar would n't let her, and she knows it," he said with superior virtue.

"But I asked her to come as I 'm asking you," said Mr.

Hamlin promptly, "and don't you go back on your sister or you 'll never be president of the United States." With this he laid his hand on the boy's tow head, and then, lifting himself on his pillow to a half-sitting posture, put an arm around each of the children, drawing them together, with the doll occupying the central post of honor. "Now," continued Mr. Hamlin, albeit in a voice a little faint from the exertion, "now that we 're comfortable together I 'll tell you the story of the good little boy who became a pirate in order to save his grandmother and little sister from being eaten by a wolf at the door."

But, alas! that interesting record of self-sacrifice never was told. For it chanced that Melinda Bird, Mrs. Rivers's help, following the trail of the missing children, came upon the open door and glanced in. There, to her astonishment, she saw the domestic group already described, and to her eyes dominated by the "most beautiful and perfectly elegant" young man she had ever seen. But let not the incautious reader suppose that she succumbed as weakly as her artless charges to these fascinations. The character and antecedents of that young man had been already delivered to her in the kitchen by the other help. With that single glance she halted; her eyes sought the ceiling in chaste exaltation. Falling back a step, she called in ladylike hauteur and precision, "Mary Emmeline and John Wesley."

Mr. Hamlin glanced at the children. "It 's Melindy looking for us," said John Wesley. But they did not move. At which Mr. Hamlin called out faintly but cheerfully, "They 're here, all right."

Again the voice arose with still more marked and lofty distinctness, "John Wesley and Mary Em-me-line." It seemed to Mr. Hamlin that human accents could not convey a more significant and elevated ignoring of some implied impropriety in his invitation. He was for a moment crushed.

But he only said to his little friends with a smile, "You 'd better go now and we 'll have that story later."

"Affer beckus?" suggested Mary Emmeline.

"In the woods," added John Wesley.

Mr. Hamlin nodded blandly. The children trotted to the door. It closed upon them and Miss Bird's parting admonition, loud enough for Mr. Hamlin to hear, "No more freedoms, no more intrudings, you hear."

The older culprit, Hamlin, retreated luxuriously under his blankets, but presently another new sensation came over him — absolutely, hunger. Perhaps it was the child's allusion to "beckus," but he found himself wondering when it would be ready. This anxiety was soon relieved by the appearance of his host himself bearing a tray, possibly in deference to Miss Bird's sense of propriety. It appeared also that Dr. Duchesne had previously given suitable directions for his diet, and Mr. Hamlin found his repast simple but enjoyable. Always playfully or ironically polite to strangers, he thanked his host and said he had slept splendidly.

"It 's this yer ' ozone ' in the air that Dr. Duchesne talks about," said Seth complacently.

"I am inclined to think it is also those texts," said Mr. Hamlin gravely, as he indicated them on the wall. "You see they reminded me of church and my boyhood's slumbers there. I have never slept so peacefully since." Seth's face brightened so interestedly at what he believed to be a suggestion of his guest's conversion that Mr. Hamlin was fain to change the subject. When his host had withdrawn he proceeded to dress himself, but here became conscious of his weakness and was obliged to sit down. In one of those enforced rests he chanced to be near the window, and for the first time looked on the environs of his place of exile. For a moment he was staggered. Everything seemed to pitch downward from the rocky outcrop on which the rambling

house and farm sheds stood. Even the great pines around it swept downward like a green wave, to rise again in enormous billows as far as the eye could reach. He could count a dozen of their tumbled crests following each other on their way to the distant plain. In some vague point of that shimmering horizon of heat and dust was the spot he came from the preceding night. Yet the recollection of it and his feverish past seemed to confuse him, and he turned his eyes gladly away.

Pale, a little tremulous, but immaculate and jaunty in his white flannels and straw hat, he at last made his way downstairs. To his great relief he found the sitting room empty, as he would have willingly deferred his formal acknowledgments to his hostess later. A single glance at the interior determined him not to linger, and he slipped quietly into the open air and sunshine. The day was warm and still, as the wind only came up with the going down of the sun, and the atmosphere was still redolent with the morning spicing of pine and hay and a stronger balm that seemed to fill his breast with sunshine. He walked toward the nearest shade — a cluster of young buckeyes — and having with a certain civic fastidiousness flicked the dust from a stump with his handkerchief he sat down. It was very quiet and calm. The life and animation of early morning had already vanished from the hill, or seemed to be suspended with the sun in the sky. He could see the ranchmen and oxen toiling on the green terraced slopes below, but no sound reached his ears. Even the house he had just quitted seemed empty of life throughout its rambling length. His seclusion was complete. Could he stand it for three weeks? Perhaps it need not be for so long; he was already stronger! He foresaw that the ascetic Seth might become wearisome. He had an intuition that Mrs. Rivers would be equally so; he should certainly quarrel with Melinda, and this would probably debar him from the company of the children — his only hope.

But his seclusion was by no means so complete as he expected. He presently was aware of a camp-meeting hymn hummed somewhat ostentatiously by a deep contralto voice, which he at once recognized as Melinda's, and saw that severe virgin proceeding from the kitchen along the ridge until within a few paces of the buckeyes, when she stopped and, with her hand shading her eyes, apparently began to examine the distant fields. She was a tall, robust girl, not without certain rustic attractions, of which she seemed fully conscious. This latter weakness gave Mr. Hamlin a new idea. He put up the penknife with which he had been paring his nails while wondering why his hands had become so thin, and awaited events. She presently turned, approached the buckeyes, plucked a spike of the blossoms with great girlish lightness, and then apparently discovering Mr. Hamlin, started in deep concern and said with somewhat stentorian politeness: "I *beg* your pardon — did n't know I was intruding!"

"Don't mention it," returned Jack promptly, but without moving. "I saw you coming and was prepared; but generally — as I have something the matter with my heart — a sudden joy like this is dangerous."

Somewhat mystified, but struggling between an expression of rigorous decorum and gratified vanity, Miss Melinda stammered, "I was only" —

"I knew it — I saw what you were doing," interrupted Jack gravely, "only I would n't do it if I were you. You were looking at one of those young men down the hill. You forgot that if you could see him he could see you looking too, and that would only make him conceited. And a girl with *your* attractions don't require that."

"Ez if," said Melinda, with lofty but somewhat reddening scorn, "there was a man on this hull rancho that I'd take a second look at."

"It 's the first look that does the business," returned

Jack simply. "But maybe I was wrong. Would you mind — as you 're going straight back to the house" (Miss Melinda had certainly expressed no such intention) — "turning those two little kids loose out here? I 've a sort of engagement with them."

"I will speak to their mar," said Melinda primly, yet with a certain sign of relenting, as she turned away.

"You can say to her that I regretted not finding her in the sitting room when I came down," continued Jack tactfully.

Apparently the tact was successful, for he was delighted a few moments later by the joyous onset of John Wesley and Mary Emmeline upon the buckeyes, which he at once converted into a game of hide and seek, permitting himself at last to be shamelessly caught in the open. But here he wisely resolved upon guarding against further grown-up interruption, and consulting with his companions found that on one of the lower terraces there was a large reservoir fed by a mountain rivulet, but they were not allowed to play there. Thither, however, the reckless Jack hied with his playmates and was presently ensconced under a willow tree, where he dexterously fashioned tiny willow canoes with his penknife and sent them sailing over a submerged expanse of nearly an acre. But half an hour of this ingenious amusement was brought to an abrupt termination. While cutting bark, with his back momentarily turned on his companions, he heard a scream, and turned quickly to see John Wesley struggling in the water, grasping a tree root, and Mary Emmeline — nowhere! In another minute he saw the strings of her pinafore appear on the surface a few yards beyond, and in yet another minute, with a swift rueful glance at his white flannels, he had plunged after her. A disagreeable shock of finding himself out of his depths was, however, followed by contact with the child's clothing, and clutching her firmly, a stroke or two brought him panting to the bank.

Here a gasp, a gurgle, and then a roar from Mary Emmeline, followed by a sympathetic howl from John Wesley, satisfied him that the danger was over. Rescuing the boy from the tree root, he laid them both on the grass and contemplated them exercising their lungs with miserable satisfaction. But here he found his own breathing impeded in addition to a slight faintness, and was suddenly obliged to sit down beside them, at which, by some sympathetic intuition, they both stopped crying.

Encouraged by this, Mr. Hamlin got them to laughing again, and then proposed a race home in their wet clothes, which they accepted, Mr. Hamlin, for respiratory reasons, lagging in their rear until he had the satisfaction of seeing them captured by the horrified Melinda in front of the kitchen, while he slipped past her and regained his own room. Here he changed his saturated clothes, tried to rub away a certain chilliness that was creeping over him, and lay down in his dressing gown to miserable reflections. He had nearly drowned the children and overexcited himself, in spite of his promise to the doctor! He would never again be intrusted with the care of the former nor be believed by the latter!

But events are not always logical in sequence. Mr. Hamlin went comfortably to sleep and into a profuse perspiration. He was awakened by a rapping at his door, and opening it, was surprised to find Mrs. Rivers with anxious inquiries as to his condition. "Indeed," she said, with an emotion which even her prim reserve could not conceal, "I did not know until now how serious the accident was, and how but for you and Divine Providence my little girl might have been drowned. It seems Melinda saw it all."

Inwardly objurgating the spying Melinda, but relieved that his playmates had n't broken their promise of secrecy, Mr. Hamlin laughed.

"I 'm afraid that your little girl would n't have got into

the water at all but for me — and you must give all the credit of getting her out to the other fellow." He stopped at the severe change in Mrs. Rivers's expression, and added quite boyishly and with a sudden drop from his usual levity, "But please don't keep the children away from me for all that, Mrs. Rivers."

Mrs. Rivers did not, and the next day Jack and his companions sought fresh playing fields and some new story-telling pastures. Indeed, it was a fine sight to see this pale, handsome, elegantly dressed young fellow lounging along between a blue-checkered pinafored girl on one side and a barefooted boy on the other. The ranchmen turned and looked after him curiously. One, a rustic prodigal, reduced by dissipation to the swine-husks of ranching, saw fit to accost him familiarly.

"The last time I saw you dealing poker in Sacramento, Mr. Hamlin, I did not reckon to find you up here playing with a couple of kids."

"No!" responded Mr. Hamlin suavely, "and yet I remember I was playing with some country idiots down there, and you were one of them. Well! understand that up here I prefer the kids. Don't let me have to remind you of it."

Nevertheless, Mr. Hamlin could not help noticing that for the next two or three days there were many callers at the ranch and that he was obliged in his walks to avoid the highroad on account of the impertinent curiosity of wayfarers. Some of them were of that sex which he would not have contented himself with simply calling "curious."

"To think," said Melinda confidently to her mistress, "that that thar Mrs. Stubbs, who would n't go to the Hightown Hotel because there was a play actress thar, has been snoopin' round here twice since that young feller came."

Of this fact, however, Mr. Hamlin was blissfully unconscious.

Nevertheless, his temper was growing uncertain; the

angle of his smart straw hat was becoming aggressive to strangers; his politeness sardonic. And now Sunday morning had come with an atmosphere of starched piety and well-soaped respectability at the rancho, and the children were to be taken with the rest of the family to the day-long service at Hightown. As these Sabbath pilgrimages filled the main road, he was fain to take himself and his loneliness to the trails and byways, and even to invade the haunts of some other elegant outcasts like himself — to wit, a crested hawk, a graceful wild cat beautifully marked, and an eloquently reticent rattlesnake. Mr. Hamlin eyed them without fear, and certainly without reproach. They were not out of their element.

Suddenly he heard his name called in a stentorian contralto. An impatient ejaculation rose to his lips, but died upon them as he turned. It was certainly Melinda, but in his present sensitive loneliness it struck him for the first time that he had never actually seen her before as she really was. Like most men in his profession he was a quick reader of thoughts and faces when he was interested, and although this was the same robust, long-limbed, sunburnt girl he had met, he now seemed to see through her triple incrustation of human vanity, conventional piety, and outrageous Sabbath finery an honest, sympathetic simplicity that commanded his respect.

"You are back early from church," he said.

"Yes. One service is good enough for me when thar ain't no special preacher," she returned, "so I jest sez to Silas, 'as I ain't here to listen to the sisters cackle ye kin put to the buckboard and drive me home ez soon ez you please.' "

"And so his name is Silas," suggested Mr. Hamlin cheerfully.

"Go 'long with you, Mr. Hamlin, and don't pester," she returned, with heifer-like playfulness. "Well, Silas put to,

and when we rose the hill here I saw your straw hat passin' in the gulch, and sez to Silas, sez I, 'Ye kin pull up here, for over yar is our new boarder, Jack Hamlin, and I'm goin' to talk with him.' 'All right,' sez he, 'I'd sooner trust ye with that gay young gambolier every day of the week than with them saints down thar on Sunday. He deals ez straight ez he shoots, and is about as nigh onto a gentleman as they make 'em.'"

For one moment or two Miss Bird only saw Jack's long lashes. When his eyes once more lifted they were shining. "And what did you say?" he said, with a short laugh.

"I told him he need n't be Christopher Columbus to have discovered that." She turned with a laugh toward Jack, to be met by the word "shake," and an outstretched thin white hand which grasped her large red one with a frank, fraternal pressure.

"I did n't come to tell ye that," remarked Miss Bird as she sat down on a boulder, took off her yellow hat, and restacked her tawny mane under it, "but this: I reckoned I went to Sunday meetin' as I ought ter. I kalkilated to hear considerable about 'Faith' and 'Works,' and sich, but I did n't reckon to hear all about you from the Lord's Prayer to the Doxology. You were in the special prayers ez a warnin', in the sermon ez a text; they picked out hymns to fit ye! And always a dreffal example and a visitation. And the rest o' the time it was all gabble, gabble by the brothers and sisters about you. I reckon, Mr. Hamlin, that they know everything you ever did since you were knee-high to a grasshopper, and a good deal more than you ever thought of doin'. The women is all dead set on convertin' ye and savin' ye by their own precious selves, and the men is ekally dead set on gettin' rid o' ye on that account."

"And what did Seth and Mrs. Rivers say?" asked Hamlin composedly, but with kindling eyes.

"They stuck up for ye ez far ez they could. But ye see the parson hez got a holt upon Seth, havin' caught him kissin' a convert at camp meeting; and Deacon Turner knows suthin about Mrs. Rivers's sister, who kicked over the pail and jumped the fence years ago, and she 's afeard o' him. But what I wanted to tell ye was that they 're all comin' up here to take a look at ye — some on 'em to-night. You ain't afeard, are ye?" she added, with a loud laugh.

"Well, it looks rather desperate, does n't it?" returned Jack, with dancing eyes.

"I 'll trust ye for all that," said Melinda. "And now I reckon I 'll trot along to the rancho. Ye need n't offer ter see me home," she added, as Jack made a movement to accompany her. "Everybody up here ain't as fair-minded ez Silas and you, and Melinda Bird hez a character to lose! So long!" With this she cantered away, a little heavily, perhaps, adjusting her yellow hat with both hands as she clattered down the steep hill.

That afternoon Mr. Hamlin drew largely on his convalescence to mount a half-broken mustang, and in spite of the rising afternoon wind to gallop along the highroad in quite as mischievous and breezy a fashion. He was wont to allow his mustang's nose to hang over the hind rails of wagons and buggies containing young couples, and to dash ahead of sober carryalls that held elderly "members in good standing."

An accomplished rider, he picked up and brought back the flying parasol of Mrs. Deacon Stubbs without dismounting. He finally came home a little blown, but dangerously composed.

There was the usual Sunday evening gathering at Windy Hill Rancho — neighbors and their wives, deacons and the pastor — but their curiosity was not satisfied by the sight of Mr. Hamlin, who kept his own room and his own counsel. There was some desultory conversation, chiefly on church topics, for it was vaguely felt that a discussion of

the advisability of getting rid of the guest of their host was somewhat difficult under this host's roof, with the guest impending at any moment. Then a diversion was created by some of the church choir practicing the harmonium with the singing of certain more or less lugubrious anthems. Mrs. Rivers presently joined in, and in a somewhat faded soprano, which, however, still retained considerable musical taste and expression, sang, "Come, ye Disconsolate." The wind moaned over the deep-throated chimney in a weird harmony with the melancholy of that human appeal as Mrs. Rivers sang the first verse: —

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts — here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!"

A pause followed, and the long-drawn, half-human sigh of the mountain wind over the chimney seemed to mingle with the wail of the harmonium. And then, to their thrilled astonishment, a tenor voice, high, clear, but tenderly passionate, broke like a skylark over their heads in the lines of the second verse: —

"Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent — fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure!"

The hymn was old and familiar enough, Heaven knows. It had been quite popular at funerals, and some who sat there had had its strange melancholy borne upon them in time of loss and tribulations, but never had they felt its full power before. Accustomed as they were to emotional appeal and to respond to it, as the singer's voice died away above them, their very tears flowed and fell with that voice. A few sobbed aloud, and then a voice asked tremulously, —

"Who is it?"

"It's Mr. Hamlin," said Seth quietly. "I've heard him often hummin' things before."

There was another silence, and the voice of Deacon Stubbs broke in harshly, —

"It 's rank blasphemy."

"If it 's rank blasphemy to sing the praise o' God, not only better than some folks in the choir, but like an angel o' light, I wish you 'd do a little o' that blaspheming on Sundays, Mr. Stubbs."

The speaker was Mrs. Stubbs, and as Deacon Stubbs was a notoriously bad singer the shot told.

"If he 's sincere, why does he stand aloof? Why does he not join us?" asked the parson.

"He has n't been asked," said Seth quietly. "If I ain't mistaken this yer gathering this evening was specially to see how to get rid of him."

There was a quick murmur of protest at this. The parson exchanged glances with the deacon and saw that they were hopelessly in the minority.

"I will ask him myself," said Mrs. Rivers suddenly.

"So do, Sister Rivers; so do," was the unmistakable response.

Mrs. Rivers left the room and returned in a few moments with a handsome young man, pale, elegant, composed, even to a grave indifference. What his eyes might have said was another thing; the long lashes were scarcely raised.

"I don't mind playing a little," he said quietly to Mrs. Rivers, as if continuing a conversation, "but you 'll have to let me trust my memory."

"Then you — er — play the harmonium?" said the parson, with an attempt at formal courtesy.

"I was for a year or two the organist in the choir of Dr. Todd's church at Sacramento," returned Mr. Hamlin quietly.

The blank amazement on the faces of Deacons Stubbs and Turner and the parson was followed by wreathed smiles from the other auditors and especially from the ladies. Mr.

Hamlin sat down to the instrument, and in another moment took possession of it as it had never been held before. He played from memory as he had implied, but it was the memory of a musician. He began with one or two familiar anthems, in which they all joined. A fragment of a mass and a Latin chant followed. An "Ave Maria" from an opera was his first secular departure, but his delighted audience did not detect it. Then he hurried them along in unfamiliar language to "O mio Fernando" and "Spiritu gentil," which they fondly imagined were hymns, until, with crowning audacity, after a few preliminary chords of the "Miserere," he landed them broken-hearted in the Trovatore's donjon tower with "Non te scordar de mi."

Amidst the applause he heard the preacher suavely explain that those Popish masses were always in the Latin language, and rose from the instrument satisfied with his experiment. Excusing himself as an invalid from joining them in a light collation in the dining room, and begging his hostess's permission to retire, he nevertheless lingered a few moments by the door as the ladies filed out of the room, followed by the gentlemen, until Deacon Turner, who was bringing up the rear, was abreast of him. Here Mr. Hamlin became suddenly deeply interested in a framed pencil drawing which hung on the wall. It was evidently a schoolgirl's amateur portrait, done by Mrs. Rivers. Deacon Turner halted quickly by his side as the others passed out — which was exactly what Mr. Hamlin expected.

"Do you know the face?" said the deacon eagerly.

Thanks to the faithful Melinda, Mr. Hamlin did know it perfectly. It was a pencil sketch of Mrs. Rivers's youthfully erring sister. But he only said he thought he recognized a likeness to some one he had seen in Sacramento.

The deacon's eye brightened. "Perhaps the same one — perhaps," he added in a submissive and significant tone "a — er — painful story."

"Rather — to him," observed Hamlin quietly.

"How? — I — er — don't understand," said Deacon Turner.

"Well, the portrait looks like a lady I knew in Sacramento who had been in some trouble when she was a silly girl, but had got over it quietly. She was, however, troubled a good deal by some mean hound who was every now and then raking up the story wherever she went. Well, one of her friends — I might have been among them, I don't exactly remember just now — challenged him, but although he had no conscientious convictions about slandering a woman, he had some about being shot for it, and declined. The consequence was he was cowhided once in the street, and the second time tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail out of town. That, I suppose, was what you meant by your 'painful story.' But is this the woman?"

"No, no," said the deacon hurriedly, with a white face, "you have quite misunderstood."

"But whose is this portrait?" persisted Jack.

"I believe that — I don't know exactly — but I think it is a sister of Mrs. Rivers's," stammered the deacon.

"Then, of course, it is n't the same woman," said Jack in simulated indignation.

"Certainly — of course not," returned the deacon.

"Phew!" said Jack. "That was a mighty close call. Lucky we were alone, was n't it?"

"Yes," said the deacon, with a feeble smile.

"Seth," continued Jack, with a thoughtful air, "looks like a quiet man, but I should n't like to have made that mistake about his sister-in-law before him. These quiet men are apt to shoot straight. Better keep this to ourselves."

Deacon Turner not only kept the revelation to himself but apparently his own sacred person also, as he did not call again at Windy Hill Rancho during Mr. Hamlin's stay.

But he was exceedingly polite in his references to Jack, and alluded patronizingly to a "little chat" they had had together. And when the usual reaction took place in Mr. Hamlin's favor and Jack was actually induced to perform on the organ at Hightown Church next Sunday, the deacon's voice was loudest in his praise. Even Parson Greenwood allowed himself to be non-committal as to the truth of the rumor, largely circulated, that one of the most desperate gamblers in the State had been converted through his exhortations.

So, with breezy walks and games with the children, occasional confidences with Melinda and Silas, and the Sabbath "singing of anthems," Mr. Hamlin's three weeks of convalescence drew to a close. He had lately relaxed his habit of seclusion so far as to mingle with the company gathered for more social purposes at the rancho, and once or twice unbent so far as to satisfy their curiosity in regard to certain details of his profession.

"I have no personal knowledge of games of cards," said Parson Greenwood patronizingly, "and think I am right in saying that our brothers and sisters are equally inexperienced. I am — ahem — far from believing, however, that entire ignorance of evil is the best preparation for combating it, and I should be glad if you 'd explain to the company the intricacies of various games. There is one that you mentioned, with a — er — scriptural name."

"Faro," said Hamlin, with an unmoved face.

"Pharaoh," repeated the parson gravely; "and one which you call 'poker,' which seems to require great self-control."

"I could n't make you understand poker without your playing it," said Jack decidedly.

"As long as we don't gamble — that is, play for money — I see no objection," returned the parson.

"And," said Jack musingly, "you could use beans."

It was agreed finally that there would be no falling from grace in their playing among themselves, in an inquiring

Christian spirit, under Jack's guidance, he having decided to abstain from card playing during his convalescence, and Jack permitted himself to be persuaded to show them the following evening.

It so chanced, however, that Dr. Duchesne, finding the end of Jack's "cure" approaching, and not hearing from that interesting invalid, resolved to visit him at about this time. Having no chance to apprise Jack of his intention, on coming to Hightown at night he procured a conveyance at the depot to carry him to Windy Hill Rancho. The wind blew with its usual nocturnal rollicking persistency, and at the end of his turbulent drive it seemed almost impossible to make himself heard amongst the roaring of the pines and some astounding preoccupation of the inmates. After vainly knocking, the doctor pushed open the front door and entered. He rapped at the closed sitting room door, but receiving no reply, pushed it open upon the most unexpected and astounding scene he had ever witnessed. Around the centre table several respectable members of the Hightown Church, including the parson, were gathered with intense and eager faces playing poker, and behind the parson, with his hands in his pockets, carelessly lounged the doctor's patient, the picture of health and vigor. A disused pack of cards was scattered on the floor, and before the gentle and precise Mrs. Rivers was heaped a pile of beans that would have filled a quart measure.

When Dr. Duchesne had tactfully retreated before the hurried and stammering apologies of his host and hostess, and was alone with Jack in his rooms, he turned to him with a gravity that was more than half affected and said, "How long, sir, did it take you to effect this corruption?"

"Upon my honor," said Jack simply, "they played last night for the first time. And they forced me to show them. But," added Jack after a significant pause, "I thought it would make the game livelier and be more of a moral lesson

if I gave them nearly all good pat hands. So I ran in a cold deck on them — the first time I ever did such a thing in my life. I fixed up a pack of cards so that one had three tens, another three jacks, and another three queens, and so on up to three aces. In a minute they had all tumbled to the game, and you never saw such betting. Every man and woman there believed he or she had struck a sure thing, and staked accordingly. A new panful of beans was brought on, and Seth, your friend, banked for them. And at last the parson raked in the whole pile."

"I suppose you gave him the three aces," said Dr. Duchesne gloomily.

"The parson," said Jack slowly, "*had n't a single pair in his hand.* It was the stoniest, deadest, neatest *bluff* I ever saw. And when he 'd frightened off the last man who held out and laid that measly hand of his face down on that pile of kings, queens, and aces, and looked around the table as he raked in the pile, there was a smile of humble self-righteousness on his face that was worth double the money."

A PUPIL OF CHESTNUT RIDGE

A PUPIL OF CHESTNUT RIDGE

The schoolmaster of Chestnut Ridge was interrupted in his after-school solitude by the click of hoof and sound of voices on the little bridle path that led to the scant clearing in which his schoolhouse stood. He laid down his pen as the figures of a man and woman on horseback passed the windows and dismounted before the porch. He recognized the complacent, good-humored faces of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who owned a neighboring ranch of some importance and who were accounted well to do people by the community. Being a childless couple, however, while they generously contributed to the support of the little school, they had not added to its flock, and it was with some curiosity that the young schoolmaster greeted them and awaited the purport of their visit. This was protracted in delivery through a certain polite dalliance with the real subject characteristic of the Southwestern pioneer.

"Well, Almiry," said Mr. Hoover, turning to his wife after the first greeting with the schoolmaster was over, "this makes me feel like old times, you bet! Why, I ain't bin inside a schoolhouse since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. Thar's the benches, and the desks, and the books and all them 'a b, abs,' jest like the old days. Dear! Dear! But the teacher in those days was ez old and grizzled ez I be — and some o' the scholars — no offense to you, Mr. Brooks — was older and bigger nor you. But times is changed: yet look, Almiry, if thar ain't a hunk o' stale gingerbread in that desk jest as it uster be! Lord! how it all comes back! Ez I was sayin' only t' other day, we can't

be too grateful to our parents for givin' us an eddication in our youth;" and Mr. Hoover, with the air of recalling an alma mater of sequestered gloom and cloistered erudition, gazed reverently around the new pine walls.

But Mrs. Hoover here intervened with a gracious appreciation of the schoolmaster's youth after her usual kindly fashion. "And don't you forget it, Hiram Hoover, that these young folks of to-day kin teach the old schoolmasters of 'way back more 'n you and I dream of. We 've heard of your book larnin', Mr. Brooks, afore this, and we 're proud to hev you here, even if the Lord has not pleased to give us the children to send to ye. But we 've always paid our share in keeping up the school for others that was more favored, and now it looks as if He had not forgotten us, and ez if" — with a significant, half-shy glance at her husband and a corroborating nod from that gentleman — "ez if, reelly, we might be reckonin' to send you a scholar ourselves."

The young schoolmaster, sympathetic and sensitive, felt somewhat embarrassed. The allusion to his extreme youth, mollified though it was by the salve of praise from the tactful Mrs. Hoover, had annoyed him, and perhaps added to his slight confusion over the information she vouchsafed. He had not heard of any late addition to the Hoover family, he would not have been likely to, in his secluded habits; and although he was accustomed to the naïve and direct simplicity of the pioneer, he could scarcely believe that this good lady was announcing a maternal expectation. He smiled vaguely and begged them to be seated.

"Ye see," said Mr. Hoover, dropping upon a low bench, "the way the thing pans out is this. Almiry's brother is a pow'ful preacher down the coast at San Antonio and hez settled down thar with a big Free Will Baptist Church congregation and a heap o' land got from them Mexicans. Thar 's a lot o' poor Spanish and Injin trash that belong to the land, and Almiry's brother hez set about convertin' 'em,

givin' 'em convickshion and religion, though the most of 'em is Papists and followers of the Scarlet Woman. Thar was an orphan, a little girl that he got outer the hands o' them priests, kinder snatched as a brand from the burnin', and he sent her to us to be brought up in the ways o' the Lord, knowin' that we had no children of our own. But we thought she oughter get the benefit o' schoolin' too, besides our own care, and we reckoned to bring her here reg'lar to school."

Relieved and pleased to help the good-natured couple in the care of the homeless waif, albeit somewhat doubtful of their religious methods, the schoolmaster said he would be delighted to number her among his little flock. Had she already received any tuition ?

"Only from them padres, ye know, things about saints, Virgin Marys, visions, and miracles," put in Mrs. Hoover; "and we kinder thought ez you know Spanish you might be able to get rid o' them in exchange for 'conviction o' sin' and 'justification by faith,' ye know."

"I 'm afraid," said Mr. Brooks, smiling at the thought of displacing the Church's "mysteries" for certain corybantic displays and thaumaturgical exhibitions he had witnessed at the Dissenters' camp meeting, "that I must leave all that to you, and I must caution you to be careful what you do lest you also shake her faith in the alphabet and the multiplication table."

"Mebbee you 're right," said Mrs. Hoover, mystified but good-natured; "but thar 's one thing more we oughter tell ye. She 's — she 's a trifle dark complected."

The schoolmaster smiled. "Well ?" he said patiently.

"She is n't a nigger nor an Injin, ye know, but she 's kinder a half-Spanish, half-Mexican Injin, what they call 'mes — mes' " —

"Mestiza," suggested Mr. Brooks; "a half-breed or mongrel."

"I reckon. Now thar would n't be any objection to that, eh ? " said Mr. Hoover a little uneasily.

"Not by me," returned the schoolmaster cheerfully. "And although this school is state-aided it 's not a ' public school ' in the eye of the law, so you have only the foolish prejudices of your neighbors to deal with." He had recognized the reason of their hesitation and knew the strong racial antagonism held towards the negro and Indian by Mr. Hoover's Southwestern compatriots, and he could not refrain from "rubbing it in."

"They kin see," interposed Mrs. Hoover, "that she 's not a nigger, for her hair don't ' kink,' and a furrin Injin, of course, is different from one o' our own."

"If they hear her speak Spanish, and you simply say she is a foreigner, as she is, it will be all right," said the schoolmaster smilingly. "Let her come, I 'll look after her."

Much relieved, after a few more words the couple took their departure, the schoolmaster promising to call the next afternoon at the Hoovers' ranch and meet his new scholar. " Ye might give us a hint or two how she oughter be fixed up afore she joins the school."

The ranch was about four miles from the schoolhouse, and as Mr. Brooks drew rein before the Hoovers' gate he appreciated the devotion of the couple who were willing to send the child that distance twice a day. The house, with its outbuildings, was on a more liberal scale than its neighbors, and showed few of the makeshifts and half-hearted advances towards permanent occupation common to the Southwestern pioneers, who were more or less nomads in instinct and circumstance. He was ushered into a well-furnished sitting room, whose glaring freshness was subdued and repressed by black-framed engravings of scriptural subjects. As Mr. Brooks glanced at them and recalled the schoolrooms of the old missions, with their monastic shadows

which half hid the gaudy, tinseled saints and flaming or ensanguined hearts upon the walls, he feared that the little waif of Mother Church had not gained any cheerfulness in the exchange.

As she entered the room with Mrs. Hoover, her large dark eyes — the most notable feature in her small face — seemed to sustain the schoolmaster's fanciful fear in their half-frightened wonder. She was clinging closely to Mrs. Hoover's side, as if recognizing the good woman's maternal kindness even while doubtful of her purpose; but on the schoolmaster addressing her in Spanish, a singular change took place in their relative positions. A quick look of intelligence came into her melancholy eyes, and with it a slight consciousness of superiority to her protectors that was embarrassing to him. For the rest he observed merely that she was small and slightly built, although her figure was hidden in a long "check apron" or calico pinafore with sleeves — a local garment — which was utterly incongruous with her originality. Her skin was olive, inclining to yellow, or rather to that exquisite shade of buff to be seen in the new bark of the madroño. Her face was oval, and her mouth small and childlike, with little to suggest the aboriginal type in her other features.

The master's questions elicited from the child the fact that she could read and write, that she knew her "Hail Mary" and creed (happily the Protestant Mrs. Hoover was unable to follow this questioning), but he also elicited the more disturbing fact that her replies and confidences suggested a certain familiarity and equality of condition which he could only set down to his own youthfulness of appearance. He was apprehensive that she might even make some remark regarding Mrs. Hoover, and was not sorry that the latter did not understand Spanish. But before he left he managed to speak with Mrs. Hoover alone and suggested a change in the costume of the pupil when she came

to school. "The better she is dressed," suggested the wily young diplomat, "the less likely is she to awaken any suspicion of her race."

"Now that 's jest what 's botherin' me, Mr. Brooks," returned Mrs. Hoover, with a troubled face, "for you see she is a growin' girl," and she concluded, with some embarrassment, "I can't quite make up my mind how to dress her."

"How old is she?" asked the master abruptly.

"Goin' on twelve, but," — and Mrs. Hoover again hesitated.

"Why, two of my scholars, the Bromly girls, are over fourteen," said the master, "and you know how they are dressed;" but here he hesitated in his turn. It had just occurred to him that the little waif was from the extreme South, and the precocious maturity of the mixed races there was well known. He even remembered, to his alarm, to have seen brides of twelve and mothers of fourteen among the native villagers. This might also account for the suggestion of equality in her manner, and even for a slight coquettishness which he thought he had noticed in her when he had addressed her playfully as a muchacha. "I should dress her in something Spanish," he said hurriedly, "something white, you know, with plenty of flounces and a little black lace, or a black silk skirt and a lace scarf, you know. She 'll be all right if you don't make her look like a servant or a dependent," he added, with a show of confidence he was far from feeling. "But you have n 't told me her name," he concluded.

"As we 're reckonin' to adopt her," said Mrs. Hoover gravely, "you 'll give her ours."

"But I can't call her 'Miss Hoover,'" suggested the master; "what 's her first name?"

"We was thinkin' o' 'Serafina Ann,'" said Mrs. Hoover with more gravity.

"But what is her name?" persisted the master.

"Well," returned Mrs. Hoover, with a troubled look, "me and Hiram consider it 's a heathenish sort of name for a young gal, but you 'll find it in my brother's letter." She took a letter from under the lid of a large Bible on the table and pointed to a passage in it.

"The child was christened 'Concepcion,'" read the master. "Why, that 's one of the Marys!"

"The which?" asked Mrs. Hoover severely.

"One of the titles of the Virgin Mary; 'Maria de la Concepcion,'" said Mr. Brooks glibly.

"It don't sound much like anythin' so Christian and decent as 'Maria' or 'Mary,'" returned Mrs. Hoover suspiciously.

"But the abbreviation, 'Concha,' is very pretty. In fact it 's just the thing, it 's so very Spanish," returned the master decisively. "And you know that the squaw who hangs about the mining camp is called 'Reservation Ann,' and old Mrs. Parkins's negro cook is called 'Aunt Serafina,' so 'Serafina Ann' is too suggestive. 'Concha Hoover' 's the name."

"P'r'aps you 're right," said Mrs. Hoover meditatively.

"And dress her so she 'll look like her name and you 'll be all right," said the master gayly as he took his departure.

Nevertheless, it was with some anxiety the next morning he heard the sound of hoofs on the rocky bridle path leading to the schoolhouse. He had already informed his little flock of the probable addition to their number, and their breathless curiosity now accented the appearance of Mr. Hoover riding past the window, followed by a little figure on horseback, half hidden in the graceful folds of a serape. The next moment they dismounted at the porch, the serape was cast aside, and the new scholar entered.

A little alarmed even in his admiration, the master never-

theless thought he had never seen a more dainty figure. Her heavily flounced white skirt stopped short just above her white-stockinged ankles and little feet, hidden in white satin, low-quartered slippers. Her black silk, shell-like jacket half clasped her stayless bust clad in an under-bodice of soft muslin that faintly outlined a contour which struck him as already womanly. A black lace veil which had protected her head, she had on entering slipped down to her shoulders with a graceful gesture, leaving one end of it pinned to her hair by a rose above her little yellow ear. The whole figure was so inconsistent with its present setting that the master inwardly resolved to suggest a modification of it to Mrs. Hoover as he, with great gravity, however, led the girl to the seat he had prepared for her. Mr. Hoover, who had been assisting discipline as he conscientiously believed by gazing with hushed, reverent reminiscence on the walls, here whispered behind his large hand that he would call for her at "four o'clock" and tiptoed out of the schoolroom. The master, who felt that everything would depend upon his repressing the children's exuberant curiosity and maintaining the discipline of the school for the next few minutes, with supernatural gravity addressed the young girl in Spanish and placed before her a few slight elementary tasks. Perhaps the strangeness of the language, perhaps the unwonted seriousness of the master, perhaps also the impassibility of the young stranger herself, all contributed to arrest the expanding smiles on little faces, to check their wandering eyes, and hush their eager whispers. By degrees heads were again lowered over their tasks, the scratching of pencils on slates, and the far-off rapping of woodpeckers again indicated the normal quiet of the schoolroom, and the master knew he had triumphed, and the ordeal was past.

But not as regarded himself, for although the new pupil had accepted his instructions with childlike submissiveness, and even as it seemed to him with childlike comprehension,

he could not help noticing that she occasionally glanced at him with a demure suggestion of some understanding between them, or as if they were playing at master and pupil. This naturally annoyed him and perhaps added a severer dignity to his manner, which did not appear to be effective, however, and which he fancied secretly amused her. Was she covertly laughing at him? Yet against this, once or twice, as her big eyes wandered from her task over the room, they encountered the curious gaze of the other children, and he fancied he saw an exchange of that freemasonry of intelligence common to children in the presence of their elders even when strangers to each other. He looked forward to recess to see how she would get on with her companions; he knew that this would settle her status in the school, and perhaps elsewhere. Even her limited English vocabulary would not in any way affect that instinctive, childlike test of superiority, but he was surprised when the hour of recess came and he had explained to her in Spanish and English its purpose, to see her quietly put her arm around the waist of Matilda Bromly, the tallest girl in the school, as the two whisked themselves off to the playground. She was a mere child after all!

Other things seemed to confirm this opinion. Later, when the children returned from recess, the young stranger had instantly become a popular idol, and had evidently dispensed her favors and patronage generously. The elder Bromly girl was wearing her lace veil, another had possession of her handkerchief, and a third displayed the rose which had adorned her left ear, things of which the master was obliged to take note with a view of returning them to the prodigal little barbarian at the close of school. Later he was, however, much perplexed by the mysterious passage under the desks of some unknown object which apparently was making the circuit of the school. With the annoyed consciousness that he was perhaps unwittingly participating

in some game, he finally "nailed it" in the possession of Demosthenes Walker, aged six, to the spontaneous outcry of "Cotched!" from the whole school. When produced from Master Walker's desk in company with a horned toad and a piece of gingerbread, it was found to be Concha's white satin slipper, the young girl herself, meanwhile, bending demurely over her task with the bereft foot tucked up like a bird's under her skirt. The master, reserving reproof of this and other enormities until later, contented himself with commanding the slipper to be brought to him, when he took it to her with the satirical remark in Spanish that the schoolroom was not a dressing room — Camara para vestirse. To his surprise, however, she smilingly held out the tiny stockinged foot with a singular combination of the spoiled child and the coquettish señorita, and remained with it extended as if waiting for him to kneel and replace the slipper. But he laid it carefully on her desk.

"Put it on at once," he said in English.

There was no mistaking the tone of his voice, whatever his language. Concha darted a quick look at him like the momentary resentment of an animal, but almost as quickly her eyes became suffused, and with a hurried movement she put on the slipper.

"Please, sir, it dropped off and Jimmy Snyder passed it on," said a small explanatory voice among the benches.

"Silence!" said the master.

Nevertheless, he was glad to see that the school had not noticed the girl's familiarity even though they thought him "hard." He was not sure upon reflection but that he had magnified her offense and had been unnecessarily severe, and this feeling was augmented by his occasionally finding her looking at him with the melancholy, wondering eyes of a chidden animal. Later, as he was moving among the desks overlooking the tasks of the individual pupils, he observed from a distance that her head was bent over her desk while her

lips were moving as if repeating to herself her lesson, and that afterwards, with a swift look around the room to assure herself that she was unobserved, she made a hurried sign of the cross. It occurred to him that this might have followed some penitential prayer of the child, and remembering her tuition by the padres it gave him an idea. He dismissed school a few moments earlier in order that he might speak to her alone before Mr. Hoover arrived.

Referring to the slipper incident and receiving her assurances that "she" (the slipper) was much too large and fell often "so," a fact really established by demonstration, he seized his opportunity. "But tell me, when you were with the padre and your slipper fell off, you did not expect him to put it on for you?"

Concha looked at him coyly and then said triumphantly, "Ah, no! but he was a priest, and you are a young caballero."

Yet even after this audacity Mr. Brooks found he could only recommend to Mr. Hoover a change in the young girl's slippers, the absence of the rose-pinned veil, and the substitution of a sunbonnet. For the rest he must trust to circumstances. As Mr. Hoover — who with large paternal optimism had professed to see already an improvement in her — helped her into the saddle, the schoolmaster could not help noticing that she had evidently expected him to perform that act of courtesy, and that she looked correspondingly reproachful.

"The holy fathers used sometimes to let me ride with them on their mules," said Concha, leaning over her saddle towards the schoolmaster.

"Eh, what, missy?" said the Protestant Mr. Hoover, pricking up his ears. "Now you just listen to Mr. Brooks's doctrines, and never mind them Papists," he added as he rode away, with the firm conviction that the master had already commenced the task of her spiritual conversion.

The next day the master awoke to find his little school famous. Whatever were the exaggerations or whatever the fancies carried home to their parents by the children, the result was an overwhelming interest in the proceedings and personnel of the school by the whole district. People had already called at the Hoover ranch to see Mrs. Hoover's pretty adopted daughter. The master, on his way to the schoolroom that morning, had found a few woodmen and charcoal burners lounging on the bridle path that led from the main road. Two or three parents accompanied their children to school, asserting they had just dropped in to see how "Aramanta" or "Tommy" were "gettin' on." As the school began to assemble several unfamiliar faces passed the windows or were boldly flattened against the glass. The little schoolhouse had not seen such a gathering since it had been borrowed for a political meeting in the previous autumn. And the master noticed with some concern that many of the faces were the same which he had seen uplifted to the glittering periods of Colonel Starbottle, "the war horse of the Democracy."

For he could not shut his eyes to the fact that they came from no mere curiosity to see the novel and bizarre; no appreciation of mere picturesqueness or beauty; and alas! from no enthusiasm for the progression of education. He knew the people among whom he had lived, and he realized the fatal question of "color" had been raised in some mysterious way by those Southwestern emigrants who had carried into this "free state" their inherited prejudices. A few words convinced him that the unhappy children had variously described the complexion of their new fellow pupil, and it was believed that the "No'th'n" schoolmaster, aided and abetted by "capital" in the person of Hiram Hoover, had introduced either a "nigger wench," a "Chinese girl," or an "Injin baby" to the same educational privileges as the "pure whites," and so contaminated the sons of freemen

in their very nests. He was able to reassure many that the child was of Spanish origin, but a majority preferred the evidence of their own senses, and lingered for that purpose. As the hour for her appearance drew near and passed, he was seized with a sudden fear that she might not come, that Mr. Hoover had been prevailed upon by his compatriots, in view of the excitement, to withdraw her from the school. But a faint cheer from the bridle path satisfied him, and the next moment a little retinue swept by the window, and he understood. The Hoovers had evidently determined to accent the Spanish character of their little charge. Concha, with a black riding skirt over her flounces, was now mounted on a handsome pinto mustang glittering with silver trappings, accompanied by a vaquero in a velvet jacket, Mr. Hoover bringing up the rear. He, as he informed the master, had merely come to show the way to the vaquero, who hereafter would always accompany the child to and from school. Whether or not he had been induced to this display by the excitement did not transpire. Enough that the effect was a success. The riding skirt and her mustang's fripperies had added to Concha's piquancy, and if her origin was still doubted by some, the child herself was accepted with enthusiasm. The parents who were spectators were proud of this distinguished accession to their children's playmates, and when she dismounted amid the acclaim of her little companions, it was with the aplomb of a queen.

The master alone foresaw trouble in this encouragement of her precocious manner. He received her quietly, and when she had removed her riding skirt, glancing at her feet, said approvingly, "I am glad to see you have changed your slippers; I hope they fit you more firmly than the others."

The child shrugged her shoulders. "Quien sabe. But Pedro (the vaquero) will help me now on my horse when he comes for me."

The master understood the characteristic *non sequitur* as an allusion to his want of gallantry on the previous day, but took no notice of it. Nevertheless, he was pleased to see during the day that she was paying more attention to her studies, although they were generally rehearsed with the languid indifference to all mental accomplishment which belonged to her race. Once he thought to stimulate her activity through her personal vanity.

"Why can you not learn as quickly as Matilda Bromly? She is only two years older than you," he suggested.

"Ah! Mother of God! — why does she then try to wear roses like me? And with that hair. It becomes her not."

The master became thus aware for the first time that the elder Bromly girl, in "the sincerest form of flattery" to her idol, was wearing a yellow rose in her tawny locks, and, further, that Master Bromly with exquisite humor had burlesqued his sister's imitation with a very small carrot stuck above his left ear. This the master promptly removed, adding an additional sum to the humorist's already overflowing slate by way of penance, and returned to Concha. "But would n't you like to be as clever as she? — you can if you will only learn."

"What for should I? Look you; she has a devotion for the tall one — the boy Brown! Ah! I want him not."

Yet, notwithstanding this lack of noble ambition, Concha seemed to have absorbed the "devotion" of the boys, big and little, and as the master presently discovered even that of many of the adult population. There were always loungers on the bridle path at the opening and closing of school, and the vaquero, who now always accompanied her, became an object of envy. Possibly this caused the master to observe him closely. He was tall and thin, with a

smooth complexionless face, but to the master's astonishment he had the blue gray eye of the higher or Castilian type of native Californian. Further inquiry proved that he was a son of one of the old impoverished Spanish grant holders whose leagues and cattle had been mortgaged to the Hoovers, who now retained the son to control the live stock "on shares." "It looks kinder ez ef he might hev an eye on that poorty little gal when she 's an age to marry," suggested a jealous swain. For several days the girl submitted to her school tasks with her usual languid indifference and did not again transgress the ordinary rules. Nor did Mr. Brooks again refer to their hopeless conversation. But one afternoon he noticed that in the silence and preoccupation of the class she had substituted another volume for her text-book and was perusing it with the articulating lips of the unpracticed reader. He demanded it from her. With blazing eyes and both hands thrust into her desk she refused and defied him. Mr. Brooks slipped his arms around her waist, quietly lifted her from the bench — feeling her little teeth pierce the back of his hand as he did so, but secured the book. Two of the elder boys and girls had risen with excited faces.

"Sit down!" said the master sternly.

They resumed their places with awed looks. The master examined the book. It was a little Spanish prayer book. "You were reading this?" he said in her own tongue.

"Yes. You shall not prevent me!" she burst out. "Mother of God! *they* will not let me read it at the ranch. They would take it from me. And now *you!*"

"You may read it when and where you like, except when you should be studying your lessons," returned the master quietly. "You may keep it here in your desk and peruse it at recess. Come to me for it then. You are not fit to read it now."

The girl looked up with astounded eyes, which in the capriciousness of her passionate nature the next moment filled with tears. Then dropping on her knees she caught the master's bitten hand and covered it with tears and kisses. But he quietly disengaged it and lifted her to her seat. There was a sniffling sound among the benches, which, however, quickly subsided as he glanced around the room, and the incident ended.

Regularly thereafter she took her prayer book back at recess and disappeared with the children, finding, as he afterwards learned, a seat under a secluded buckeye tree, where she was not disturbed by them until her orisons were concluded. The children must have remained loyal to some command of hers, for the incident and this custom were never told out of school, and the master did not consider it his duty to inform Mr. or Mrs. Hoover. If the child could recognize some check — even if it were deemed by some a superstitious one — over her capricious and precocious nature, why should he interfere?

One day at recess he presently became conscious of the ceasing of those small voices in the woods around the schoolhouse, which were always as familiar and pleasant to him in his seclusion as the song of their playfellows — the birds themselves. The continued silence at last awakened his concern and curiosity. He had seldom intruded upon or participated in their games or amusements, remembering when a boy himself the heavy incompatibility of the best intentioned adult intruder to even the most hypocritically polite child at such a moment. A sense of duty, however, impelled him to step beyond the schoolhouse, where to his astonishment he found the adjacent woods empty and soundless. He was relieved, however, after penetrating its recesses, to hear the distant sound of small applause and the unmistakable choking gasps of Johnny Stidger's pocket accordion. Following the sound he came at last upon a

little hollow among the sycamores, where the children were disposed in a ring, in the centre of which, with a handkerchief in each hand, Concha the melancholy! — Concha the devout! — was dancing that most extravagant feat of the fandango — the audacious sembicuaca!

Yet, in spite of her rude and uncertain accompaniment, she was dancing it with a grace, precision, and lightness that was wonderful; in spite of its doubtful poses and seductive languors she was dancing it with the artless gayety and innocence — perhaps from the suggestion of her tiny figure — of a mere child among an audience of children. Dancing it alone she assumed the parts of the man and woman; advancing, retreating, coquetting, rejecting, coyly bewitching, and at last yielding as lightly and as immaterially as the flickering shadows that fell upon them from the waving trees overhead. The master was fascinated yet troubled. What if there had been older spectators? Would the parents take the performance as innocently as the performer and her little audience? He thought it necessary later to suggest this delicately to the child. Her temper rose, her eyes flashed.

"Ah, the slipper, she is forbidden. The prayer book — she must not. The dance, it is not good. Truly, there is nothing."

For several days she sulked. One morning she did not come to school, nor the next. At the close of the third day the master called at the Hoovers' ranch.

Mrs. Hoover met him embarrassedly in the hall. "I was sayin' to Hiram he ought to tell ye, but he did n't like to till it was certain. Concha 's gone."

"Gone?" echoed the master.

"Yes. Run off with Pedro. Married to him yesterday by the Popish priest at the mission."

"Married! That child?"

"She was n't no child, Mr. Brooks. We were deceived.

My brother was a fool, and men don't understand these things. She was a grown woman — accordin' to these folks' ways and ages — when she kem here. And that 's what bothered me."

There was a week's excitement at Chestnut Ridge, but it pleased the master to know that while the children grieved for the loss of Concha they never seemed to understand why she had gone.

DICK BOYLE'S BUSINESS CARD

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THE Sage Wood and Dead Flat stage coach was waiting before the station. The Pine Barrens mail wagon that connected with it was long overdue, with its transfer passengers, and the station had relapsed into listless expectation. Even the humors of Dick Boyle, the Chicago "drummer," — and, so far, the solitary passenger — which had diverted the waiting loungers, began to fail in effect, though the cheerfulness of the humorist was unabated. The ostlers had slunk back into the stables, the station keeper and stage driver had reduced their conversation to impatient monosyllables, as if each thought the other responsible for the delay. A solitary Indian, wrapped in a commissary blanket and covered by a cast-off tall hat, crouched against the wall of the station looking stolidly at nothing. The station itself, a long, rambling building containing its entire accommodation for man and beast under one monotonous, shed-like roof, offered nothing to attract the eye. Still less the prospect, on the one side two miles of arid waste to the stunted, far-spaced pines in the distance, known as the "Barrens;" on the other an apparently limitless level with darker patches of sage brush, like the scars of burnt-out fires.

Dick Boyle approached the motionless Indian as a possible relief. "*You* don't seem to care much if school keeps or not, do you, Lo?"

The Indian, who had been half crouching on his upturned soles, here straightened himself with a lithe, animal-like movement, and stood up. Boyle took hold of a corner of his blanket and examined it critically.

"Gov'ment ain't pampering you with A1 goods, Lo! I reckon the agent charged 'em four dollars for that. Our firm could have delivered them to you for 2 dols. 37 cents, and thrown in a box of beads in the bargain. Suthin like this!" He took from his pocket a small box containing a gaudy bead necklace and held it up before the Indian.

The savage, who had regarded him — or rather looked beyond him — with the tolerating indifference of one interrupted by a frisking inferior animal, here suddenly changed his expression. A look of childish eagerness came into his gloomy face; he reached out his hand for the trinket.

"Hol' on!" said Boyle, hesitating for a moment; then he suddenly ejaculated, "Well! take it, and one o' these," and drew a business card from his pocket, which he stuck in the band of the battered tall hat of the aborigine. "There! show that to your friends, and when you 're wantin' anything in our line" —

The interrupting roar of laughter, coming from the box seat of the coach, was probably what Boyle was expecting, for he turned away demurely and walked towards the coach. "All right, boys! I 've squared the noble red man, and the star of empire is taking its westward way. And I reckon our firm will do the 'Great Father' business for him at about half the price that it is done in Washington."

But at this point the ostlers came hurrying out of the stables. "She 's comin'," said one. "That 's her dust just behind the Lone Pine — and by the way she 's racin' I reckon she 's comin' in mighty light."

"That 's so," said the mail agent, standing up on the box seat for a better view, "but darned ef I kin see any outside passengers. I reckon we have n't waited for much."

Indeed, as the galloping horses of the incoming vehicle pulled out of the hanging dust in the distance, the solitary driver could be seen urging on his team. In a few moments more they had halted at the lower end of the station.

"Wonder what 's up!" said the mail agent.

"Nothin'! Only a big Injin scare at Pine Barrens," said one of the ostlers. "Injins doin' ghost dancin' — or suthin like that — and the passengers just skunked out and went on by the other line. Thar 's only one ez dar come — and she 's a lady."

"A lady?" echoed Boyle.

"Yes," answered the driver, taking a deliberate survey of a tall, graceful girl who, waiving the gallant assistance of the station keeper, had leaped unaided from the vehicle. "A lady — and the fort commandant's darter at that! She 's clar grit, you bet — a chip o' the old block. And all this means, sonny, that you 're to give up that box seat to *her*. Miss Julia Cantire don't take anythin' less when I 'm around."

The young lady was already walking, directly and composedly, towards the waiting coach — erect, self-contained, well gloved and booted, and clothed, even in her dust cloak and cape of plain ashen merino, with the unmistakable panoply of taste and superiority. A good-sized aquiline nose, which made her handsome mouth look smaller; gray eyes, with an occasional humid yellow sparkle in their depths; brown penciled eyebrows, and brown tendrils of hair, all seemed to Boyle to be charmingly framed in by the silver gray veil twisted around her neck and under her oval chin. In her sober tints she appeared to him to have evoked a harmony even out of the dreadful dust around them. What *he* appeared to her was not so plain; she looked him over — he was rather short; through him — he was easily penetrable; and then her eyes rested with a frank recognition on the driver.

"Good-morning, Mr. Foster," she said, with a smile.

"Mornin', miss. I hear they 're havin' an Injin scare over at the Barrens. I reckon them men must feel mighty mean at bein' stumped by a lady!"

"I don't think they believed I would go, and some of them had their wives with them," returned the young lady indifferently; "besides, they are Eastern people, who don't know Indians as well as *we* do, Mr. Foster."

The driver blushed with pleasure at the association. "Yes, ma'am," he laughed, "I reckon the sight of even old 'Fleas in the Blanket' over there," pointing to the Indian, who was walking stolidly away from the station, "would frighten 'em out o' their boots. And yet he 's got inside his hat the business card o' this gentleman — Mr. Dick Boyle, traveling for the big firm o' Fletcher & Co. of Chicago" — he interpolated, rising suddenly to the formal heights of polite introduction; "so it sorter looks ez ef any *skelpin'* was to be done it might be the other way round, ha! ha!"

Miss Cantire accepted the introduction and the joke with polite but cool abstraction, and climbed lightly into the box seat as the mail bags and a quantity of luggage — evidently belonging to the evading passengers — were quickly transferred to the coach. But for his fair companion, the driver would probably have given profane voice to his conviction that his vehicle was used as a "d——d baggage truck," but he only smiled grimly, gathered up his reins, and flicked his whip. The coach plunged forward into the dust, which instantly rose around it, and made it thereafter a mere cloud in the distance. Some of that dust for a moment overtook and hid the Indian, walking stolidly in its track, but he emerged from it at an angle, with a quickened pace and a peculiar halting trot. Yet that trot was so well sustained that in an hour he had reached a fringe of rocks and low bushes hitherto invisible through the irregularities of the apparently level plain, into which he plunged and disappeared. The dust cloud which indicated the coach — probably owing to these same irregularities — had long since been lost on the visible horizon.

The fringe which received him was really the rim of a

depression quite concealed from the surface of the plain, — which it followed for some miles through a tangled trough-like bottom of low trees and underbrush, — and was a natural cover for wolves, coyotes, and occasionally bears, whose half-human footprint might have deceived a stranger. This did not, however, divert the Indian, who, trotting still doggedly on, paused only to examine another footprint — much more frequent — the smooth, inward-toed track of moccasins. The thicket grew more dense and difficult as he went on, yet he seemed to glide through its density and darkness — an obscurity that now seemed to be stirred by other moving objects, dimly seen, and as uncertain and intangible as sunlit leaves thrilled by the wind, yet bearing a strange resemblance to human figures! Pressing a few yards further, he himself presently became a part of this shadowy procession, which on closer scrutiny revealed itself as a single file of Indians, following each other in the same tireless trot. The woods and underbrush were full of them; all moving on, as he had moved, in a line parallel with the vanishing coach. Sometimes through the openings a bared painted limb, a crest of feathers, or a strip of gaudy blanket was visible, but nothing more. And yet only a few hundred yards away stretched the dusky, silent plain — vacant of sound or motion!

Meanwhile the Sage Wood and Pine Barren stage coach, profoundly oblivious — after the manner of all human invention — of everything but its regular function, toiled dustily out of the higher plain and began the grateful descent of a wooded cañon, which was, in fact, the culminating point of the depression, just described, along which the shadowy procession was slowly advancing, hardly a mile in the rear and flank of the vehicle. Miss Julia Cantire, who had faced the dust volleys of the plain unflinchingly, as became a soldier's daughter, here stood upright and shook herself — her

pretty head and figure emerging like a goddess from the enveloping silver cloud. At least Mr. Boyle, relegated to the back seat, thought so — although her conversation and attentions had been chiefly directed to the driver and mail agent. Once, when he had light-heartedly addressed a remark to her, it had been received with a distinct but unpromising politeness that had made him desist from further attempts, yet without abatement of his cheerfulness, or resentment of the evident amusement his two male companions got out of his "snub." Indeed, it is to be feared that Miss Julia had certain prejudices of position, and may have thought that a "drummer" — or commercial traveler — was no more fitting company for the daughter of a major than an ordinary peddler. But it was more probable that Mr. Boyle's reputation as a humorist — a teller of funny stories and a boon companion of men — was inconsistent with the feminine ideal of high and exalted manhood. The man who "sets the table in a roar" is apt to be secretly detested by the sex, to say nothing of the other obvious reasons why Juliets do not like Mercutios!

For some such cause as this Dick Boyle was obliged to amuse himself silently, alone on the back seat, with those liberal powers of observation which nature had given him. On entering the cañon he had noticed the devious route the coach had taken to reach it, and had already invented an improved route which should enter the depression at the point where the Indians had already (unknown to him) plunged into it, and had conceived a road through the tangled brush that would shorten the distance by some miles. He had figured it out, and believed that it "would pay." But by this time they were beginning the somewhat steep and difficult ascent of the cañon on the other side. The vehicle had not crawled many yards before it stopped. Dick Boyle glanced around. Miss Cantire was getting down. She had expressed a wish to walk the rest of the ascent, and the

coach was to wait for her at the top. Foster had effusively begged her to take her own time — "there was no hurry!" Boyle glanced a little longingly after her graceful figure, released from her cramped position on the box, as it flitted youthfully in and out of the wayside trees; he would like to have joined her in the woodland ramble, but even his good nature was not proof against her indifference. At a turn in the road they lost sight of her, and, as the driver and mail agent were deep in a discussion about the indistinct track, Boyle lapsed into his silent study of the country. Suddenly he uttered a slight exclamation, and quietly slipped from the back of the toiling coach to the ground. The action was, however, quickly noted by the driver, who promptly put his foot on the brake and pulled up. "Wot 's up now?" he growled.

Boyle did not reply, but ran back a few steps and began searching eagerly on the ground.

"Lost suthin?" asked Foster.

"Found something," said Boyle, picking up a small object. "Look at that! D——d if it is n't the card I gave that Indian four hours ago at the station!" He held up the card.

"Look yer, sonny," retorted Foster gravely, "ef yer wantin' to get out and hang round Miss Cantire, why don't yer say so at oncet? That story won't wash!"

"Fact!" continued Boyle eagerly. "It 's the same card I stuck in his hat — there 's the greasy mark in the corner. How the devil did it — how did *he* get here?"

"Better ax him," said Foster grimly, "ef he 's anywhere round."

"But I say, Foster, I don't like the look of this at all! Miss Cantire is alone, and" —

But a burst of laughter from Foster and the mail agent interrupted him. "That 's so," said Foster. "That 's your best holt! Keep it up! You jest tell her that! Say thar 's

another Injin skeer on; that that thar bloodthirsty ole 'Fleas in His Blanket' is on the warpath, and you 're goin' to shed the last drop o' your blood defendin' her! That 'll fetch her, and she ain't bin treatin' you well! G'lang!"

The horses started forward under Foster's whip, leaving Boyle standing there, half inclined to join in the laugh against himself, and yet impelled by some strange instinct to take a more serious view of his discovery. There was no doubt it was the same card he had given to the Indian. True, that Indian might have given it to another — yet by what agency had it been brought there faster than the coach traveled on the same road, and yet invisibly to them? For an instant the humorous idea of literally accepting Foster's challenge, and communicating his discovery to Miss Cantire, occurred to him; he could have made a funny story out of it, and could have amused any other girl with it, but he would not force himself upon her, and again doubted if the discovery were a matter of amusement. If it were really serious, why should he alarm her? He resolved, however, to remain on the road, and within convenient distance of her, until she returned to the coach; she could not be far away. With this purpose he walked slowly on, halting occasionally to look behind.

Meantime the coach continued its difficult ascent, a difficulty made greater by the singular nervousness of the horses, that only with great trouble and some objurgation from the driver could be prevented from shying from the regular track.

"Now, wot 's gone o' them critters?" said the irate Foster, straining at the reins until he seemed to lift the leader back into the track again.

"Looks as ef they smelt suthin — b'ar or Injin ponies," suggested the mail agent.

"Injin ponies?" repeated Foster scornfully.

"Fac'! Injin ponies set a hoss crazy — jest as wild hosses would!"

TWO RIFLE SHOTS CRACKED FROM THE THICKET

"Whar 's yer Injin ponies?" demanded Foster incredulously.

"Dunno," said the mail agent simply.

But here the horses again swerved so madly from some point of the thicket beside them that the coach completely left the track on the right. Luckily it was a disused trail and the ground fairly good, and Foster gave them their heads, satisfied of his ability to regain the regular road when necessary. It took some moments for him to recover complete control of the frightened animals, and then their nervousness having abated with their distance from the thicket, and the trail being less steep though more winding than the regular road, he concluded to keep it until he got to the summit, when he would regain the highway once more and await his passengers. Having done this, the two men stood up on the box, and with an anxiety they tried to conceal from each other looked down the cañon for the lagging pedestrians.

"I hope Miss Cantire has n't been stampeded from the track by any skeer like that," said the mail agent dubiously.

"Not she! She 's got too much grit and *sabe* for that, unless that drummer hez caught up with her and unloaded his yarn about that kyard."

They were the last words the men spoke. For two rifle shots cracked from the thicket beside the road; two shots aimed with such deliberateness and precision that the two men, mortally stricken, collapsed where they stood, hanging for a brief moment over the dashboard before they rolled over on the horses' backs. Nor did they remain there long, for the next moment they were seized by half a dozen shadowy figures and with the horses and their cut traces dragged into the thicket. A half dozen and then a dozen other shadows flitted and swarmed over, in, and through the coach, reinforced by still more, until the whole vehicle seemed to be possessed, covered, and hidden by them, swaying and mov-

ing with their weight, like helpless carrion beneath a pack of ravenous wolves. Yet even while this seething congregation was at its greatest, at some unknown signal it as suddenly dispersed, vanished, and disappeared, leaving the coach empty — vacant and void of all that had given it life, weight, animation, and purpose — a mere skeleton on the roadside. The afternoon wind blew through its open doors and ravaged rack and box as if it had been the wreck of weeks instead of minutes, and the level rays of the setting sun flashed and blazed into its windows as though fire had been added to the ruin. But even this presently faded, leaving the abandoned coach a rigid, lifeless spectre on the twilight plain.

An hour later there was the sound of hurrying hoofs and jingling accoutrements, and out of the plain swept a squad of cavalrymen bearing down upon the deserted vehicle. For a few moments they, too, seemed to surround and possess it, even as the other shadows had done, penetrating the woods and thicket beside it. And then as suddenly at some signal they swept forward furiously in the track of the destroying shadows.

Miss Cantire took full advantage of the suggestion "not to hurry" in her walk, with certain feminine ideas of its latitude. She gathered a few wild flowers and some berries in the underwood, inspected some birds' nests with a healthy youthful curiosity, and even took the opportunity of arranging some moist tendrils of her silky hair with something she took from the small reticule that hung coquettishly from her girdle. It was, indeed, some twenty minutes before she emerged into the road again; the vehicle had evidently disappeared in a turn of the long, winding ascent, but just ahead of her was that dreadful man, the "Chicago drummer." She was not vain, but she made no doubt that he was waiting there for her. There was no avoiding him, but his

companionship could be made a brief one. She began to walk with ostentatious swiftness.

Boyle, whose concern for her safety was secretly relieved at this, began to walk forward briskly too without looking around. Miss Cantire was not prepared for this; it looked so ridiculously as if she were chasing him! She hesitated slightly, but now as she was nearly abreast of him she was obliged to keep on.

"I think you do well to hurry, Miss Cantire," he said as she passed. "I've lost sight of the coach for some time, and I dare say they're already waiting for us at the summit."

Miss Cantire did not like this any better. To go on beside this dreadful man, scrambling breathlessly after the stage — for all the world like an absorbed and sentimentally belated pair of picnickers — was really *too* much. "Perhaps if *you* ran on and told them I was coming as fast as I could," she suggested tentatively.

"It would be as much as my life is worth to appear before Foster without you," he said laughingly. "You've only got to hurry on a little faster."

But the young lady resented this being driven by a "drummer." She began to lag, depressing her pretty brows ominously.

"Let me carry your flowers," said Boyle. He had noticed that she was finding some difficulty in holding up her skirt and the nosegay at the same time.

"No! No!" she said in hurried horror at this new suggestion of their companionship. "Thank you very much — but they're really not worth keeping — I am going to throw them away. There!" she added, tossing them impatiently in the dust.

But she had not reckoned on Boyle's perfect good-humor. That gentle idiot stooped down, actually gathered them up again, and was following! She hurried on; if she could only get to the coach first, ignoring him! But a vulgar

man like that would be sure to hand them to her with some joke! Then she lagged again — she was getting tired, and she could see no sign of the coach. The drummer, too, was also lagging behind — at a respectful distance, like a groom or one of her father's troopers. Nevertheless this did not put her in a much better humor, and halting until he came abreast of her, she said impatiently: "I don't see why Mr. Foster should think it necessary to send any one to look after me."

"He did n't," returned Boyle simply. "*I* got down to pick up something."

"To pick up something?" she returned incredulously.

"Yes. *That*." He held out the card. "It 's the card of our firm."

Miss Cantire smiled ironically. "You are certainly devoted to your business."

"Well, yes," returned Boyle good-humoredly. "You see I reckon it don't pay to do anything halfway. And whatever I do, I mean to keep my eyes about me." In spite of her prejudice, Miss Cantire could see that these necessary organs, if rather flippant, were honest. "Yes, I suppose there is n't much on that I don't take in. Why now, Miss Cantire, there 's that fancy dust cloak you 're wearing — it is n't in our line of goods — nor in anybody's line west of Chicago; it came from Boston or New York, and was made for home consumption! But your hat — and mighty prètty it is too, as *you* 've fixed it up — is only regular Dunstable stock, which we could put down at Pine Barrens for four and a half cents a piece, net. Yet I suppose you paid nearly twenty-five cents for it at the Agency!"

Oddly enough this cool appraisement of her costume did not incense the young lady as it ought to have done. On the contrary, for some occult feminine reason, it amused and interested her. It would be such a good story to tell her friends of a "drummer's" idea of gallantry; and to tease

the flirtatious young West Pointer who had just joined. And the appraisement was truthful — Major Cantire had only his pay — and Miss Cantire had been obliged to select that hat from the government stores.

"Are you in the habit of giving this information to ladies you meet in traveling?" she asked.

"Well, no!" answered Boyle — "for that 's just where you have to keep your eyes open. Most of 'em would n't like it, and it 's no use aggravating a possible customer. But you are not that kind."

Miss Cantire was silent. She knew she was not of that kind, but she did not require his vulgar indorsement. She pushed on for some moments alone, when suddenly he hailed her. She turned impatiently. He was carefully examining the road on both sides.

"We have either lost our way," he said, rejoining her, "or the coach has turned off somewhere. These tracks are not fresh, and as they are all going the same way, they were made by the up coach last night. They 're not *our* tracks; I thought it strange we had n't sighted the coach by this time."

"And then" — said Miss Cantire impatiently.

"We must turn back until we find them again."

The young lady frowned. "Why not keep on until we get to the top?" she said pettishly. "I 'm sure *I* shall." She stopped suddenly as she caught sight of his grave face and keen, observant eyes. "Why can't we go on as we are?"

"Because we are expected to come back to the *coach* — and not to the summit merely. These are the 'orders,' and you know you are a soldier's daughter!" He laughed as he spoke, but there was a certain quiet deliberation in his manner that impressed her. When he added, after a pause, "We must go back and find where the tracks turned off," she obeyed without a word.

They walked for some time, eagerly searching for signs of the missing vehicle. A curious interest and a new reliance in Boyle's judgment obliterated her previous annoyance, and made her more natural. She ran ahead of him with youthful eagerness, examining the ground, following a false clue with great animation, and confessing her defeat with a charming laugh. And it was she who, after retracing their steps for ten minutes, found the diverging track with a girlish cry of triumph. Boyle, who had followed her movements quite as interestedly as her discovery, looked a little grave as he noticed the deep indentations made by the struggling horses. Miss Cantire detected the change in his face; ten minutes before she would never have observed it. "I suppose we had better follow the new track," she said inquiringly, as he seemed to hesitate.

"Certainly," he said quickly, as if coming to a prompt decision. "That is safest."

"What do you think has happened? The ground looks very much cut up," she said in a confidential tone, as new to her as her previous observation of him.

"A horse has probably tumbled and they 've taken the old trail as less difficult," said Boyle promptly. In his heart he did not believe it, ye he knew that if anything serious had threatened them the coach would have waited in the road. "It 's an easier trai for us, though I suppose it 's a little longer," 1e added presently.

"You take everything so good-humoredly, Mr. Boyle," she said after a pause.

"It 's the way to do business, Miss Cantire," he said. "A man in my line has to cultivate it."

She wished he had n't said that, but, nevertheless, she returned a little archly: "But you have n't any business with the stage company nor with *me*, although I admit I intend to get my Dunstable hereafter from your firm at the wholesale prices."

Before he could reply, the detonation of two gunshots, softened by distance, floated down from the ridge above them. "There!" said Miss Cantire eagerly. "Do you hear that?"

His face was turned towards the distant ridge, but really that she might not question his eyes. She continued with animation: "That 's from the coach — to guide us — don't you see?"

"Yes," he returned, with a quick laugh, "and it says hurry up — mighty quick — we 're tired waiting — so we 'd better push on."

"Why don't you answer back with your revolver?" she asked.

"Have n't got one," he said.

"Have n't got one?" she repeated in genuine surprise. "I thought you gentlemen who are traveling always carried one. Perhaps it 's inconsistent with your gospel of good-humor."

"That 's just it, Miss Cantire," he said with a laugh. "You 've hit it."

"Why," she said hesitatingly, "even *I* have a derringer — a very little one, you know, which I carry in my reticule. Captain Richards gave it to me." She opened her reticule and showed a pretty ivory-handled pistol. The look of joyful surprise which came into his face changed quickly as she cocked it and lifted it into the air. He seized her arm quickly.

"No, please don't, you might want it — I mean the report won't carry far enough. It 's a very useful little thing, for all that, but it 's only effective at close quarters." He kept the pistol in his hand as they walked on. But Miss Cantire noticed this, also his evident satisfaction when she had at first produced it, and his concern when she was about to discharge it uselessly. She was a clever girl, and a frank one to those she was inclined to trust. And she

began to trust this stranger. A smile stole along her oval cheek.

"I really believe you 're afraid of something, Mr. Boyle," she said, without looking up. "What is it? You have n't got that Indian scare too?"

Boyle had no false shame. "I think I have," he returned, with equal frankness. "You see, I don't understand Indians as well as you — and Foster."

"Well, you take my word and Foster's that there is not the least danger from them. About here they are merely grown-up children, cruel and destructive as most children are; but they know their masters by this time, and the old days of promiscuous scalping are over. The only other childish propensity they keep is thieving. Even then they only steal what they actually want, — horses, guns, and powder. A coach can go where an ammunition or an emigrant wagon can't. So your trunk of samples is quite safe with Foster."

Boyle did not think it necessary to protest. Perhaps he was thinking of something else.

"I've a mind," she went on slyly, "to tell you something more. Confidence for confidence: as you've told me *your* trade secrets, I'll tell you one of *ours*. Before we left Pine Barrens, my father ordered a small escort of cavalrymen to be in readiness to join that coach if the scouts, who were watching, thought it necessary. So, you see, I'm something of a fraud as regards my reputation for courage."

"That does n't follow," said Boyle admiringly, "for your father must have thought there was some danger, or he would n't have taken that precaution."

"Oh, it was n't for me," said the young girl quickly.

"Not for you?" repeated Boyle.

Miss Cantire stopped short, with a pretty flush of color and an adorable laugh. "There! I've done it, so I might

as well tell the whole story. But I can trust you, Mr. Boyle." (She faced him with clear, penetrating eyes.) "Well," she laughed again, "you might have noticed that we had a quantity of baggage of passengers who did n't go? Well, those passengers never intended to go, and had n't any baggage! Do you understand? Those innocent-looking heavy trunks contained carbines and cartridges from our post for Fort Taylor" — she made him a mischievous curtsy — "under *my* charge! And," she added, enjoying his astonishment, "as you saw, I brought them through safe to the station, and had them transferred to this coach with less fuss and trouble than a commissary transport and escort would have made."

"And they were in *this* coach?" repeated Boyle abstractedly.

"Were? They *are!*" said Miss Cantire.

"Then the sooner I get you back to your treasure again the better," said Boyle with a laugh. "Does Foster know it?"

"Of course not! Do you suppose I 'd tell it to anybody but a stranger to the place? Perhaps, like you, I know when and to whom to impart information," she said mischievously.

Whatever was in Boyle's mind he had space for profound and admiring astonishment of the young lady before him. The girlish simplicity and trustfulness of her revelation seemed as inconsistent with his previous impression of her reserve and independence as her girlish reasoning and manner was now delightfully at variance with her tallness, her aquiline nose, and her erect figure. Mr. Boyle, like most short men, was apt to overestimate the qualities of size.

They walked on for some moments in silence. The ascent was comparatively easy but devious, and Boyle could see that this new *détour* would take them still some time

to reach the summit. Miss Cantire at last voiced the thought in his own mind. "I wonder what induced them to turn off here? and if you had n't been so clever as to discover their tracks, how could we have found them? But," she added, with feminine logic, "that, of course, is why they fired those shots."

Boyle remembered, however, that the shots came from another direction, but did not correct her conclusion. Nevertheless he said lightly: "Perhaps even Foster might have had an Indian scare."

"He ought to know 'friendlies' or 'government reservation men' better by this time," said Miss Cantire; "however, there is something in that. Do you know," she added with a laugh, "though I have n't your keen eyes I 'm gifted with a keen scent, and once or twice I 've thought I *smelt* Indians — that peculiar odor of their camps, which is unlike anything else, and which one detects even in their ponies. I used to notice it when I rode one; no amount of grooming could take it away."

"I don't suppose that the intensity or degree of this odor would give you any idea of the hostile or friendly feelings of the Indians towards you?" asked Boyle grimly.

Although the remark was consistent with Boyle's objectionable reputation as a humorist, Miss Cantire deigned to receive it with a smile, at which Boyle, who was a little relieved by their security so far, and their nearness to their journey's end, developed further ingenious trifling until, at the end of an hour, they stood upon the plain again.

There was no sign of the coach, but its fresh track was visible leading along the bank of the ravine towards the intersection of the road they should have come by, and to which the coach had indubitably returned. Mr. Boyle drew a long breath. They were comparatively safe from any invisible attack now. At the end of ten minutes Miss Cantire, from her superior height, detected the top of the

missing vehicle appearing above the stunted bushes at the junction of the highway.

"Would you mind throwing those old flowers away now?" she said, glancing at the spoils which Boyle still carried.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, they 're too ridiculous. Please do."

"May I keep one?" he asked, with the first intonation of masculine weakness in his voice.

"If you like," she said, a little coldly.

Boyle selected a small spray of myrtle and cast the other flowers obediently aside.

"Dear me, how ridiculous!" she said.

"What is ridiculous?" he asked, lifting his eyes to hers with a slight color. But he saw that she was straining her eyes in the distance.

"Why, there don't seem to be any horses to the coach!"

He looked. Through a gap in the furze he could see the vehicle now quite distinctly, standing empty, horseless and alone. He glanced hurriedly around them; on the one side a few rocks protected them from the tangled rim of the ridge; on the other stretched the plain. "Sit down, don't move until I return," he said quickly. "Take that." He handed back her pistol, and ran quickly to the coach. It was no illusion; there it stood vacant, abandoned, its dropped pole and cut traces showing too plainly the fearful haste of its desertion! A light step behind him made him turn. It was Miss Cantire, pink and breathless, carrying the cocked derringer in her hand. "How foolish of you — without a weapon," she gasped in explanation.

Then they both stared at the coach, the empty plain, and at each other! After their tedious ascent, their long *détour*, their protracted expectancy and their eager curiosity, there was such a suggestion of hideous mockery in this vacant, useless vehicle — apparently left to them in what seemed

their utter abandonment — that it instinctively affected them alike. And as I am writing of human nature I am compelled to say that they both burst into a fit of laughter that for the moment stopped all other expression!

"It was so kind of them to leave the coach," said Miss Cantire faintly, as she took her handkerchief from her wet and mirthful eyes. "But what made them run away?"

Boyle did not reply; he was eagerly examining the coach. In that brief hour and a half the dust of the plain had blown thick upon it, and covered any foul stain or blot that might have suggested the awful truth. Even the soft imprint of the Indians' moccasined feet had been trampled out by the later horse hoofs of the cavalrymen. It was these that first attracted Boyle's attention, but he thought them the marks made by the plunging of the released coach horses.

Not so his companion! She was examining them more closely, and suddenly lifted her bright, animated face. "Look!" she said; "our men have been here, and have had a hand in this — whatever it is."

"Our men?" repeated Boyle blankly.

"Yes! — troopers from the post — the escort I told you of. These are the prints of the regulation cavalry horse-shoe — not of Foster's team, nor of Indian ponies, who never have any! Don't you see?" she went on eagerly; "our men have got wind of something and have galloped down here — along the ridge — see!" she went on, pointing to the hoof prints coming from the plain. "They 've anticipated some Indian attack and secured everything."

"But if they were the same escort you spoke of, they must have known you were here, and have" — he was about to say "abandoned you," but checked himself, remembering they were her father's soldiers.

"They knew I could take care of myself, and would n't stand in the way of their duty," said the young girl, anticipating him with quick professional pride that seemed to fit

her aquiline nose and tall figure. "And if they knew that," she added, softening with a mischievous smile, "they also knew, of course, that I was protected by a gallant stranger vouched for by Mr. Foster! No!" she added, with a certain blind, devoted confidence, which Boyle noticed with a slight wince that she had never shown before, "it 's all right! and 'by orders,' Mr. Boyle, and when they 've done their work they 'll be back."

But Boyle's masculine common sense was, perhaps, safer than Miss Cantire's feminine faith and inherited discipline, for in an instant he suddenly comprehended the actual truth! The Indians had been there *first; they* had despoiled the coach and got off safely with their booty and prisoners on the approach of the escort, who were now naturally pursuing them with a fury aroused by the belief that their commander's daughter was one of their prisoners. This conviction was a dreadful one, yet a relief as far as the young girl was concerned. But should he tell her? No! Better that she should keep her calm faith in the triumphant promptness of the soldiers — and their speedy return.

"I dare say you are right," he said cheerfully, "and let us be thankful that in the empty coach you 'll have at least a half-civilized shelter until they return. Meantime I 'll go and reconnoitre a little."

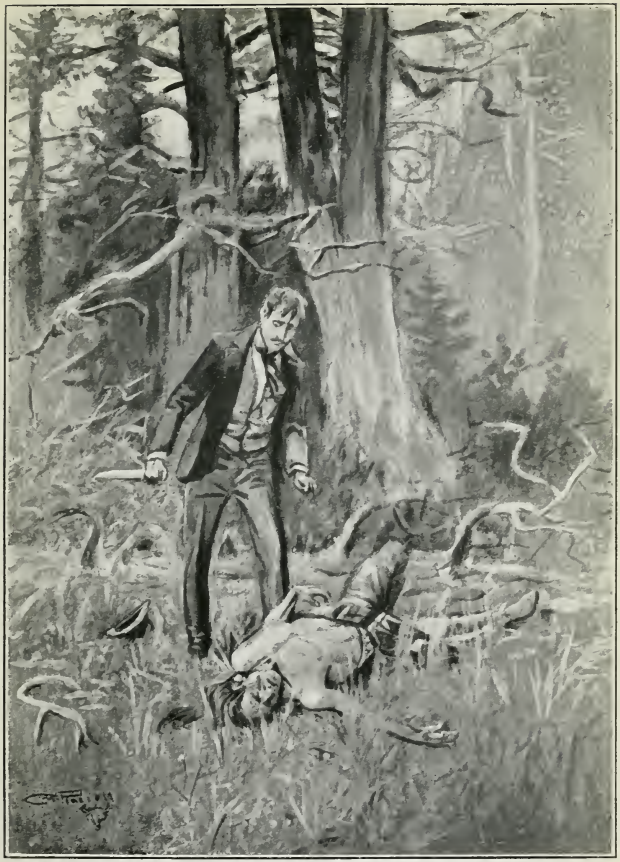
"I will go with you," she said.

But Boyle pointed out to her so strongly the necessity of her remaining to wait for the return of the soldiers that, being also fagged out by her long climb, she obediently consented, while he, even with his inspiration of the truth, did not believe in the return of the despoilers, and knew she would be safe.

He made his way to the nearest thicket, where he rightly believed the ambush had been prepared, and to which undoubtedly they first retreated with their booty. He expected to find some signs or traces of their spoil which in their haste

they had to abandon. He was more successful than he anticipated. A few steps into the thicket brought him full upon a realization of more than his worst convictions — the dead body of Foster! Near it lay the body of the mail agent. Both had been evidently dragged into the thicket from where they fell, scalped and half stripped. There was no evidence of any later struggle; they must have been dead when they were brought there.

Boyle was neither a hard-hearted nor an unduly sensitive man. His vocation had brought him peril enough by land and water; he had often rendered valuable assistance to others, his sympathy never confusing his directness and common sense. He was sorry for these two men, and would have fought to save them. But he had no imaginative ideas of death. And his keen perception of the truth was consequently sensitively alive only to that grotesqueness of aspect which too often the hapless victims of violence are apt to assume. He saw no agony in the vacant eyes of the two men lying on their backs in apparently the complacent abandonment of drunkenness, which was further simulated by their tumbled and disordered hair matted by coagulated blood, which, however, had lost its sanguine color. He thought only of the unsuspecting girl sitting in the lonely coach, and hurriedly dragged them further into the bushes. In doing this he discovered a loaded revolver and a flask of spirits which had been lying under them, and promptly secured them. A few paces away lay the coveted trunks of arms and ammunition, their lids wrenched off and their contents gone. He noticed with a grim smile that his own trunks of samples had shared a like fate, but was delighted to find that while the brighter trifles had attracted the Indians' childish cupidity they had overlooked a heavy black merino shawl of a cheap but serviceable quality. It would help to protect Miss Cantire from the evening wind, which was already rising over the chill and stark plain. It also



THE SHOCK HAD BROKEN THE INDIAN'S NECK

occurred to him that she would need water after her parched journey, and he resolved to look for a spring, being rewarded at last by a trickling rill near the ambush camp. But he had no utensil except the spirit flask, which he finally emptied of its contents and replaced with the pure water — a heroic sacrifice to a traveler who knew the comfort of a stimulant. He retraced his steps, and was just emerging from the thicket when his quick eye caught sight of a moving shadow before him close to the ground, which set the hot blood coursing through his veins.

It was the figure of an Indian crawling on his hands and knees towards the coach, scarcely forty yards away. For the first time that afternoon Boyle's calm good-humor was overswept by a blind and furious rage. Yet even then he was sane enough to remember that a pistol shot would alarm the girl, and to keep that weapon as a last resource. For an instant he crept forward as silently and stealthily as the savage, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped upon him, driving his head and shoulders down against the rocks before he could utter a cry, and sending the scalping knife he was carrying between his teeth flying with the shock from his battered jaw. Boyle seized it — his knee still in the man's back — but the prostrate body never moved beyond a slight contraction of the lower limbs. The shock had broken the Indian's neck. He turned the inert man on his back — the head hung loosely on the side. But in that brief instant Boyle had recognized the "friendly" Indian of the station to whom he had given the card.

He rose dizzily to his feet. The whole action had passed in a few seconds of time, and had not even been noticed by the sole occupant of the coach. He mechanically cocked his revolver, but the man beneath him never moved again. Neither was there any sign of flight or reinforcement from the thicket around him. Again the whole truth flashed upon him. This spy and traitor had been left behind by the

marauders to return to the station and avert suspicion; he had been lurking around, but being without firearms, had not dared to attack the pair together.

It was a moment or two before Boyle regained his usual elastic good-humor. Then he coolly returned to the spring, "washed himself of the Indian," as he grimly expressed it to himself, brushed his clothes, picked up the shawl and flask, and returned to the coach. It was getting dark now, but the glow of the western sky shone unimpeded through the windows, and the silence gave him a great fear. He was relieved, however, on opening the door, to find Miss Cantire sitting stiffly in a corner. "I am sorry I was so long," he said, apologetically to her attitude, "but" —

"I suppose you took your own time," she interrupted in a voice of injured tolerance. "I don't blame you; anything's better than being cooped up in this tiresome stage for goodness knows how long!"

"I was hunting for water," he said humbly, "and have brought you some." He handed her the flask.

"And I see you have had a wash," she said a little enviously. "How spick and span you look! But what's the matter with your necktie?"

He put his hand to his neck hurriedly. His necktie was loose, and had twisted to one side in the struggle. He colored quite as much from the sensitiveness of a studiously neat man as from the fear of discovery. "And what's that?" she added, pointing to the shawl.

"One of my samples that I suppose was turned out of the coach and forgotten in the transfer," he said glibly. "I thought it might keep you warm."

She looked at it dubiously and laid it gingerly aside. "You don't mean to say you go about with such things *openly?*" she said querulously.

"Yes, one must n't lose a chance of trade, you know," he resumed with a smile.

"And you haven't found this journey very profitable," she said dryly. "You certainly are devoted to your business!" After a pause, discontentedly: "It's quite night already — we can't sit here in the dark."

"We can take one of the coach lamps inside; they're still there. I've been thinking the matter over, and I reckon if we leave one lighted outside the coach it may guide your friends back." He *had* considered it, and believed that the audacity of the act, coupled with the knowledge the Indians must have of the presence of the soldiers in the vicinity, would deter rather than invite their approach.

She brightened considerably with the coach lamp which he lit and brought inside. By its light she watched him curiously. His face was slightly flushed and his eyes very bright and keen looking. Man killing, except with old professional hands, has the disadvantage of affecting the circulation.

But Miss Cantire had noticed that the flask smelt of whiskey. The poor man had probably fortified himself from the fatigues of the day.

"I suppose you are getting bored by this delay," she said tentatively.

"Not at all," he replied. "Would you like to play cards? I've got a pack in my pocket. We can use the middle seat as a table, and hang the lantern by the window strap."

She assented languidly from the back seat; he was on the front seat, with the middle seat for a table between them. First Mr. Boyle showed her some tricks with the cards and kindled her momentary and flashing interest in a mysteriously evoked but evanescent knave. Then they played euchre, at which Miss Cantire cheated adorably, and Mr. Boyle lost game after game shamelessly. Then once or twice Miss Cantire was fain to put her cards to her mouth

to conceal an apologetic yawn, and her blue-veined eyelids grew heavy. Whereupon Mr. Boyle suggested that she should make herself comfortable in the corner of the coach with as many cushions as she liked and the despised shawl, while he took the night air in a prowl around the coach and a lookout for the returning party. Doing so, he was delighted, after a turn or two, to find her asleep, and so returned contentedly to his sentry round.

He was some distance from the coach when a low moaning sound in the thicket presently increased until it rose and fell in a prolonged howl that was repeated from the darkened plains beyond. He recognized the voice of wolves; he instinctively felt the sickening cause of it. They had scented the dead bodies, and he now regretted that he had left his own victim so near the coach. He was hastening thither when a cry, this time human and more terrifying, came from the coach. He turned towards it as its door flew open and Miss Cantire came rushing toward him. Her face was colorless, her eyes wild with fear, and her tall, slim figure trembled convulsively as she frantically caught at the lapels of his coat, as if to hide herself within its folds, and gasped breathlessly, —

"What is it? Oh! Mr. Boyle, save me!"

"They are wolves," he said hurriedly. "But there is no danger; they would never attack you; you were safe where you were; let me lead you back."

But she remained rooted to the spot, still clinging desperately to his coat. "No, no!" she said, "I dare not! I heard that awful cry in my sleep. I looked out and saw it — a dreadful creature with yellow eyes and tongue, and a sickening breath as it passed between the wheels just below me. Ah! What 's that?" and she again lapsed in nervous terror against him.

Boyle passed his arm around her promptly, firmly, masterfully. She seemed to feel the implied protection, and

yielded to it gratefully, with the further breakdown of a sob. "There is no danger," he repeated cheerfully. "Wolves are not good to look at, I know, but they would n't have attacked you. The beast only scents some carrion on the plain, and you probably frightened him more than he did you. Lean on me," he continued as her step tottered; "you will be better in the coach."

"And you won't leave me alone again?" she said in hesitating terror.

"No!"

He supported her to the coach gravely, gently — her master and still more his own — for all that her beautiful loosened hair was against his cheek and shoulder, its perfume in his nostrils, and the contour of her lithe and perfect figure against his own. He helped her back into the coach, with the aid of the cushions and shawl arranged a reclining couch for her on the back seat, and then resumed his old place patiently. By degrees the color came back to her face — as much of it as was not hidden by her handkerchief.

Then a tremulous voice behind it began a half-smothered apology. "I am *so* ashamed, Mr. Boyle — I really could not help it! But it was so sudden — and so horrible — I should n't have been afraid of it had it been really an Indian with a scalping knife — instead of that beast! I don't know why I did it — but I was alone — and seemed to be dead — and you were dead too — and they were coming to eat me! They do, you know — you said so just now! Perhaps I was dreaming. I don't know what you must think of me — I had no idea I was such a coward!"

But Boyle protested indignantly. He was sure if *he* had been asleep and had not known what wolves were before, he would have been equally frightened. She must try to go to sleep again — he was sure she could — and he would not stir from the coach until she waked, or her friends came.

She grew quieter presently, and took away the handkerchief from a mouth that smiled though it still quivered; then reaction began, and her tired nerves brought her languor and finally repose. Boyle watched the shadows thicken around her long lashes until they lay softly on the faint flush that sleep was bringing to her cheek; her delicate lips parted, and her quick breath at last came with the regularity of slumber.

So she slept, and he, sitting silently opposite her, dreamed — the old dream that comes to most good men and true once in their lives. He scarcely moved until the dawn lightened with opal the dreary plain, bringing back the horizon and day, when he woke from his dream with a sigh, and then a laugh. Then he listened for the sound of distant hoofs, and hearing them, crept noiselessly from the coach. A compact body of horsemen were bearing down upon it. He rose quickly to meet them, and throwing up his hand, brought them to a halt at some distance from the coach. They spread out, resolving themselves into a dozen troopers and a smart young cadet-like officer.

"If you are seeking Miss Cantire," he said in a quiet, businesslike tone, "she is quite safe in the coach and asleep. She knows nothing yet of what has happened, and believes it is you who have taken everything away for security against an Indian attack. She has had a pretty rough night — what with her fatigue and her alarm at the wolves — and I thought it best to keep the truth from her as long as possible, and I would advise you to break it to her gently." He then briefly told the story of their experiences, omitting only his own personal encounter with the Indian. A new pride, which was perhaps the result of his vigil, prevented him.

The young officer glanced at him with as much courtesy as might be afforded to a civilian intruding upon active military operations. "I am sure Major Cantire will be

greatly obliged to you when he knows it," he said politely, "and as we intend to harness up and take the coach back to Sage Wood Station immediately, you will have an opportunity of telling him."

"I am not going back by the coach to Sage Wood," said Boyle quietly. "I have already lost twelve hours of my time — as well as my trunk — on this picnic, and I reckon the least Major Cantire can do is to let me take one of your horses to the next station in time to catch the down coach. I can do it, if I set out at once."

Boyle heard his name, with the familiar prefix of "Dicky," given to the officer by a commissary sergeant, whom he recognized as having met at the Agency, and the words "Chicago drummer" added, while a perceptible smile went throughout the group. "Very well, sir," said the officer, with a familiarity a shade less respectful than his previous formal manner. "You can take the horse, as I believe the Indians have already made free with your samples. Give him a mount, sergeant."

The two men walked towards the coach. Boyle lingered a moment at the window to show him the figure of Miss Cantire still peacefully slumbering among her pile of cushions, and then turned quietly away. A moment later he was galloping on one of the troopers' horses across the empty plain.

Miss Cantire awoke presently to the sound of a familiar voice and the sight of figures that she knew. But the young officer's first words of explanation — a guarded account of the pursuit of the Indians and the recapture of the arms, suppressing the killing of Foster and the mail agent — brought a change to her brightened face and a wrinkle to her pretty brow.

"But Mr. Boyle said nothing of this to me," she said, sitting up. "Where is he?"

"Already on his way to the next station on one of our horses! Wanted to catch the down stage and get a new box of samples, I fancy, as the braves had rigged themselves out with his laces and ribbons. Said he 'd lost time enough on this picnic," returned the young officer, with a laugh. "Smart business chap; but I hope he did n't bore you?"

Miss Cantire felt her cheek flush, and bit her lip. "I found him most kind and considerate, Mr. Ashford," she said coldly. "He may have thought the escort could have joined the coach a little earlier, and saved all this; but he was too much of a gentleman to say anything about it to *me*," she added dryly, with a slight elevation of her aquiline nose.

Nevertheless Boyle's last words stung her deeply. To hurry off, too, without saying "good-by," or even asking how she slept! No doubt he *had* lost time, and was tired of her company, and thought more of his precious samples than of her! After all, it was like him to rush off for an order!

She was half inclined to call the young officer back and tell him how Boyle had criticised her costume on the road. But Mr. Ashford was at that time entirely preoccupied with his men around a ledge of rock and bushes some yards from the coach, yet not so far away but that she could hear what they said. "I 'll swear there was no dead Injin here when we came yesterday! We searched the whole place — by daylight, too — for any sign. The Injin was killed in his tracks by some one last night. It 's like Dick Boyle, lieutenant, to have done it, and like him to have said nothin' to frighten the young lady. He knows when to keep his mouth shut — and when to open it."

Miss Cantire sank back in her corner as the officer turned and approached the coach. The incident of the past night flashed back upon her — Mr. Boyle's long absence, his flushed face, twisted necktie, and enforced cheerfulness. She

was shocked, amazed, discomfited — and admiring! And this hero had been sitting opposite to her, silent all the rest of the night!

"Did Mr. Boyle say anything of an Indian attack last night?" asked Ashford. "Did you hear anything?"

"Only the wolves howling," said Miss Cantire. "Mr. Boyle was away twice." She was strangely reticent — in complimentary imitation of her missing hero.

"There's a dead Indian here who has been killed," began Ashford.

"Oh, please don't say anything more, Mr. Ashford," interrupted the young lady, "but let us get away from this horrid place at once. Do get the horses in. I can't stand it."

But the horses were already harnessed and mounted, postilion-wise, by the troopers. The vehicle was ready to start when Miss Cantire called "Stop!"

When Ashford presented himself at the door, the young lady was upon her hands and knees, searching the bottom of the coach. "Oh, dear! I've lost something. I must have dropped it on the road," she said breathlessly, with pink cheeks. "You must positively wait and let me go back and find it. I won't be long. You know there's 'no hurry.'"

Mr. Ashford stared as Miss Cantire skipped like a schoolgirl from the coach and ran down the trail by which she and Boyle had approached the coach the night before. She had not gone far before she came upon the withered flowers he had thrown away at her command. "It must be about here," she murmured. Suddenly she uttered a cry of delight, and picked up the business card that Boyle had shown her. Then she looked furtively around her, and, selecting a sprig of myrtle among the cast-off flowers, concealed it in her mantle and ran back, glowing, to the coach. "Thank you! All right, I've found it," she called to Ashford, with a dazzling smile, and leaped inside.

The coach drove on, and Miss Cantire, alone in its recesses, drew the myrtle from her mantle and folding it carefully in her handkerchief, placed it in her reticule. Then she drew out the card, read its dryly practical information over and over again, examined the soiled edges, brushed them daintily, and held it for a moment, with eyes that saw not, motionless in her hand. Then she raised it slowly to her lips, rolled it into a spiral, and, loosening a hook and eye, thrust it gently into her bosom.

And Dick Boyle, galloping away to the distant station, did not know that the first step towards a realization of his foolish dream had been taken!

APPENDIX

GLOSSARY OF FAR-WESTERN TERMS

PREFATORY NOTE

SINCE the first publication of these stories, so many of the idiomatic expressions originating in the West, Southwest, and California Coast of America have become current, and in some cases incorporated in the dictionaries, that a glossary of those comprised in the present volumes may seem gratuitous and impertinent. Nevertheless, the compiler has selected a few of the more local and characteristic, and has endeavored to give in addition to their generally accepted meaning, some account of their derivation. For many of these phrases, although generally accepted in their original meaning have, in the course of years, become so abridged and condensed as no longer to convey by their mere terms any comprehensive idea or awaken any consecutive thought. That tremendously emphatic Westernism, "You bet!" may be offered as an instance. To a foreigner it conveys nothing, although as it first caught the public fancy in its original form, "You can bet your life on it,' it was capable of translation. "You get!" is another instance of this abbreviation. It stood originally as "You get out of this!" — but the abbreviated form is unintelligible without this recollection. The well-known idyl of the stranger who, awakening one night at a California hotel, saw a burglar entering his window, is a case in point. "You get!" he said, leveling his revolver at the intruder. "You bet," was the prompt rejoinder of the

burglar as he disappeared. Yet these four purely legitimate English words, each intelligible in themselves, are not comprehensible to the average English reader without the omitted portion of the sentence. The well-known Californian imperative to silence, "Dry up," was finally reduced to "Dry," and became meaningless. A more modern instance of this condensation may be seen in the saying, "It will be a cold day in June when I do so and so;" i. e. an improbable contingency. Yet this is now abbreviated to unintelligibility, as "It will be a cold day when I do so and so." It is important that the derivation should endeavor to be accurate rather than ingenious. The compiler found in an English glossary of the present volumes the grave explanation that the phrase, "handing in one's checks," referred to the change from the checked shirt of the frontier to the white shirt of civilization when the stranger came home. Contrast this with the original in the gambler's grim illustration of Death's last reckoning, and the balancing of accounts at the end of the life-long game! The saying, "to take the cake," which had its origin in the well-known prize "walk" of the negro waiter, at the American watering-place hotel, has become popular in England, but is now known under its delightful English paraphrase of "taking the Huntley and Palmer," the celebrated English cake and biscuit manufacturers. One can imagine the future philologist hopelessly involved in this new obscurity, and can easily conceive that the eventual doom of all slang may be that it shall become too recondite rather than too vulgar. Most of the words or phrases given below are not so remote in origin but that their derivations can be arrived at with some degree of accuracy.

GLOSSARY

Adobe (Span.). 1. Bricks made of earth and horsehair or straw, used without mortar. 2. The rich, unctuous loam used for this purpose, but of great fertile quality.

Ayuntiamento (Span.). Provincial legislative assembly.

Arroyo (Span.). "Rivulet," but generally used to express a *dry* watercourse between rocky banks.

Alcalde (Span.). Justice of the Peace. After the American occupation of California, the first Justices of the Peace were called *Alcaldes*.

Agua bendita (Span.). Holy water.

Aguinaldo (Span.). New year or Christmas gift.

Alameda (Span.). Grove or alley of poplar trees.

Almorjal. Marshy ground where cattle graze.

Buckeye. A smaller variety of the horse chestnut, "Æsculus glabra."

Bower (right). The knave of trumps in "euchre;" the best card.

Bower (left). The knave of the same color as trumps and the second best card.

Bunk. A wooden berth or bed built against the inner wall of a cabin.

Blaze. Notch in the bark of a tree, used as a guide post. "To blaze" a tree, *i. e.* to notch trees to indicate a way or passage through a forest.

Bluff. To lay odds on a worthless hand at cards — to deceive by ostentation or bluster.

Blue grass. The region of Blue Grass meadow in Kentucky, famous for grazing; hence "a Blue Grass horse."

Buck. 1. "Bucking," or "buck jumping," the peculiar leap of the half broken *mustang* of Texas and California intended to dislodge the rider. It is a jump made with a felinely arched back and a finishing jolt with rigid legs on alighting. 2. "To buck against faro," "to buck against the tiger" (*i. e. monte*) to hopelessly take risks in gambling games.

Borrachon. Drunkard.

Bits (two). Twenty-five cents. A "bit" was originally the name given to the Spanish shilling.

Broncho (Span.). The native horse of California and the plains.

Canyon or **Cañon** (Span.). "A tunnel," a ravine, or precipitous valley between high rocks, with or without a watercourse.

Chips. Counters or "checks" used to represent money in gambling.

Cache (Fr.). A cavity used or made by traders and hunters to receive provisions and stores they wish to conceal.

Camarero (Span.). The chamberlain. The head servant in great houses.

Cañada. A Spanish diminutive of Cañon. *See* Cañon.

Caramba (Span.). A familiar Spanish oath.

Cavorting. To prance; to move about rapidly.

Chaparral (Span.). *Chaparro:* evergreen oak tree, but used to describe any dense thicket of low bushes.

Checks. Counters. "To pass in one's checks," *i. e.* to go to one's final account.

Chimisal. A local name in California, Texas, and Mexico for the grease wood. From the Spanish *chamiza:* wild reed or cane.

Chipper. Active, merry, brisk, lively.

Corral (Span.). A stockaded inclosure for cattle or horses.

Corregidor. Spanish magistrate, mayor of a town.

Coyote (Span.). The prairie wolf. The California variety is somewhat smaller in size.

Cuarto (Span.). Room, apartment.

Cuervos (Span.). Ravens.

Dandy-nigger. Something superior, or first class.

Dead beat. To sponge; to live upon others.

Diggers. California Indians who dig for roots as food. A name of contempt.

Disparatado (Span.). Inconsistent; extravagant; foolish.

Divide. Portion of ridge which separates one ravine from another, sending the waters from the slopes in different directions.

Dod blasted; **Dog goned**. Euphemisms veiling much stronger oaths.

"**Dry up**." To "shut up," *i. e.* cease talking. Allusion is made elsewhere to the local significance of this expression

for evaporated fluency in a country of six months' drought and dried-up rivers.

Dust — Dusted. To run away. "He got up and dusted."

Eminal (Span.). Wood of evergreen oak.

Encinal (Span.). Wood of evergreen oak.

Erpadachio (Span.). A bully; a braggart.

Espadachio (Span.). A bully; a braggart.

Falda (Span.). That part of a hill or mountain that slopes or breaks into the plain.

Flamdoodle. Nonsensical vain boasting, *i. e.* "flapdoodle."

Flapjack. A griddle-cooked pancake.

Flume. A narrow passage confining water for turning a mill-wheel, or more frequently an aqueduct of wood, conveying water to sluice boxes.

Fonda (Span.). Hotel; inn; lodging-house.

Galoot. A grotesque or humorous equivalent for "man" or "person," *i. e.* "chap."

Git! You git! *i. e.* "Go!" An abbreviated imperative of "Get out."

Gopher. Generic name for mining or burrowing animals. Applied to a species of mole in California, and in the South to a land turtle.

Greaser. Name given to the lower class of Mexicans. It originated during the Mexican war.

Great Scott! A mild form of oath where the name of a famous American general is substituted for the Deity.

Ground sluicing. The process common among miners of washing down the sides of banks by jets of water.

Gulch. A ravine. *Gulch mining:* mining in gulches. A gulch is smaller than a cañon.

Hacienda (Span.). Farm, estate.

Hasta mañana (Span.). Till to-morrow.

"Head." To "*put* a head" on any one, indicated the *process of*, by the damaging results of a fisticuff fight on the face and head.

"Heeled." "Armed." Possibly from the fact that the revolver usually hung from the belt behind.

Indian giver; Injin giver. An expression applied to those who expect a valuable return for their gifts, or who take them back.

Jay bird. The blue "jay" — a synonym for a dandy.

Jumper. The party who ejects and succeeds the squatter "in

possession" or occupancy, but equally without *title* to the land.

Lambaste. To beat.

Lariat; Riata. A twisted or braided rawhide or horsehair rope, used for catching or tethering cattle and horses.

Llano (Span.). Level; plain; smooth.

Lick (First). First chance; first choice.

Lo que es el mundo (Span.). Literally, "What is the world!" Equivalent to "the way the world goes."

"Lo." The first word of Pope's famous apostrophe, "Lo, the poor Indian," humorously used in the far West as a distinguishing title for the aborigine.

Madroño (Span.). Strawberry tree — *Arbutus unedo* — the most picturesque of California sylva; fruit of the strawberry tree.

Majordomo. Steward, superintendent.

Mañano per la mañana. To-morrow morning.

Manzanillo and **Manzanilla**, diminutives of *manzano*, an apple-tree. A shrub or bush (*Arctostaphylos*) bearing red and yellow berries like crab apples.

Mariposa (Span.). Butterfly; also the name for a flower whose petals have the iris of a butterfly's wing.

Mestiza (Span.). The offspring of a white man and an Indian woman.

Muchacha (Span.). Girl, lass.

Muchacho (Span.). Boy, lad.

Mustang (Span.). Horse of Spanish and Indian breed.

Nary. The great Western negative for "not any."

Nigger luck. Inconsequent good luck; the luck of ignorance or incapacity, as opposed to skill and judgment. A popular belief in the mines regarding "strikes," or the discovery of "leads" and "pockets," by "greenhorns" or strangers.

Ornery. Corruption of "ordinary," with a spice of contempt.

Osos (Span.). Bears.

Outcrop. The upheaval of strata above the surface, indicating the quality of mineral below.

Pay dirt; Pay gravel. A miner's term, signifying earth which it "pays" to work.

Pasear (Span.). Walk; promenade.

Patio (Span.). Inner courtyard.

Peart. Corruption of "pert."

Peon (Span.). Laborer, servant, workingman.

Pesos (Span.). Spanish coin; dollar; piaster; piece of eight.

Peter out (to). To exhaust or be exhausted; generally to diminish feebly in quantity.

Pocket. A deposit where, in mining for gold, a quantity of the metal is found accumulated. It is isolated, and distinct from a "vein" or "lead."

Pike. A Californian name given particularly and originally to emigrants from Pike County, Missouri; a cant term for a very rustic Southwestern or Western farmer.

Pile. A gambler's term for a good round sum, but most generally the sum total, as "he went his whole pile."

Placer (Span.) **digging.** Locality where gold is found mixed with surface earth.

Plug. A horse.

Poco mas o menos (Span.). More or less.

Poco tiempo (Span.). "One moment! Wait a bit."

Posada. House; dwellingplace.

Posse (Latin). A company; a party.

Presidio (Span.). A garrisoned place or fort.

Pueblo (Span.). A village; a township.

Purp stuff. Food for a puppy, or "purp"; feeble nonsense; idle or silly talk.

Quien sabe (Span.). Who knows?

Ranchero. Farmer; cattle raiser.

Rancho (Span.). A cattle station or farm.

Riffle. Corruption of "ripple," *i. e.* to "make the riffle," to get into the channel and secure soundings; a term used on the Mississippi.

S; The Four S's — Sano, Solo, Soliesto y Seguto. Given in praise; "wholesome, single, sympathetic, and discreet."

Sabe (Span.). From *saber*, "to know." Also, to have knowledge or experience, as "he has a good deal of *sabe*." Oddly enough, the negative form, "no sabe," was used entirely by the *Chinese*, as "no shabbee," to express a want of comprehension or understanding of the speaker.

Sembi cuaca (Span.). A Spanish dance, of Moorish origin.

Serape (Span.). A Mexican blanket worn by men.

Shucks. Outer shell of various food stuffs, Indian corn, etc. "Not worth shucks" denotes worthlessness.

Shyster. Low-class criminal lawyers hanging about the law courts.

Skyugle. To steal; to convey by stealth.

Slouch (No). To be "no slouch;" one deserving of praise for ability, cleverness, and energy. Always used in the negative.

Sluice or Sluice-box. A trough used by miners in washing earth to find gold.

Slumgullion. The thick viscid refuse of the sluice-boxes, generally of highly colored red ferruginous clay and water; mud.

Snake-root. Indian remedy for snake bites.

Snoop (to). To put in an appearance by stealth.

So long. Good-by. Origin unknown.

Tailings. The refuse gravel and stones thrown out of a sluice-box after the gold has been precipitated.

Temblor (Span.). Earthquake.

Tienda (Span.). A shop; a store.

Tortillas (Span.). A pancake; an omelet; sometimes any crisp cake.

Tules. Mexican names for reed-like grasses spreading over large marshy districts in the Southwestern States.

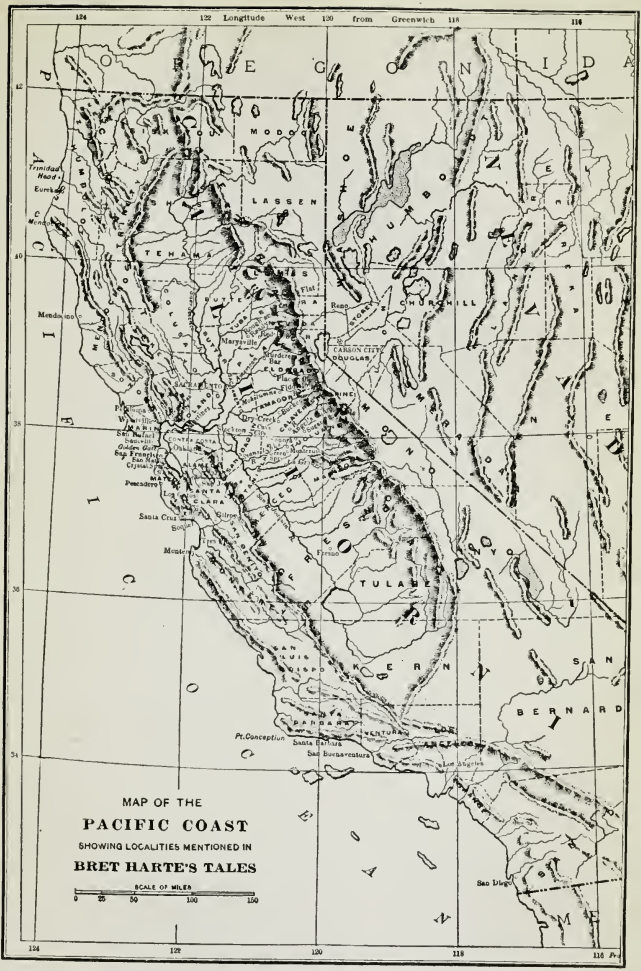
Va Usted con Dios (Span.). The usual Spanish salutation: "Go with God."

Vamose. Derived from the Spanish *vamos*, and colloquially "to go;" "Vamose the ranch," to leave the house.

Vaquero (Span.). A cowboy; a herdsman.

Vientos genesules (Span.). Trade winds. The prevailing winds of California are the summer "northwest trades" and the winter "southwest trades."

Yerba buena (Span.). "Good herb." *Micromeria Douglassii.* A species of *Mentha*, valuable as a *tisane* or fermentation. The original name of San Francisco, still retained by an island in the harbor.


Longitude West from Greenwich
124
122
120
118
116
42
40
38
36
34
OREGON
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MODOC
LASSEN
TEHAMA
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Flat
Reno
CHURCHILL
Marysville
Bar
CARSON CITY
DOUGLAS
Mendocino
Trinidad Head
Eureka
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Pt. Bonita
Willits
MARIN
San Rafael
Sausalito
Golden Gate
San Francisco
Oakland
Crystal
Pescadero
Santa Cruz
Gilroy
Monterey
Fresno
TULARE
KERN
SAN BERNARD
Pt. Conception
Santa Barbara
San Buenaventura
Los Angeles
San Diego
PACIFIC OCEAN
MAP OF THE
PACIFIC COAST
SHOWING LOCALITIES MENTIONED IN
BRET HARTE'S TALES
SCALE OF MILES
0
25
50
100
150

AN INDEX TO CHARACTERS

IN THE

STORIES AND ROMANCES OF BRET HARTE

Abner. See Blossom ; Dean ; Ingomar ; Mulrady ; Nott.

Addy. A schoolgirl at the Crammer Institute for Young Ladies. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Adèle. See L'Hommadieu.

Adlerkreutz, General. Commanding at Schlachtstadt. A grim but gentle veteran. *Unser Karl.*

Admiralty, The First Lord of the. An uncle of John Gale, much troubled by models of battle-ships, that will capsize in his bath-tub. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Ah Fe. Tretherick's Chinese servant. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Ah Fe. Gabriel Conroy's Chinese servant. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Ah Fe. Montagu Trixit's Chinese servant. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Ailsa. See Callender.

Aladdin. See Prince, James.

Alexander. See McGee.

Algernon, Lord. The son of Lord Beverdale, a handsome, good-natured young man, for a time regarded by Miss Desborough as a possible husband. *The Desborough Connections.*

Alice. See Brant ; Peyton ; Riggs ; Rightbody ; Sedilia.

Alkali Dick. See Fountains.

Allan. See Brewster.

Allen, Reuben. A successful but unsophisticated miner, who, visiting San Francisco, becomes infatuated with the notorious Madame le Blanc. A sufferer from heart disease, he is yet able to overcome her "bully," O'Ryan, and his devotion to that "high-toned lady," as he regards her, excites considerable com-

ment. When a prominent citizen is assassinated in her gambling rooms, and she is arrested, and at the inquest all her unsavory record is revealed, Allen, called as a witness, is found to be dead in his chair. *How Reuben Allen "saw Life" in San Francisco.*

Altascar, Fernando Jesus Maria. A native Californian, with all the gravity and courtesy of his race. By a decision of the courts, a large part of his rancho is added to that of Joseph Tryan. He preserves his gentlemanly bearing towards George Tryan and the surveyor, but his passion breaks out against the elder Tryan, and he curses the land he is giving up. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Altascar, Pepita. Daughter of Don Fernando. She loves and is loved by George Tryan. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Alvarado, Don Cæsar. A haughty young aristocrat, who wastes years of devotion upon Mamie Mulrady, and subsequently attempts to prove Slinn's claim to her father's property. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Alvarado, Doña Carmen. A relative of Don José Sepulvida, with a tender interest in his welfare. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Alvarado, Doña Inez. A relative of Don José Sepulvida, and peculiarly solicitous for his welfare. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Alvarado, Don Ramon. A Spanish-American of illustrious family, and the pastoral owner of the land which became the townships of Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Alvin. See MULRADY.

Amador, Doña Maria. The mother of Doña Felipa Peralte; a Spanish gentlewoman. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Amador, Don Pedro. A wealthy Californian grandee; uncle to Enriquez Saltello. A festa takes place in the patio of Don Pedro's casa, and, under its friendly cover, the elopement is possible. *The Devotion of Enriquez.*

Amelyn, Miss. A connection of Lord Beverdale, and a guest at Scrooby Priory. A high-bred, conscientious, and sensible girl. *The Desborough Connections.*

Amethyst, Mr. A fashionable jeweler, who sells pearls by the shovelful. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Amita. See SALTONSTALL.

Andreas. A groom employed in the Saltonstall stables. *Maruja*

Annie The former sweetheart of Cyrus Hawkins ; he has loved her through many years of absence, and he builds a fine house for her on his claim, but learns at last that she has married another man. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Annie. See HAYS.

Antonio. The vaquero attached to the stable of the Mission of San Carmel. In his care the padre places Francisco, with letters for the Father Superior at San José. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Appleby, Cecilia Jane. An unsophisticated young country girl, with a "gift for singing" and a passion for sunlight and warmth. She is impressed with the strength and reserve of the exhorter James Seabright, who saves her from the designs of Elisha Braggs, her singing-teacher. *An Episode of West Woodlands.*

Aramis. One of the musketeers. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen (Condensed Novels).*

Argalls, Mrs. See HOWARD, KATE.

Arguello, Juan de. A lover of Kate Howard, and the father of Yerba. His subsequent marriage to her mother legalizes the girl's pretensions to his name. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Arguello de la Yerba Buena, Miss. See YERBA BUENA.

Aristides. See MORPHER.

Armiger, Lady Griselda. A visitor at Oldenhurst. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Arnot, Miss Nelly. A San Francisco schoolteacher and a very pretty girl, with frank gray eyes and slightly freckled cheeks, who visits Five Forks and entertains a sentimental regard for Hawkins. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Arthur. See POINSETT and WAYNE.

Ashbrook, Lady. A friend of Sibyl Eversleigh. *Trent's Trust.*

Ashe, John. A tall, dark, handsome Kentuckian, whose family pride compels him to break his engagement with Jinny M'Closky, on learning the story of her birth. *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

Ashe, Miss Lucy. Sister of John. "A flashing brunette and terrible heart-breaker." *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

Ashford, Lieutenant. The young officer in command of the troopers who pursue the Indians who have rifled the Sage Wood coach. *Dick Boyle's Business Card.*

Ashley, Philip. See POINSETT, ARTHUR.

Ashwood, Mrs. A guest of the Harcourts in San Francisco. "A rich and still youthful widow," with "a certain languorous thoughtfulness." In the midst of a romantic reverie she meets John Milton Harcourt. She becomes his patroness. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Atherly, Sir Edward. Of Ashley Grange. The head of the Atherly family. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Atherly, Jenny. See LASCELLES.

Atherly, Mrs. Sally Magregor, the wife of Philip Atherly, and the mother of the twins, Peter and Jenny. She and her husband are captured by Indians, and a chief is the father of her children. Later she is a washerwoman at Rough and Ready, and she dies in an asylum for inebriates. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Atherly, Peter. The owner of the Eureka mine at Atherly, formerly Rough and Ready. He goes to England to make inquiries about his ancestors, and is introduced to his father's relations. On his return to America, he is elected to Congress, and meets in Washington an Indian who reveals to him that he is the son of a great chief. He keeps the secret, but endeavors to benefit his real father's race, and becomes a commissioner to investigate certain of their grievances. On the plains he falls in with a party of his English friends, who are making a Western tour. Lady Elfrida Runnybroke is one of them, and the attraction the two already have for each other grows stronger. Peter's sister foolishly separates herself and the English girl from the party, they are taken prisoners by treacherous Indians, and Peter, coming to their rescue, is also captured. Atherly and Mrs. Lascelles sacrifice themselves to save Lady Elfrida, and are tortured to death. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Athos. One of the musketeers. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Aunt Jane. See M'CLOSKY.

Aunt Sally. See BRIGGS.

Aunt Viney. Dick Bracy's aunt and housekeeper. In spite of her disgust at the idea of living in a large old Spanish house and managing an army of lazy peons, she soon adapts herself to circumstances and becomes the wonder and admiration of her nephew, niece, and servants. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Australian Pete. An ex-convict and desperado, who attempts the life of Flint, under a misapprehension, in a San Francisco

gambling den, and is killed by his own weapon. *Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.*

Avondale, Caroline. A handsome, self-possessed woman of thirty, who has charge of Bobby Dornton, his mother having been her friend. Certain contents of the mysterious bag Randoph Trent has in charge lead to some intimacy between himself and Miss Avondale, for a time a sentimental intimacy on the young man's part, which is brought to an end by her apparent alliance with Sir William, and acquiescence in his contentions regarding Bobby's birth. *Trent's Trust.*

Awksby, Mrs. A lady at Simla of an inquisitive disposition. *For Simla Reasons* (*Condensed Novels*).

Axes, 'Arry. A music-hall singer, who imagines himself Chevalier, the artist. *Zut-Ski* (*Condensed Novels*).

Baby. See SYLVESTER.

Badfellah, Prince. A dishonest man; godson of the ogress. His crafty actions profit him nothing. *The Ogress of Silver Land.*

Baker. An itinerant preacher, whose methods are adapted to the nature of the people he works among, and who, under the name of Bulger, "samples" Rattlesnake Camp before starting a revival there. *Bulger's Reputation.*

Baker, Judge. A guest at the Woodses' dinner-party. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Baker, Mrs. Judge Baker's wife. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Baker, Mrs. Betsy. The widow of John Baker. She saves one of the "boys," as her husband would have done. She takes advantage of Home's confidences to warn Green of the danger of discovery. *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Baker, Ephraim. The blacksmith at Blue Cement Ridge, and the father of little Peggy. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Baker, John. Foreman of "The Last Chance." In saving the miners from a "cave-in," he loses his own life, leaving his young wife to the chivalry of the settlement. *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Baker, Peggy. A charming little girl who makes playfellows of the animated nature around her, and believes that you can do anything with creatures if you are not afraid of them and love them. She has a little menagerie, to which her devoted friends, the miners, contribute. The last wild animal she tames by kindness is a hunted, desperate man, who takes refuge in the enclosure containing her protégés. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Banks, Mr. In all things a business man. One of the Excelsior's passengers, and an exile at San Antonio. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Barker. A soldier in Major Portfire's command, who acts as body-guard to Miss Portfire. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Barker. Rushbrook's architect. *A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Barker. An inhabitant of One Horse Gulch. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Barker, Mrs. See COLLINSON, SADIE.

Barker, Elisha. See BRAGGS, ELISHA.

Barker, George. A college man of simple and generous elements. The consequences of his presumed wealth cause his unpractical and imaginative mind such distress that he is greatly relieved to find that he is really a poor man. The love of Kitty Carter and the discovery of a "pocket" constitute his "luck." He marries Kitty; her relations take full advantage of his generosity and simplicity, and he loses much money in foolish investments, sometimes by sheer luck partially recovering himself. After the death of his faithless wife, he happily marries Mrs. Horncastle. *Barker's Luck; Three Partners.*

Barker, Mrs. George. See CARTER.

Barker, Jim. A citizen of Buckeye Camp. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Baron Pomposo. See MORALES, DON JUAN.

Barstow, Sam. The generous patron of the Pine Clearing School. When appealed to for an assistant, he engages a versatile variety actor to maintain discipline. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School.*

Bassett, Lacy. "Captain Jim's Friend;" a hypocritical, cowardly blusterer, who, obtaining an unaccountable influence over Captain Jim, leads him from one disastrous venture to another and eventually shoots him, in terror lest his own abject character should be revealed to the world. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Bateman, Jo. A respecter of the Sabbath. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Baxter, Mrs. Formerly Spencer Tucker's mistress and known as French Inez. Now married to a certain Captain Baxter. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Baxter, John. See RANDOLPH.

Baxter, Polly. Parson Baxter's daughter; courted in a desultory fashion by the faithless Bassett. Captain Jim takes the affair into his own hands, courts her for his friend, and insists

on Bassett's marrying her. It is in a dispute over her that Bassett shoots his dupe. They are finally married. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Beard, Cassius. In spite of his rough surroundings, this miner is as full of sentiment as a girl. The discovery of a ring strangely colors his dreams and conduct, confirming his careless, improvident habits. He is electrified into action by the energy of the woman he loves. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Beasley, Ira. A dweller on the Bolinas Plain, who is seized with sudden jealousy, thinking his wife is not insensible to the admiration of the deputy sheriff, who stops at Beasley's house while pursuing an escaped murderer. Beasley shoots the deputy, and when the criminal he was in search of is declared guilty of the homicide, Ira confesses that he fired the shot and is acquitted. *The Judgment of Bolinas Plain.*

Beasley, Sue. The wife of Ira. She hides the acrobat pursued by the deputy, is fascinated by him, and the two elope at the moment when Beasley kills the official. Later she returns to her husband, and keeps forever in his mind "her heroic sacrifice in disappearing as a witness against him." *The Judgment of Bolinas Plain.*

Bedell, Sam. A tunnelman of the Blue Cement Lead, and one of Peggy Baker's devoted friends. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Beeswinger, Judge. In "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands," he is introduced as a member of the California Assembly, who is chaffed by Yuba Bill. In "Gabriel Conroy," he is a guest at Gabriel's house. Some years later, as told in "Clarence," he gains, through a correspondence with Mrs. Brant and a clever ruse, a knowledge of the conspirators' plans and an entrance to their meeting, where he announces himself as a newly appointed United States marshal. He is a guest of Colonel Starbottle on the night when a supper party is surprised by the arrival of little Pansy, and his jesting calls forth a challenge from the Colonel, — jesting for which the Judge afterwards apologizes. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands; Gabriel Conroy; Clarence; A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Belcher, Rev. Mr. A canting preacher, whose educational theories are despised and set at naught by Johnnyboy. He becomes Johnnyboy's stepfather, and runs away with the family fortune. *Johnnyboy.*

Beljambe, Mlle. A proposed bride of Duke Michael. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Belle. See TUCKER.

Bellefield, Miss. A member of the "Western Star Combination Troupe." *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Ben. See DABNEY.

Benham, Henry. The brother of Mrs. Peyton. A business partner of Peyton's. He manifests a peculiar dislike for Clarence. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Bent, Tom. A young inventor and engineer, notable for the smudge on his face, and, at first, for an indifference to Rose's prettiness, which is overcome in the end. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Bessy. See ROBINSON.

Betsy. See BAKER.

Beverdale, Lord. The master of Scrooby Priory. *The Desborough Connections.*

Biggs. Secretary of the "Blue Mass Quicksilver Mining Company." *The Story of a Mine.*

Bigsby, Mrs. The sister of Dan'l Borem. *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

Bijah. See BROWN and HAYS.

Bike, Mary. The young woman whom John Lummox decides to marry. *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

Bill. See PROFANE BILL and YUBA BILL.

Billings, Johnny. A native son of Tasajara. He disturbs the exercises at the Library by a truthful but unfortunate reply to the Rev. Dr. Pilsbury's question. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Billings, Ned. A citizen of Sidon (California). *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Billingsgate, Flora. Flirts with Heavystone. *Guy Heavystone* (*Condensed Novels*).

Billy. See RILEY.

Billy. An unruly goat, who may be said to have butted himself out of the sympathetic family in San Francisco, with whom his early days were spent. He next appears at Rocky Cañon, where vain attempts are made to utilize him as a draught animal. After a boisterous career there, he receives a moral lesson from the Reverend Mr. Withholder, and is trained for the stage by the "Sacramento Pet," with whom he performs in "Esmeralda." *An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon.*

Bilson. An accommodating lounger at Rawlett's store. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Bilson, Joshua. Landlord of the Summit House, Buckeye Hill. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Bird, Melinda. One of the "help" at Windy Hill Rancho; a tall, robust girl, not without certain rustic attractions, of which she is fully conscious, but at bottom honest and sensible. She and Mr. Hamlin form a friendly alliance, during his visit to the place. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Black, Michael. See MICHAEL.

Blair, Dr. Richard. A skillful and gentle young surgeon, who heals Mrs. MacGlowrie's injured dog, and falls in love with his patient's mistress. Like every one else, he believes her to be the widow of a noted desperado, but she finally confides to him the true story of her marriage, and rewards his constant devotion. *Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

Blanc, Madame le. A woman with a dozen aliases, the proprietress of a San Francisco restaurant and gambling saloon. She is carried into an apothecary's shop to have certain injuries, received at a riotous *fête*, attended to, and is there seen by the simple-minded Allen, who becomes infatuated with her. He haunts her saloon, and she is evidently not displeased by his devotion. In a spasm of vengeful morality, the woman and her whole *entourage* are arrested; Allen, held as a witness, dying at the trial. *How Reuben Allen "saw Life" in San Francisco.*

Blanche. See MASTERTON and SACKVILLE.

Blandford, Edward. A simple and sincere man; the frigidity of his wife and a dismal home render his life a desolate one. He discovers his wife's attachment to Demorest, and, believing them both guilty, leaves North Liberty. The evidences of his death appear conclusive to the townspeople, though not entirely so to his wife. Five years later he appears to Demorest in California, where he goes by the name of Johnson. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Blandford, Mrs. Joan. Formerly Joan Salisbury. A young Connecticut woman with a most rigorous code of conduct. Upon her marriage to Ned Blandford, she refuses to meet his former comrades. She falls in love with a chance acquaintance, and conducts a sentimental flirtation with him until she finds that he is Dick Demorest, an old friend of her husband. She then bids him leave her, but her husband sees the two talking together, and, believing them both faithless, leaves his home and is supposed to have been drowned. She then marries Demorest, who takes her to California, where the temptations of a frontier life lead her into disloyalty to him in turn. After the discovery of her duplicity, she returns to her Connecticut home. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Bleareyed. One of The Three. *A Private's Honor* (*Condensed Novels*).

Blossom, Abner. The father of Mistress Thankful. Under surveillance as a lukewarm supporter of the Colonial cause, the visit to his farm of supposed foreign spies causes the arrest of the obstinate yet diplomatic farmer. *Thankful Blossom.*

Blossom, Thankful. A high-spirited and self-willed Colonial maiden. She deceives herself into a belief that she loves Allan Brewster. His treason and the sincerity of Major Van Zandt undeceive her somewhat fickle heart. *Thankful Blossom.*

Blunt, Captain. Leader of the relief party which rescues the emigrants of Starvation Camp. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Bly, Herbert. A clerk in Carstone's Bank in San Francisco. A boyishly impulsive young man, who falls in love with Miss Cherry Brooks, and refuses to give her up when Mr. Carstone tells him of her brother's embezzlement, and hints at a discharge if he persists in allying himself with the family. Finding the young man true to his sweetheart, the employer raises his salary in order to make it possible for him to marry. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Bob. See CHEROKEE BOB, DELATOUR, and FALLONER. Also see ROBERT.

Bobby. See DORNTON.

Bob the Bucker. The faithful servant of Don José Sepulvida, by whom he is called Roberto. His devotion is marred only by severe and prolonged fits of intoxication, during which he spares neither property nor person. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Bodine, James. A desperado for whom the Vigilants are justly in search. By the aid of his devoted wife and an equally devoted friend he is hidden in San Francisco till the time comes when he can make his escape. *Under the Eaves.*

Bodine, Mamie. The respectably born wife of the outlaw. He repays the sufferings she has endured for his sake, by abandoning her and her children, taking another woman with him in his flight. *Under the Eaves.*

Boltrope, Captain Henry, R. N. Of H. M. S. Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Bones, Brother. One of the inmates of the Bishopsgate Street Monastery. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Bookham. Senior member of the Sacramento banking-house of Bookham & Sons. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Boompointer, Judge. In "Brown of Calaveras," he is intro-

duced as one of Mrs. Brown's admirers. In "Found at Blazing Star," he is persuaded by the blandishments of Miss Porter to yield up the ill-fated ring. Gabriel Conroy's trial for murder is held before him. In "Salomy Jane's Kiss," John Dart steals his horse. He is believed to be a suitor for the hand of Miss Trotter. *Brown of Calaveras; Found at Blazing Star; Gabriel Conroy; Salomy Jane's Kiss; Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Boompointer, Judge. John Jenkins's guardian angel. *John Jenkins* (*Condensed Novels*).

Boompointer, Senator. A Western politician of great influence. A "famous dispenser of place and preferment — this second husband of Susy!" He not only believes in his own importance, but convinces others of it. *Clarence.*

Boonder. A dog of obscure pedigree and conservative notions. *Boonder.*

Boone, Leonidas. A charming boy of fourteen, who has a boyish adoration for the pretty Mrs. Burroughs, which she utilizes by making him assist in the secret conveyance of letters between herself and Jack Hamlin. But she sometimes perplexes and troubles the lad, and his ingenuous confidences to Hamlin, the first time they meet, enlighten that gentleman as to the woman's real character. *A Mercury of the Foot-Hills.*

Boorem, Mr. A resident of San Francisco. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Borem, Dan'l. "A quaint morril character" with dry though protracted humor, which at once thrills and bores his acquaintance. *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

"Boston." A noted wag, who prepares a burlesque christening service, which is not used. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

"Boston." A practical joker, who makes a butt of the poet. *The Poet of Sierra Flat.*

Boutelle, Amy. A well-born Southern girl, impoverished by the war. She teaches in a Western town, is a kind friend to the forlorn Lasham children, and is the first to discover that Falloner is not their brother. Their common interest in the children leads to a warmer interest in each other, which results in their marriage. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Bower, the Left. Brother of the Right Bower, and second in command at the Lone Star Claim. *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

Bower, the Right. The leader of the five partners of the Lone Star Claim. *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

Bowers, James. A lumberman whose soul has been awakened by an intimacy with Nature. He has heard "the creepin', the sighin', and the whisperin' through the bracken and the ground-vines, of all that lives there." He sympathizes with a "fearsome keer of bugs and creepin' things," and is successful in discovering the identity of "White Violet," the author of "Underbrush." *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

Boyle, Richard. A Chicago "drummer," a cheerful humorist, quick-witted, brave, and self-reliant. Miss Cantire and himself are the only passengers on the Sage Wood coach, and when the young lady chooses to walk awhile, he, from certain indications suspecting danger, follows her. They lose sight of the coach, and hear shots in the distance, which are fired by Indians, who have attacked it, killed the driver and mail-agent, and carried off the baggage and horses. At last they reach the rifled coach, and Boyle persuades his companion to stay in it while he reconnoitres. He discovers the worst, but keeps the knowledge from Miss Cantire, protects her while she sleeps, killing a skulking Indian who is about to attack her, and when some of her father's troopers come to the rescue, rides away without saying what he has done. *Dick Boyle's Business Card.*

Brace. A supporter of Parks in resisting the movement against the saloon kept by Jovita Mendez. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Brace, Mr. A young man of variable affections; passenger on the Excelsior, and one of the four exiles at San Antonio. An ingenious Lothario, typically American in his adaptability to circumstance. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Brace, Jack. An expressman in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co., and the successful suitor of Miss Nellie Wynn. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Brackett, Mrs. Jane. She runs away from Starvation Camp, but dies before she can reach help. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Bracy, Dick. A matter-of-fact young man who lives for a time with his aunt and cousin on an old Californian hacienda. His growing love for Cecily is shaken by the nightly appearance of a mysterious and beautiful Spanish woman, but, with the knowledge that the new inamorata is only a ghost, his allegiance to his cousin is renewed. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Bracy, Jack. An admirer of Miss Circe. His horse runs away with Johnnyboy. *Johnnyboy.*

Bradley, Mrs. Jennie. The illogical and charming wife of the

host at The Lookout. Discontented with the idyllic life on the edge of the Grand Cañon, she becomes disloyal to her husband. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Bradley, Jim. The optimistic host at The Lookout, with a "face of good-natured and alert intelligence." A versatile college-bred man, owner of a saw-mill, which he runs himself. He never argues with his petulant wife. After making a fortune, he gratifies his wife's ambition by taking her abroad. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Bragg. A confederate of Marion in San Francisco. He leads the operations on the bluff against the Union fort in the bay. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Braggley, Silas. A camp-meeting "exhorter;" a heavy, powerfully built man, with a stolid, animal, and unintelligent face. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Braggs, Elisha. Formerly first mate of the Tamalpais under the name of Elisha Barker. Having, with the help of others of the crew, wrecked the vessel and made off with her treasure, he is spending the remainder of his life in comfortable circumstances as a singing-teacher at a mission. He wishes to marry Cissy Appleby, who is a pupil of his, but his designs in this and in other directions are frustrated by James Seabright. *An Episode of West Woodlands.*

Brant, Mrs. Alice. Soon after her marriage to Clarence, this perturbed spirit yields to her Southern sympathies and actively supports the "cause" in California. Later she engages as a Confederate spy, and, in the disguise of a mulatto woman, begins operations at "Gray Oaks." She is finally captured, and is interviewed by her husband, General Clarence Brant. Her love revives, she forgets the "cause," and begs Clarence to leave with her. The husband refuses, and plans to save her at the risk of his career and life. While escaping, with her husband's connivance, she is shot. See PEYTON, MRS. ALICE. *Clarence.*

Brant, Clarence. The son of Hamilton Brant, and, in spite of many good qualities, an heir to his father's cool, ruthless, and unflinching ferocity. The evidences of his inherited taint are infrequent, and remain unaccounted for in the boy's mind. He is sent, as a child of eleven, to his father in California, and, being lost while crossing the plains, is picked up by the Peyton party. He exhibits the reticence and distrust of the misunderstood child. He is educated at the expense of his father, whom

he believes to be dead, and whom he knows only as Tom Flynn, a friendly miner. The fortune of the father descends to the young man upon his father's violent death, and Clarence soon after visits the Robles Rancho. He finds that he no longer loves the comrade of his youth, but turns rather to the matron who had scorned him when a child. Mrs. Peyton becomes his wife upon the death of John Peyton, and Clarence enters upon a new epoch. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlists in the Union army, separating from his wife, and is promoted rapidly. At the close, he learns of his wife's death, and afterwards marries the woman who had saved his honor, Miss Faulkner. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains; Clarence.*

Brant, Colonel Hamilton. Clarence's father, also known as Jackson Brant, Brant Fauquier, and Tom Flynn. A Kentuckian, who has left home and family to become a gambler and desperado in California. Clarence happens on him at Deadman's Gulch, when he introduces himself as Tom Flynn, and, learning the boy's story, conveys him to the rancho of Don Juan Robinson, who plays the part of a cousin, Jackson Brant, though Clarence is instructed to call him by the former name. Clarence becomes strangely attached to Flynn, whom every one else fears, but does not learn the man's identity until after his death. Brant provides for his son's education, and on his death, as an insurgent in Mexico, leaves his fortune to him. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Brant, Jackson. See BRANT, HAMILTON, and ROBINSON, DON JUAN.

Bray, Edmund. One of the five members of the Eureka Mining Company. On an intensely hot day, he volunteers to bring a pail of water from a spring, reached by a precipitous trail descending from the stage road. From this road, Miss Neworth accidentally falls upon him. He assists her up the dangerously steep path, and restores her to her family. The track made by her fall reveals the presence of gold, greatly to the enrichment of the young man and his partners. The mishap also leads to the marriage of the young lady and her rescuer. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Breeze, Mr. The young assistant editor of the "San Francisco Daily Informer." He has a room in the upper story of a half unoccupied business building, and he accidentally becomes aware of some mysterious lodgers in certain vacant rooms on

the same floor. They prove to be the family of a well-known desperado, for whom the Vigilants are searching, and Breeze's kindness to the children wins the mother's gratitude. *Under the Eaves.*

Breezy, Mr. Midshipman. A young naval officer of prowess and renown. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Brewster, Captain Allan. A discontented member of the Connecticut contingent of the Colonial army. He participates in the disaffection over the choice of Washington as Commander-in-Chief, and is arrested by Major Van Zandt upon the charge of mutinous conduct. He escapes through the connivance of Thankful Blossom. *Thankful Blossom.*

Brewster, Cyrus. One of Prosper Riggs's comrades in the Wild Cat camp. *Prosper's Old Mother.*

Brice, Edward. A brave young express messenger, in charge of the package of greenbacks carried on a coach "held-up" by Snapshot Harry. Before handing his box to the robber, he discovers that it has been already rifled by treacherous members of the gang; and this emboldens him to seek the outlaw in his retreat, not altogether fruitlessly. He is guided from the place by Harry's pretty niece, and together they discover the dead body of the possessor of the treasure, and the treasure itself. This leads to his business advancement and his ultimate marriage to the niece. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Briggs, Mr. A midshipman on H. M. S. Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Briggs, Sheriff. Leads the attack on McKinstry's barn. *Cressy.*

Briggs, Jefferson. The visionary and unpractical proprietor of a wayside hostelry in California. He falls in love with one of his guests, a city girl, but is forced by money difficulties to give up his hotel and leave her. After a period of ill luck, he becomes an express agent, and proves his heroism in an encounter with robbers. Miss Mayfield nurses him through the fever which ensues, and then marries him. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Briggs, Jim. A neighbor of Hays. He informs the latter of Horseley's predicament. *A Night at "Hays."*

Briggs, Jo. Storekeeper at One Horse Gulch. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Briggs, Percy. An advocate of municipal cleanliness. He organizes a committee to deal with Bulger, but desists when he discovers that Bulger is an evangelist. *Bulger's Reputation.*

Briggs, Pulaski. A partner in the Zip Coon Company. *Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Briggs, Aunt Sally. Jeff's housekeeper at the "Half-Way House." Blessed with the faculty of harmonizing events with the Scriptures, she dolefully supervises Jeff's moral and religious conduct. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Briggs, Silas. A farm-hand at Foster's Rancho, and a devoted slave of Lanty. *Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Brimborion, Mme. The preceptress of Fanny Meritoe. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Brimmer, Mrs. Barbara. The disturbing element in the Arcadian simplicity of life on board the Excelsior; a loquacious, insincere, ease-loving woman, with certain feline traits highly developed. In the enervating climate of Todos Santos she is the first to yield to dishabille in dress and conduct. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Brimmer, Quincy. A punctilious and wealthy merchant recently from Boston. His wife maintains caste distinctions on board the Excelsior, by virtue of his position and her own connections. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Briones, Doña Anna. Don Cæsar's sister. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Briones, Don Cæsar. Present at the Woodses' dinner party. Afterwards the disappointed lover who reveals to Yerba her mother's character. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Briones, Dolores. A girl of aristocratic family, who flirts for a brief moment in the background of the story. *Maruja.*

Briones, Don Juan. Owner of the hacienda nestling among the foothills of Santa Clara Valley. During the interview with Señor Cranch he wears a "stiff, glazed, broad-brimmed black hat," under which appears "a dark face of quixotic gravity and romantic rectitude." In his old age he adopts the foundling Juanita and, though he loves her, resigns the maiden to Cranch. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Briones, Don Miguel. Commandante of the Presidio of Todos Santos. Though a veteran of sixty years, he remains a vivacious gallant and devotes himself to Doña Markham. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Bromley, Major. One of the convivial officers stationed at Logport. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Bromly, Matilda. The eldest girl in the Chestnut Ridge School. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Brooks, Mr. First mate of the Excelsior. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Brooks, Mr. The young schoolmaster of Chestnut Ridge, who deals with his difficult Mexican pupil, Concha, with intelligent, if unavailing, sympathy and skill. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Brooks, Miss Cherubina. Commonly called Cherry ; "a tall, slim blonde, with a shy, startled manner." Brought up without any knowledge of the world, she is an odd combination of child and woman, and is original to the verge of audacity. Altogether she is a most charming and provoking puzzle to Herbert Bly, her mother's lodger, who loses little time in falling in love with her, and whose love she returns. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Brooks, Chester. In "Colonel Starbottle's Client," he is introduced as one of Miss Sally Dows's admirers. In "Sally Dows," he falls in battle while fighting for the South, and Courtland finds upon his body a portrait of Sally and a letter addressed to her. *Colonel Starbottle's Client ; Sally Dows.*

Brooks, Henry. An alert, determined, good-looking man, whose smiling face hardly commends itself to the thriving, but depressed and dyspeptic, inhabitants of Santa Ana. He contrives to bring some gayety into the place, and he becomes interested in a pretty widow, Mrs. Wade, who confides to him the story just told her by a strange man, regarding her late husband, who had been supposedly killed by robbers. The stranger avers that Wade was really a member of the gang, and demands hush-money ; but Brooks, who had been one of the men robbed, recognizes the man as a mate of Wade's, and frightens him away. Brooks marries the widow, but never allows her to know that the alarming revelations made to her were true. *A Widow of Santa Ana Valley.*

Brooks, Joshua. One of the active members of the meeting at the rancho. Cited in the warrant as a leader. *Clarence.*

Brooks, Mrs. Joshua. An ascetic widow of San Francisco, who has espoused religion on the death of her husband, and whose piety is genuine but obtrusive. She habitually wears a shawl, but with the appearance of George Dornton upon the scene, that emblem of renunciation is laid aside, and later she is reported to be contemplating a change in her condition. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Brooks, Tappington. He remains behind the scenes, in fact as far off as Portland, Oregon, during the progress of the story, but is often spoken of by the other characters. To his mother he is all that is exemplary, — a serious-minded young man, an

earnest Sunday-school worker, devoted to his church. To Mr. Carstone he is a defaulter and a hypocrite, made such by a false system of bringing-up. To George Dornton he is a fellow-gambler and a man about town. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Brown. Broad-shouldered and robust, with a face weak and disfigured by dissipation. A loving but unhappy husband, who innocently unbosoms himself of his anxieties about his wife to Jack Hamlin, the very man who is planning an elopement with her. *Brown of Calaveras.*

Brown, Mrs. The boarding-house landlady, who conceives a fondness for the baby. *Baby Sylvester.*

Brown, Señor. The American alcalde at San José ; "lazy, specious, and red-faced." *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Brown, Bijah. A country butcher, and one of Flip's discomfited suitors. *Flip : A California Romance.*

Brown, Gabriel. The assumed name of MacGlowrie, imprisoned for swindling in Arkansas, and after his escape to California, figuring there as a popular revivalist. *Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

Brown, Jack. A Tres Pinos tippler, who uses "original locations" to soften the distrustful heart of Roscommon. *The Story of a Mine.*

Brown, Morley. The wealthy uncle and guardian of Joscelinda Wells, who, with two or three other large mine owners, is endeavoring to "freeze out" the smaller settlers in Buckeye Hollow. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Brown, Sophonisba. A simple and credulous country girl, persuaded by Stratton to leave home and then deserted on a Sacramento steamer. Jack Hamlin in his tactful way saves her from suicide, and assumes a guardianship attractive in its disinterestedness. *A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's.*

Brown, Mrs. Sue. A handsome woman, who has an intrigue with her husband's friend, Jack Hamlin. *Brown of Calaveras.*

Brown-Robinson, Mrs. A society lady of Greyport. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Brunton, Mr. The rector of Chillingworth, the guardian of Sibyl Eversleigh. *Trent's Trust.*

Buchanan, Mr. A kindly Scotchman, not without canniness, who stands in the background of the story dressed in extravagant tweeds. As a guest of the Saltonstalls he watches the courtships of his younger companions with shrewdness, though he is not without some hidden tenderness himself. *Maruja.*

Buckeye. A vicious mustang ridden by Dr. West. Mounted upon Buckeye his master takes his last ride. *Maruja.*

Budd, Mary Ellen. A young woman who helps in the kitchen at the Big Flume Hotel. Asked in marriage by the landlord, she accepts his offer, but soon breaks with him, influenced by the fact that he had consulted his former wife as to the wisdom of his choice, said wife, Rosalie, being now married to Mr. Byers, Mary Ellen's former husband. *The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel.*

Buena Yerba. See YERBA BUENA.

Bulger. See BAKER.

Bulleboye, Prince. A godson of the Ogress. His good fortune shows that honesty is the best policy. *The Ogress of Silver Land.*

Bullen, Dick. "The oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar." He accomplishes a difficult and perilous fifty-mile ride on Christmas eve to buy toys for Johnny. His taunts to Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy make the former discontented with his life at Cedar Camp. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar; Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy.*

Bumpo, Natty. "The celebrated Pike Ranger of Donner Lake." He loves and is loved by Genevra Tompkins, but on learning that the raven tresses which he rescues from the dead Muck-a-Muck's hand are false, and that his lady-love has *not* been scalped, he never recovers from the deception, and refuses to marry her. *Muck-a-Muck* (*Condensed Novels*).

Bungstarter, Calhoun. A California lawyer and duelist. In "The Romance of Madroño Hollow," he is Jack Folinsbee's second in the duel with young Culpepper Starbottle. In "Jinny," he appears as a rival of Colonel Starbottle for political honors. His duel with Captain McFadden is prevented by the medicine administered to the party by Hawkins, the Fool of Five Forks. Later he becomes Colonel Starbottle's law partner. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow; Jinny; The Fool of Five Forks; Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Bunker, Captain. The master of the Excelsior. A good seaman, but an unstable man. Drink and the loss of his bark unsettle his mind. The news of his escape from Todos Santos to the mainland stirs the complacent husbands in San Francisco into a search for their wives. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Bunker, Mrs. Mary. The wife of a fisherman. She is led into a "conspiracy" by Marion, who appears heroic to her

unsophisticated eyes. She drifts into disloyalty to her country and to her husband, but is shaken from her infatuation by the visit of Mrs. Fairfax and the attempt of the Secessionists to land upon her premises. She prevents the success of their operations by alarming the officers at the fort. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Bunker, Paul. The hero of a novel of whom the Writer of Stories dreams. He is a young American of Quaker stock, visiting the English home of his family, where he meets his uncle and his cousins, Dorcas and Jane Bunker, with whom he has intercourse after the manner of various novelists. Finally he attends a telephonic dinner where the unseen guests converse pleasantly together, though all are eating in their own homes. *A Romance of the Line.*

Bunker, Zephas. A fisherman who builds a home for his young wife on a lonely bluff. Prosaic by nature, he is unsuspicious of the romantic possibilities in his wife. He is moved by the tears of Mrs. Fairfax and transports her to Mazatlan. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Burke, the Slogger. Lady Selina's first husband ; a villain of the deepest dye. He is killed in a vain attempt to wreck a train. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Burleydon, Lady. Of a family that had nothing but wealth and rectitude. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Burleydon, Lord. The head of the Razorbill family. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Burnhams, the. Friends of the Wynns, whom Nellie is supposed to visit when she goes to Indian Spring. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Burroughs, Mrs. Pretty, fascinating, and treacherous, by an ingenious device she manages to conceal her correspondence with Hamlin from her watchful and jealous husband. With equal ingenuity she plans a possibly fatal injury to Mr. Burroughs, from which he is accidentally saved by her boyish adorer, Leonidas. *A Mercury of the Foot-Hills.*

Butts, Judge. The oracle of Rough-and-Ready. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Byers, Constantine. A timber merchant, the second husband of Mrs. Langworthy, who declares him to be "a good provider and handy," but divorces him for having concealed the fact of his earlier divorce. *The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel.*

Byers, Mrs. Constantine. Locally known as "The Prairie

Flower of Elkham Creek." She obtains a divorce from her amiable husband, Abner Langworthy, and marries the less amiable Byers, divorcing him in his turn. *The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel.*

Byways, Mr. James. An unfortunate man who dies in apparent poverty, leaving his entire estate to a hotel maid servant, Peggy Moffatt. *An Heiress of Red Dog.*

Cæsar. See ALVARADO and BRIONES.

Calhoun. See BUNGSTARTER and WEAVER.

"California Pet," the. A popular young actress, a saucy and pretty brunette, who plays masculine parts. She assists in the escape of Milton Chubbuck after discovering that the poet is a woman. *The Poet of Sierra Flat.*

Callender, Ailsa. The only child of David Callender. She is faithful to her word to Jamie Gow, though she does not love him ; but when free, she gladly becomes the wife of the young American. *Young Robin Gray.*

Callender, David. The severely conscientious father of Ailsa. A Scotch inventor, who, after years of ill-success, establishes his claims. In his imperturbable dignity, he is slightly suspicious of the courtesy of the consul and the interest of Robin Gray. *Young Robin Gray.*

Calton, Chris. A good-looking and rather emotional young man, much petted by women. Carried to the Summit House to recover from an accident, he falls in love with Miss Trotter, and hoping to attract her attention to himself, he feigns an attachment for the pretty chambermaid, Frida, and asks the lady's good offices in the matter ; but finally confesses the truth and avows his love. Miss Trotter is much moved, but does not accept him. Years later she learns of his marriage to Frida. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Calton, James. The elder brother of Chris, strong in all the qualities wherein the younger is weak. He is angered by his brother's supposed feelings towards Frida, and he at once recognizes the superior qualities of Miss Trotter. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Calvert, Lieut. George. A young officer, who finds his only relaxation in dissipation, until his better feelings are aroused by love for Maggie Culpepper. His affection for her saves the real manliness of his character. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Camperdown, Major-General. An American ; better dressed

than most Englishmen, but showing "no other signs of inferiority and plebeian extraction." *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Camperdown, Mrs. Mary Ann. A beautiful woman of Hellenic type, who has invented a new religion of Woman Suffrage, Free Love, Mutual Affinity, and Communism. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Camperly, Mrs. One of Jack Hamlin's ardent admirers. From her he escapes to the quiet home of Aunt Chloe. *A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's.*

Canterbridge, Lady. Francis Mainwaring's cousin. A clever Englishwoman, who disturbs Bradley's equipoise. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Cantire, Miss. The handsome, high-spirited daughter of a major, commanding a frontier post. A passenger with Dick Boyle in the Sage Wood coach, she is at first inclined to snub him, but later depends upon him for advice and assistance, and though she does not know it, owes to him her life. Secretly, she is carrying as luggage in trunks a quantity of carbines and cartridges, and when she sees the despoiled coach, she thinks these things have been taken by troopers from the fort. Boyle does not undeceive her, and effectively cares for her till the troopers come to their rescue, when he rides away. The Indian he has killed is discovered by the soldiers, and by degrees she learns the true history of the night and sees Boyle as a hero. *Dick Boyle's Business Card.*

Captain Dick. See MACLEOD, RICHARD GRAEME.

Captain Jim. A miner, whose generous and over-confiding nature allows him to become the tool of the worthless Lacy Bassett. Attracted by the showiness of the latter, he refuses to discountenance him, and, after supporting him in one disastrous venture after another, he falls a victim to his parasite's cowardly pistol. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Cara. See MURANO.

Carden, Mr. A Sacramento banker. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Carmen. See DE HARO.

Caroline. See CATRON; COVENTRY; JOHNSON; also CARRY.

Carpenter. The spokesman of the "Vigilance Committee" organized against the saloons of the transformed camp. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Carpenter, Mrs. Bob. Leader of the "set" in Buckeye Camp. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Carr, Miss Christie. Daughter of Philip Carr; a pretty and

attractive girl, with much social tact, but less sunny and sanguine in temperament than her sister. Her practical and cautious nature puts her out of sympathy with her enthusiastic and unbusiness-like father. Her presence of mind saves the life of her lover, George Kearney. *Devil's Ford.*

Carr, Miss Jessie. The younger of Philip Carr's two daughters, and, like her sister, pretty and charming. She inherits her father's enthusiastic nature. She becomes engaged to Fairfax Munroe. *Devil's Ford.*

Carr, Philip. A mining engineer, enthusiastic but weak and unpractical. He brings his city-bred daughters into a mining camp, where he becomes a partner. His elaborate and expensive methods of working the claim at Devil's Ford are on the point of bringing ruin to the mine, when nature, in the shape of a flood, interferes and carries the work to a successful completion. *Devil's Ford.*

Carroll, Captain Henry. A courteous and courageous young officer, whose passion for Maruja deserves a kinder fate. Through his boldness the compromising letters of Doña Maria Saltonstall are rescued from Mr. Prince, and his presence is needed in the climax which throws Maruja irrecoverably into the arms of his rival. *Maruja.*

Carry. See TRETHERICK. See also CAROLINE.

Carstone, Mr. A prominent San Francisco banker. After testing Herbert Bly's loyalty to Miss Cherry Brooks, he raises his salary to enable him to marry her. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Carter, Colonel. The commandant at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Carter, Edmund. Mrs. North's lawyer, and a member of the family expedition which seeks to induce James North to return to the world. *The Man on the Beach.*

Carter, Jim. A friend of Mary Foulkes and her family of dolls. *A Mother of Five.*

Carter, Kitty. Pretty and bewilderingly complex to Barker's loving comprehension. She seems to prefer poverty to wealth, if with the former she is assured of Barker. She proves shallow and selfish, caring little for her husband and child, compromises herself with Van Loo, and is burned to death in the Hymettus Hotel, while trying to save her diamonds. *Barker's Luck; Three Partners.*

Cass. See BEARD, CASSIUS.

Cass, Henry. One of the robbers of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s

boxes. While escaping with his confederates, he is killed in a "fair fight" by Kanaka Joe. Before his death he buries the stolen treasure. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Cassidy. A trooper at Fort Biggs, the last white man to see Peter Atherly alive. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Castro, Don José. Friend of Governor Micheltorena. *The Story of a Mine.*

Castro, Josita. One of Yerba's school friends, who encourages her notion of relationship to the Arguellos. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Castro, Jovita. The Mexican girl who betrays the Sobriente claim for her American lover. *The Story of a Mine.*

Catlins, Sol. An aggressive and successful pioneer. In spite of Jennie Miller's contempt, he wins her by strategy. *A Treasure of the Galleon.*

Cato. Courtland's negro overseer. A leader of the negro voters at Redlands. After a quarrel with Higbee, the latter attempts his capture with bloodhounds. *Sally Dows.*

Catron, Caroline. Roger Catron's wife. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Catron, Roger. After a life heretofore blameless and correct, he suddenly goes wrong, deserts his wife for another woman, and goes rapidly down hill. One day he is picked out of the gutter and put in jail, and thence sent to an insane asylum. He escapes on the way, but is on the point of killing himself, when he comes to his senses, and seeks refuge in Captain Dick's cottage. That gentleman, in his own humorous way, reinstates him in the good graces of his fellow-citizens and his wife. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Catron, Mrs. Walker. Roger Catron's rich sister-in-law, who takes Mrs. Roger Catron into her family on the supposed death of Roger. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Cecily. Dick Bracy's pretty cousin. She vists Dick and his Aunt Viney at the Hacienda de los Osos. A mutual interest soon ripens into love on both sides. The hacienda ghosts interfere with the course of true love, but the whole story of the mystery, as told by Doña Felipa Peralte, brings about a restoration of their wavering affections, and sets matters right. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Chalker. Mr. Masterman's English groom. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Champney, Mr. An Englishman serving as "superintendent" on the Dows plantation. His love for his young mistress is hopeless and unselfish. *Sally Dows.*

Charles. See THOMPSON.

Charley. See MOUNTAIN CHARLEY.

Cheek, Mr. Steward of H. M. S. Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Cherokee Bob. A half-breed desperado, who blackmails Blandford and conducts an unsuccessful intrigue with Mrs. Demorest. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Cherokee Jack. A desperado, with a fondness for Dickens and a quiet fascination of manner. He gives the name of Kearney in introducing himself. "*Who was my Quiet Friend?*"

Cherokee Sal. The dissolute and irreclaimable mother of "the Luck." She dies in giving him birth. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Cherry. See BROOKS, MISS CHERUBINA.

Ching Long. A Chinaman who captures the fair stranger for NN. *NN* (*Condensed Novels*).

Chitterlings, Bromley. A six-and-a-half-year-old boy at Doemville Academy, when the story opens. A few years later he appears as the Boy Avenger and Pirate Prodigy sailing along the shores of Patagonia in a long, low, black schooner. *The Hoodlum Band* (*Condensed Novels*).

Chivers, Godfrey. The spokesman of the band of highwaymen. In the pursuit of his vocation, his methods are chivalrous, his language oratorical. "For all his cynical levity, for all his affected exaggeration, there was the ring of an unmistakable and even pitiable vanity in his voice, and a self-consciousness that suffused his broad cheeks and wreathed his full mouth." Some years before his appearance as a highwayman, he has met the wife of Collinson on her way to join her husband at his home in the Sierras, and she has become his mistress and an accomplice in his crimes. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Christian, Captain. See SCHWARTZ.

Christie. See CARR.

Chubb, Miss Clarissa. Mrs. Brimmer's satellite. On account of her irreproachable connections, she is worthy of her patron's notice. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Chubbuck, Milton. The assumed name of the poet of Sierra Flat, who is introduced as a bashful youth, with a weak face and moist, shy eyes like a rabbit's, who acts as cook in McCorkle's cabin. The poem, published in the "Sierra Flat Record" at advertising rates, makes a hit by its very worthlessness, and

the whole community unite in a mock adulation of its author, who finally turns out to be a woman. *The Poet of Sierra Flat.*

Chu Chu. Don Francisco's bucking Californian mustang; a beautiful but wild and uncertain filly, whose only affection is for Consuelo Saltello. *Chu Chu.*

Chu Chu. A "staid and respectable filly of American pedigree," who goes wild with excitement in the brisk air of the plains. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Chu Chu. A mule who likes to have her own way. *Johnson's Old Woman.*

Cicely. See PRESTON.

Circe, Miss. Succumbs to the childish charms of Johnnyboy. *Johnnyboy.*

Cissy. See APPLEBY, LASHAM, and TRIXIT.

Clara. See SANTIERRA and TRETHERICK.

Clarence. See BRANT.

Clarissa. Lady Selina's maid. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Clarissa. See CHUBB.

Clark, Sal. Mrs. Markle's maidservant. A sociable and sentimental old maid. She imagines herself in love with Victor Ramirez, whom she believes to be an "Eyetalian," and, on his death, she arrays herself in mourning. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Clarkson. A citizen of Angel's. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Clay, Madison. A prosperous stock-raiser from Kentucky, who has family feuds. *Salomy Jane's Kiss.*

Clay, Salomy Jane. The handsome daughter of Madison. She kisses John Dart, a young horse-thief, in the hands of the Vigilants, because he has no friends to bid him good-by. He escapes and haunts the neighborhood to get a glimpse of her, and she finally elopes with him. *Salomy Jane's Kiss.*

Clementina. See HARKUTT.

Clifford, Tinky. A variety actress. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation; A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Clinch, James. A most prosaic American business man, with a contempt for German moderation. He wanders through Sammtstadt and visits a quaint dye-house, where a German maiden offers him wine. Overcome by sleep, he learns in his dreams of the manners of his German ancestors. *A Legend of Sammtstadt.*

Clinch, Col. Ringwood. A typical colonel of the extreme

West. He is so sensible as to deliver a package of greenbacks when taken at a hopeless disadvantage, and proves his courage in the pursuit of the robbers as well as in checkmating the schemes of the express company's bullying agent. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Clytemnestra. See MORPHER.

Cockey Wax. The sobriquet of the Colonel, who has a personal difficulty with Mulledwiney, which results disastrously. *A Private's Honor* (*Condensed Novels*).

Collinson, Sadie. The unfaithful wife of Collinson. Though hating her association with Chivers, she sees no escape from her environment, and is unable to throw off the fascinating influence of her paramour. She travels under the pseudonym of Mrs. Barker. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Collinson, Seth. The proprietor of a rude hostelry in the Sierras. He has preceded his wife into the new West to make a home for her. There he waits for her coming, until hope is crushed by the rumor of her death. When his wife does appear, stumbling upon his retreat by accident, "the man of simple directness and no imagination saw only his wife before him, — a little breathless, a little flurried, a little disheveled from rapid riding as he had sometimes seen her before, but otherwise unchanged." But the alterations in voice and manner caused by her reckless life with Chivers warn the husband that the wife of his young manhood is dead, though she appears visibly in the flesh. He dies in the belief that he has seen a vision. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Colonel, The. See COCKEY WAX.

Colonel, The. The eldest of the four perplexed guardians of Fanny Meritoe. He does his part bravely, and contributes tales of adventure, and much useful information to the composite epistles. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Concepcion. The housekeeper at Masterton's adobe. "A wrinkled Indian woman, brown and veined like a tobacco leaf." *A Convert of the Mission.*

Concha. An orphan Mexican girl of twelve, a mestiza, confided to the care of the kind-hearted Hoovers. They do their best for her, dress her by the schoolmaster's advice in Spanish fashion, and duly send her to school, accompanied by a vaquero, where she is languidly indifferent to her tasks, endeavors unsuccessfully to coquet with her master, and bewitches most of the children. One morning she does not appear, nor the next,

and, inquiries being made, the teacher finds that she has eloped with and married the vaquero. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Concha. The old Mexican maidservant at the Rancho de los Cuervos. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Concho. A simple-minded Mexican miner, who possesses a large vocabulary of secular and ecclesiastical curses. Pedro strangles him to prevent him from claiming the mine. *The Story of a Mine.*

Conroy, Gabriel. An uncouth but gentle giant, of superb physique, but modest and diffident in manner and perfectly simple and sincere in character. He escapes from Starvation Camp in the Sierras with his little sister Olly, and takes a squatter's claim at One Horse Gulch, where he finds a little gold, and where he earns a reputation as a nurse for the sick. Mme. Devarges, a divorcée and adventuress, learns of the presence of silver in his claim, and, assuming the name of Grace Conroy, his sister, who is the real owner of the property by inheritance from Dr. Paul Devarges, begins proceedings against Gabriel, but, being saved by him from drowning, changes her mind and marries him instead. The silver is found, and Gabriel becomes rich. He is accused of killing his wife's former suitor and accomplice, Victor Ramirez, and does all in his power to sacrifice himself in order to save her, whom he believes to be the guilty person; but on the testimony of Henry Perkins, *alias* Henry Devarges, he is acquitted. He had married simply to give his little sister a companion, but the birth of a child draws him towards his wife, who has loved him for some time, though her motives in marrying him were wholly selfish. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Conroy, Grace. Gabriel Conroy's sister; fifteen years old when the story opens, with an exquisite little figure, an oval face, and dark eyes shaded by long lashes. She escapes from Starvation Camp in the Sierras with her lover, Philip Ashley. At her bidding, the latter, whose real name is Arthur Poinsett, returns to the camp to carry aid to the others, but he basely deserts her, and she seeks help at the Presidio at San Geronimo. The Comandante, Don José Salvatierra, touched by her beauty and helpless condition, adopts her as his daughter, with the name Dolores. To conceal her identity and to give color to the story that she is Don José's daughter by an Indian princess, her face is daily stained by her maid. After Don José's death she lives at the rancho in the rôle of *réligieuse*, and is

famed throughout the country for her extraordinary beauty no less than for her good deeds, but later is reunited to her former lover and becomes Mrs. Poinsett. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Conroy, Mrs. Julie. See DEVARGES, JULIE.

Conroy, Olympia. Younger sister of Gabriel and Grace Conroy. A frank and impetuous little girl, devoted to her brother Gabe with a half sisterly and half maternal affection. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Consuelo. See SALTELLO.

Consul, The. The American consul at St. Kentigern. He introduces Mr. Robert Gray to the Callenders, and watches the course of his true love for Ailsa. As a guest at Glenbogie House he has ocular evidence of the truth regarding a hinted scandal. He is consulted by the syndicate interested in the property of The McHulish. He advises the Desboroughs in regard to their search for their English relations ; and later is a guest, with the younger lady, at Scrooby Priory, and assists her in inventing pretexts for her sudden departure. *Young Robin Gray ; A Rose of Glenbogie ; The Heir of the McHulishes ; The Desborough Connections.*

Consul, The. The American Consul at Schlachtstadt. He gives up "Unser Karl" to the German military authorities, to serve his time in the army. *Unser Karl.*

Cooledge, Jake, of Boston. A miner at Rough and Ready. *Dick Spindler's Family Christmas.*

Corbin, Jo. The gloomy, laconic, and ill-fated person who, being "drove hard by his partner, Tom Jeffcourt," kills him with his own revolver, and spends the rest of his life in a patient expiation. The last act of this is the offering of himself in Jeffcourt's place to the Southern cause. When Jeffcourt's sister, who has demanded this sacrifice and has come to release him from it, is killed by a bullet intended for him, he falls on his bayonet in final despair. *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Coriander. See LADY CORIANDER.

Corwin, Ezekiel. A shrewd, calculating, and self-sufficient Connecticut Yankee. He serves Blandford as "hired man" until the disappearance of the latter. Corwin then drifts to California, and does a thriving business with patent medicines among the unsuspicious natives. He assists Mrs. Demorest in a romantic escapade, and returns with her to North Liberty. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Cota. See RAMIEREZ.

Count Ferdinand. See GODOY, SEÑOR.

Courtland, Colonel. Formerly a Union soldier. He becomes interested in Southern lands at a time when residence in the South is dangerous. As the manager of a land syndicate, he defends his interests with great courage. *Sally Dows.*

Coventry, Lady Caroline. A beautiful young lady, beloved by Faraday Little, whom she finally marries after a thrilling balloon-voyage which she accidentally takes with him. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Coyle, Golly. The only granddaughter of a somewhat vague clergyman, who exists with an aunt solely for Golly's epistolary purposes. She light-heartedly becomes a hospital nurse, a song and dance girl, and after much tribulation, has a gleam of common or ordinary sense, "chucks" her countryman, the only great novelist, and gets married in a natural, simple way like anybody else. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Cranch, Jack. A bluff seaman, not amenable to priestly influence. He deserts his ship off the California coast, taking the captain's infant daughter with him in the dingy. Being pursued, he leaps overboard and makes his escape through the surf to shore, thinking the baby will be found by his pursuers; but the boat is hidden in the fog, and he learns years afterwards that the child was given up for lost. He then devotes himself to seeking her, and at last finds her in the rôle of acolyte at a mission, and with the name of Francisco. He also finds his happiness in Juanita, another foundling girl and the playmate of Francisco, and he carries the two away with him, the one as his wife and the other as his ward and the heiress to her dead father's wealth. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Cressy. See MCKINSTRY.

Crosby, Jack. Chartered jester on the Excelsior. A flippant passenger and castaway at Todos Santos, whose humor oft beguiles the weary way. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Culpepper. See STARBOTTLE.

Culpepper, Boone. A misanthrope, known from his solitary habits as the "Kingfisher of Dedlow," who brings up his family in complete isolation. His death is as lonely as his life, and his body is found floating in a skiff with a charge of buckshot through the head and shoulders. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Culpepper, Jim. Brought up as a misanthrope in his lonely life on Dedlow Marsh, his sudden admiration for the civilized pret-

tiness of Cicely Preston leads him to join the society of Logport. A wild career of dissipation brings him to the verge of suicide, from which he is saved at the eleventh hour. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Culpepper, Maggie. The lovely but uncivilized mistress of Dedlow Marsh. Thrown by an accident among the people of Logport, she at first scorns their attempted refinement and then yields to its attractions, until the spectacle of her brother's ruinous debauchery brings back a vehement love for the virtues of her primitive life. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Curson, Dick. A tall and strongly built man, with a "small and handsome mouth that lisped except when he was excited," blue eyes, and "a perpetual smile of half-cynical good-humor." He is stabbed by his mistress, Teresa, in a fit of jealousy, but readily forgives her when he recovers. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Curtis, Major. A member of Brant's staff. *Clarence.*

Curtis, Mammy. Katinka Jallinger's negro nurse. *A Treasure of the Redwoods.*

Curtis, Elijah. The "town drunkard" of Tasajara. He escapes from his environment, takes the name of Fletcher, and in southern California regains his self-control. He attacks Harcourt through his journal, and gives up the struggle only upon the appeal of Clementina. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Custer, Harry J. A citizen from Scott's Camp, California. A member of the syndicate of speculators formed for the purpose of pushing Malcolm McHulish's claim to his ancestral estates. He accompanies the pretended heir to Scotland, where his reputation for shrewdness receives a severe blow in his dealings with the astute McFen. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

Cutler, Mrs. The widow of the Sacramento partner of James Smith *alias* Farendell. When he is compelled to fly from the city on the eve of their marriage, and she discovers that he has lost all her money, and is, contrary to the general belief, still living, she retains her love for him and does not expose him. She tries with poor success to become an actress, and when he returns a prosperous man, she, fallen in every way, tawdry and poverty-stricken, pleads vainly her love and faithfulness. *The Reincarnation of Smith.*

Cyrus. See HAWKINS.

Dabney, Ben, or "Uncle Ben." "His avuncular title . . . an ironical tribute to his amiable incompetency and heavy good-

nature." He belies his reputation by turning out a man of considerable fortune, and declares his real name to be Benjamin Daubigny. In love with Cressy, he takes to the copy-book to repair his education, and tries to make up the quarrel between her father and the "Harrisons" by buying the disputed boundary land. It afterwards appears that Ford has had an affair with Dabney's deserted wife in Missouri. Dabney uses this fact to Ford's disadvantage when he finds that the schoolmaster is in love with Cressy. *Cressy.*

Dabney, Mrs. Ben. See PRICE, LOU.

Daddy. See DOWNEY.

Dall, Mrs. A government Indian agent's wife, for whom the wretched Elijah Martin, figuring as the chief of the Minyo Indians, conceives an ungovernable passion. *A Drift from Redwood Camp.*

Dan the Quartz Crusher. The original owner of Jinny. *"Jinny."*

Dart, John. A young horse-thief, who is made another man by Salomy Jane's kiss. At the risk of his life he lingers about her house till he can thank her. Ten years after their elopement and marriage he owns a stock farm in the Blue Grass country, and his wife is famed for her beauty. *Salomy Jane's Kiss.*

D'Artagnan. One of the musketeers. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Dashboard. "The brilliant and fascinating." A young New-Yorker, who attempts with *some* success to make a butt of the Man from Solano. *The Man from Solano.*

Daubigny, Benjamin. See DABNEY, BEN.

Davis, Mamie. A frivolous neighbor of the Hayses. *A Night at "Hays."*

Davis, Seth. A country lout with whom Cressy makes up an engagement to excite the emulation of the new schoolmaster, which, however, costs both his own and her dismissal. After the engagement is broken and Cressy has returned to school, Seth becomes Ford's most dangerous rival. He attempts the master's life during the encounter between the McKinstry forces and the sheriff's posse, and afterwards, at the duel with designs on them both, secretly fires on McKinstry from behind Ford. *Cressy.*

Daws, Rev. Mr. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sandy Bar. He tries in vain to mediate between York and Scott. *The Iliad of Sandy Bar.*

Dawson. Leader of the ambuscade at Wynyard's Bar. *The Sheriff of Siskiyou.*

Dawson, Jim. An intelligent farm-hand who befriends Rose in sending for her father, and converses with Mrs. Randolph upon her erratic past. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Dean, Abner. A ready man with his revolver. He informs Plunkett's fellow-citizens of the old man's deception. In "Cressy," he reappears as the Honorable Abner Dean, assemblyman from Angel's, who writes an editorial for the Indian Springs "Star" on the occasion of the opening of the Eureka Ditch and the Big Bluff Extension. *A Monte Flat Pastoral; Cressy.*

Dean, Octavia. A pupil of the Indian Spring school, enamored of Rupert Filgee. *Cressy.*

Deane, Gideon. A poor young Methodist preacher, who is at first discouraged because he has not the eloquence to sway men with his words; but he saves a gambler from lynching by an act of unassuming courage, and his bravery, simplicity, unselfishness, and delicate kindness convert the dying gambler and earn for himself the friendship of the influential Jack Hamlin. He gives up the prospect of becoming a successful preacher in order to care for the widow and the fatherless by marrying Mrs. Hiler. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Debs, John. An aged North-Countryman; a park-keeper on the estate of Lord Beverdale. *The Desborough Connections.*

Decker, Mrs. Elsie. A heartless, pretty, and hypocritical young woman, who encourages the attentions of John Oakhurst in order to divert any suspicions that her husband may entertain of her intimacy with Dick Hamilton. *A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst.*

Decker, Joseph. A master carpenter. The obtuse and blindly loving husband of a heartless and unfaithful wife. *A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst.*

Deeside, Lady. A clever and decorous coquette, who utilizes Mrs. MacSpadden as a shield for her intrigues. The consul receives by accident the rose and note intended for Kilcraithie, and thus is able to detect her and assure MacSpadden of his wife's innocence. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

Deeside, Sir Allan. A confiding husband, who recites a moving tale of a wife's unfaithfulness, while his own wife is preparing to meet the hot-headed Kilcraithie. After the latter's encounter with the Frenchman, Deeside manœuvres to warn

MacSpadden of the danger which is really his own. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

De Ferrières, Armand. A crazy Frenchman, who tries to conceal his age under a mask of cosmetics and elegant but fantastically old-fashioned clothes. He expresses himself in lofty language, and is proud of his position as a French gentleman, but secretly supports himself by menial work in the seclusion of his room. Abner Nott persists in calling him Ferrers. *A Ship of '49.*

De Haro, Carmen. A niece of Victor Garcia. "The whole expression of her face was piquancy that might be subdued by tenderness or made malevolent by anger." When she learns that her skill with a pen has been used by her uncle for a dishonorable purpose, she uses her adroitness for the advantage of Thatcher. Her drooping eyelids and broken English are more effective in the congressional lobby than the experience of Mrs. Hopkinson. She becomes the wife of Thatcher. *The Story of a Mine.*

De Laine, Miss. A daughter of the famous house of Musslin, De Laine & Co., New York, who endeavors to patronize Miss Helen Maynard. *Two Americans.*

Delatour, Mrs. A refined woman, who draws from nature all needful compensation for poverty and bereavement. As "White Violet," the mysterious contributor to "The Excelsior Magazine," she stirs the self-complacency of Hamlin and attracts the rough but sympathetic Bowers to her side. In his affection she finds her "rest." *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

Delatour, Bob. The aggressive son of Mrs. Delatour, who wonders what his "God-forsaken famerly" would do without him. His family regard him as a "limb." He alone knows the commercial value of poetry, and he straightway becomes a financier. Like all young people he yields to the charms of Jack Hamlin, who saves him from his first wrong-doing. *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

Delatour, Cynthia. Eldest daughter of the Delatour family. She confronts the redoubtable Hamlin "with a certain dignity, half real, half affected, but wholly charming." *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

Delatour, Eunice. Cynthia's sister, graced with a "piquant upper lip." *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

Delfosse, Monsieur. A French guest at Glenbogie House. He is a rival of Kilcraithie for the favor of Lady Deeside. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

Demander. See SHARPE.

Demorest, Dick. A comrade of Blandford's youth. A chivalrous but dissipated young man. He meets Joan Blandford by chance, and, ignorant of her relation to his friend, learns to love her. He is persuaded by the frightened wife to leave North Liberty, but after the supposed death of her husband he returns to marry her. In California, he discovers after some years the infidelity of the woman he loves, and relinquishes his claim upon her. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Demorest, Mrs. Joan. See BLANDFORD, MRS. JOAN.

Demorest, Philip. A partner of George Barker. As extravagant in speech as he is honorable in conduct. The three miners are rewarded for their perseverance by the discovery of a rich "pocket." This good fortune enables Demorest to spend five years in European travel. On returning to California he is disillusioned as to the love affair which has been to him a sacred memory, and he loses heavily in the trouble which comes to Stacy's bank. *Barker's Luck; Three Partners.*

Denise, Madame. One of the opera troupe entertained at Los Osos. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Dennis. See MCCAFFREY.

Dent, Ridgeway. An educated and brilliant young man, who falls in love with Jinny M'Closky at first sight. He is stabbed in the back by a rejected suitor of Jinny, but is nursed back to health by her and eventually becomes engaged to her. *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

Denville, Terence. A daredevil Irish boy, who fights duels, distinguishes himself at Waterloo, and marries Blanche Sackville, the love of his youth. *Terence Denville* (*Condensed Novels*).

Desborough, Mrs. The widow of a New York millionaire of English birth. *The Desborough Connections.*

Desborough, Sadie. The daughter of Mrs. Desborough. Her mother and herself visit England and endeavor to learn something about the late Mr. Desborough's family connections. The ladies "get on" in English society, and are guests of Lord Beverdale at Scrooby Priory, and the son of the house is an admirer of Sadie. She accidentally discovers that the aged laborer, Debs, is her grandfather. He suddenly dies, and the girl decides that she cannot marry Lord Algernon, leaves the Priory, and secretly accompanies the funeral of Debs, northward. *The Desborough Connections.*

Despard, Captain Jack. A product of the lawless and desperate life of the pioneer cities; a true man to his friends; a desperado in the eyes of primitive justice. He is saved from drowning by Martin Morse, whom he in turn rescues from a similar death. He at last meets death by hanging. *In the Tules.*

Devarges, Henry. Brother of Paul, with whose wife he has eloped, afterwards separating from her. He becomes an interpreter and translator of Spanish under the name of Henry Perkins. In this character he appears while at work as a frowzy and choleric old man; in the afternoon he is the antique dandy, with dyed hair, cosmetics, and old-fashioned clothes. He still loves Madame Devarges, or Mrs. Conroy, as she has become, and is jealous of her. His testimony as to the death of Ramirez acquits Gabriel, but the reader is left in doubt as to whether Devarges himself may not have been the real murderer after all. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Devarges, Julie. Divorced wife of Dr. Paul Devarges; a woman of many affairs, in which real love has played but a small part. Learning of her former husband's discovery of silver and bequest of the land containing it to Grace Conroy, she assumes the latter's name and commences proceedings against Gabriel Conroy, who holds a squatter's title to the land; but being saved from drowning by Gabriel, she abandons the plan and seeks to gain the same ends by marrying him. She comes to love him, however, as she has never loved before, and, after he is acquitted of the murder of her former lover, Victor Ramirez, a real affection for her is awakened in his heart by the birth of their child. She is a small, light-haired woman, with a pretty smile. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Devarges, Dr. Paul. A distinguished naturalist, who has been unhappy in his domestic affairs. He joins Captain Conroy's unfortunate party of emigrants and dies of starvation in the Sierras, after telling Grace Conroy of his discovery of silver and bequeathing the land grant to her. *Gabriel Conroy.*

"Dewdrop, Dorothy." This is the pseudonym of the poetess who calls on Don José Sepulvida in response to his invitation. She is "a tall, large-featured woman, with an extraordinary quantity of blond hair parted on one side of her broad forehead." Don José finds to his astonishment that her poetic woes are purely imaginary. *A Knight Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Dexter, Rev. Mr. A sententious clergyman resident in Lake-

ville. He assists the Lane family in welcoming Uncle Sylvester. *Their Uncle from California.*

Dick. The hostler who forms one of the party in pursuit of the robbers, and guides his companions through a severe snow-storm to Hennicker's mountain hostelry. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Dick. See BOYLE; BRACY; CURSON; DEMOREST; FOUNTAINS; HALL; KEENE; MATTINGLY; NORTH; RENSHAW; SYLVESTER; WHISKEY DICK.

Dick, Captain. See MACLEOD, RICHARD GRAEME.

Diggs, Dr. David. A surgeon who attends an elderly gentleman suffering from acute hydrocephalus. *No Title* (*Condensed Novels*).

Dimmick, Joe. A citizen of Simpson's Bar. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Dimmidge, Eliza Jane. The wife of Micah, who inserts a defiant answering advertisement to his in the "Clarion;" but the public refuse to believe in its authenticity. Mrs. Dimmidge, finding that jealousy caused her husband's outburst, is happily reconciled to him. *The Boom in the "Calaveras Clarion."*

Dimmidge, Micah. He belongs to a settlement of English North-Country miners. His wife has quarreled with and left him; and he inserts in the "Calaveras Clarion" a notice in the largest type, filling a column, that he will no longer be responsible for her debts, etc.; thereby causing an unprecedented sale of the paper. *The Boom in the "Calaveras Clarion."*

Dimwood, Flora. The pretty, high-spirited niece of Snapshot Harry, who, though entirely loyal to her uncle, feels keenly the stigma which his mode of life sets upon her. She proves a friend in need to the courageous young expressman, Brice, who speedily and permanently finds favor in her eyes. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Dimwood, Henry. A dashing highwayman known as Snapshot Harry. Though he has more than once "held up" Yuba Bill's coach, that worthy testifies that "Harry is a clean fighter, with no underhand tricks." *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Dingwall, Mr. An Englishman, the deputy manager of the San Francisco bank in which Randolph Trent is employed. *Trent's Trust.*

Dittmann, Helling. A German; a witness for the defense in the murder trial. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Dobbs, Expectant. At first Congressman Gashwiler's private

secretary, regarding his patron "with a certain dog-like expectancy." Later he appears as a meek and hopeful office-seeker, dependent upon Gashwiler and lingering in Washington from month to month, comforting himself with promises and the recollection of past oratorical triumphs in Remus. *The Story of a Mine; The Office-Seeker.*

Dobbs, Mrs. Fannie. The wife of Expectant Dobbs. In the last hours of the "office-seeker" she joins him. *The Office-Seeker.*

Dobbs, Mrs. Eugenia Neworth's aunt. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Dobbs, Professor. A geologist, a friend and admirer of Mrs. Enriquez Saltillo. He is the scientific adviser of the El Bolero mining company, and falsifies his report to suit the wishes of the majority of the board, and for an augmented fee. *The Passing of Enriquez.*

Doctor, the. An excellent *raconteur*, who cannot brook any interruption whatever, not even an expression of interest, so that his friends preserve a complete and apparently inattentive silence whenever he shows signs of having a story to tell, and throughout the telling of it. *A Ghost of the Sierras.*

Dodd, James. An officious deputy-sheriff; later, a "road-agent." Jessie Mayfield overhears a tumultuous interview between this officer and Jeff Briggs. By strategy she settles the obligation and outwits Dodd. In the second phase of his career, he, with other robbers, attacks the stage-coach on which Jeff is express messenger, and captures the gold dust, but afterwards yields it up on the payment of twenty thousand dollars. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Dodd, William. A teamster, who presents her first doll to Mary Foulkes. *A Mother of Five.*

Dolores. Colonel Starbottle's lady (?) friend, whose undesirable presence at a dancing-party brings about two duels and two deaths. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Dolores. Teresa's friend and correspondent. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Dolores. See SALVATIERRA.

Dominico. See FATHER DOMINICO.

Doña Clara. See SANTIERRA.

Doña Dolores. See SALVATIERRA.

Doña Felippa. See PERALTE.

Doña Isabel. See RAMIREZ.

Doña Maria. See SALTONSTALL and SEPULVIDA.

Doña Ursula. The duenna of Doña Isabel; with "discreet and mercenarily averted orbs." *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Don Cæsar. See ALVARADO and BRIONES.

Don Francisco. See GREY.

Don José. See SALVATIERRA; SANTIERRA; SEPULVIDA; WILES.

Don Juan. See BRIONES and SALVATIERRA.

Don Miguel. See BRIONES.

Don Pedro. See RUIZ.

Don Ramon. See RAMIREZ.

Dorman, Low. A young half-breed, son of a white man and a Cherokee woman. His name among the Indians is L'Eau Dormante. He is a man of fine physique and superior mental abilities, very simple and straightforward, and wholly lacking any sense of humor. He lives encamped in a hollow tree in the Carquinez Woods, where he indulges his taste for solitude and botany, and collects plants and animals for a scientific society. He harbors the fugitive Teresa, with whom he falls in love after being jilted by Miss Wynn, and with whom he perishes in a forest fire. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Dornton, Bobby. The little son of Sir John Dornton, the child of a private marriage, confided, after his mother's death, to the care of Miss Avondale. His uncle affirms the boy's illegitimacy, and the delicate child dies before his father can assert his claims. *Trent's Trust.*

Dornton, George. A professional gambler and notorious duelist, known as "Gentleman George." His characteristics are "coolness, courage, and almost philosophic fatalism." He is a faithful friend to Tappington Brooks. After the Vigilance Committee has routed the gambling fraternity out of San Francisco, he reappears as a dashing stockbroker, and is reported as being about to marry Mrs. Brooks. *A Secret of Telegraph Hill.*

Dornton, Sir John. A born wanderer, with a passion for the sea. When he falls heir to the family title and estate, he has not been heard from for years. His younger brother concludes very hastily that he was a man found drowned at San Francisco, shortly after Sir John's interview with Randolph Trent, and assumes the elder's heritage. For the sake of his son, John Dornton wavers in his determination not to declare himself, but after the child's death he feels free to follow his own inclinations, and disappears finally. *Trent's Trust.*

Dornton, Sir William. The younger brother of Sir John, an ill-conditioned man in disposition and habits. Before leaving England for the last time, his brother endeavors to have a private interview with the holder of his title, but William, terrified at the sight of him, falls into a fit from which he never recovers. *Trent's Trust.*

Dorotea. See SALTONSTALL.

Downey, Daddy and Mammy. An aged and saintly couple, the pets of the mining-camp at Rough-and-Ready. They live on the bounty of their neighbors, and Daddy is made postmaster and treasurer of certain charitable funds. After five years they suddenly disappear, and the funds disappear at the same time. It then comes out that Mammy's real name is George F. Fenwick, and Daddy's is Jem Flanigan, and that both are actors and swindlers from Australia. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.*

Dows, Captain Masterton. Sally's father; a Southern landowner. He "never lifted his head again after Richmond was taken, and drank himself to death." *Colonel Starbottle's Client; Sally Dows.*

Dows, Miss Mirandy. A Southern gentlewoman, Miss Sally's aunt and guardian. Her "old beliefs had given way to a half cynical acceptance of new facts." *Sally Dows.*

Dows, Sally. A vivacious Kentucky girl, cousin to the Jeffcourts. In "Colonel Starbottle's Client," she conducts a religious correspondence with Corbin, and awakens in her cousin Julia a jealousy which prompts a violent attack upon that innocent and unsuspecting man. After the war, somewhat sobered by responsibilities, she prefers business to sentiment, and conducts her plantation according to Northern methods, protecting herself the while against a multitude of suitors. She saves Courtland's life, endangering her own, and at last yields her independence and surrenders to the Northerner. *Colonel Starbottle's Client; Sally Dows.*

Drake, Mrs. Abner. A sympathetic widow, who pays a visit of condolence to Mrs. Pulaski Wade. *A Widow of Santa Ana Valley.*

Drake, Francis Horatio Nelson. A friend of Lord Brownstone Ewer. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Drummond, Cyrus. A Northern capitalist, who visits Redlands with Courtland. In contrast with the latter, he is strongly affected by sectional prejudice. *Sally Dows.*

Drummond, Peter. A facetious miner and comrade of Beard at Blazing Star. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Duchesne, Dr. A pioneer physician and surgeon, resident at different times in various towns and mining-camps of California. "Of a naturally refined nature and liberal education," frank, fearless, and skillful; popular with men, women, and children. We first find him the resident physician of Smith's Pocket, where he becomes a friend of the schoolmaster, Mr. Gray, to whom he reveals his suspicions of M'liss's connection with her father's death. In "The Man on the Beach," he attends the baby and James North in their respective illnesses. While at Brown's Ferry, he attends Mornie Nixon, and saves the lives of the Twins of Table Mountain by his courage, presence of mind, and knowledge of human nature. In "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," he treats poor Slinn, the paralytic. In "Cressy," he extracts the ball from McKinstry's hip after the duel. In "The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge," he attends Josephine Forsyth's wounded stranger. While stationed at Buckeye Camp, he attends the wounded Saunders and Shuttleworth and covers their discomfited retreat. In "A Convert of the Mission," his advice to the nervously exhausted circuit preacher, Stephen Masterton, brings about a wonderful cure. He attends Martin Morse, at the request of Jack Despard, and brings him safely through an attack of "tule fever." He enlightens a company of miners regarding the nature of the Chinese medicines they have been buying from See Yup. He attends little Florry Fraser in her last illness. As the physician of Chris Calton he highly appreciates the intelligence and capability of Miss Trotter. He is the highly regarded medical attendant of Mrs. Rivers of Windy Hill Rancho, and he sends Mr. Hamlin to her house to complete his recovery after a serious illness. In "Gabriel Conroy," he is surgeon to the relief party which visits Starvation Camp, and he attends Jack Hamlin in his failing health and on his deathbed. *M'liss; The Man on the Beach; The Twins of Table Mountain; A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready; Cressy; The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge; The Transformation of Buckeye Camp; A Convert of the Mission; In the Tules; See Yup; The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras; Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper; The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin; Gabriel Conroy.*

Duchess, The. See SOHO.

Duchess, The. "The superlative of beauty, wealth, and position." *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

"Duchess, The." One of the outcasts; a young woman of no reputation. She and the others carefully keep all knowledge of their real character from Piney Woods, and she and Piney perish from cold and hunger in each other's arms. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Duffy. One of the defrauded mining partners of Smith, *alias* Farendell. He aids the impoverished and forsaken Mrs. Cutler, but his heart is given to Mrs. Smith, who, when she is assured of her faithless husband's death, rewards his long constancy. *The Reincarnation of Smith.*

Dumont, Jack. Miss Sally's cousin. A young Frenchman interested in the Freedman's cause. As a member of the Dows family, he takes part in the family feud, and uses a "scatter gun" upon Higbee. *Sally Dows.*

Dumphy, Mrs. Jane. Peter's wife; one of the starving emigrants. Crazed by hardship, she carries a bundle of rags, which takes the place in her mind of her dead child. She dies after seeing a vision of the rescuing party. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Dumphy, Peter. He deserts the starving band of emigrants on learning of a mysterious something hidden by Dr. Devarges. He escapes, and the information which he gets from Dr. Devarges's cache as to the location of gold and silver stands him in such good stead that in five years he has accumulated millions, and is a leading banker and capitalist of San Francisco. His brusqueness gives him an undeserved reputation for frankness and honesty. "To a conceit that was so outspoken as to be courageous, to an ignorance that was so freely and shamelessly expressed as to make hesitating and cautious wisdom appear weak and unmanly beside it, Mr. Dumphy added the rare quality of perfect unconscientiousness unmixed with any adulterating virtue." He is always loud and emphatic in his enthusiasm for California. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Duncaster, Lord. An anglicized Scot. The McHulish lands form a part of his estate, and he is The McHulish. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

Dunn, Jim. Sheriff of Yolo, shot and wounded by the escaping Teresa. One of Miss Nellie Wynn's suitors, and being possessed of worldly goods, the one most favored by her father, as well as by the young lady herself in her more serious moments. He is honest and no coward. He perishes in the forest fire which burns the Carquinez Woods. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Dunshunner, Lord. An impecunious Englishman, whose title attracts Louise Macy. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Du Page, Marie. A schoolmate of Miss Kitty Lane. A favorite and the prospective heir of Enoch Lane. The dramatic artifices of "Uncle Sylvester" at first alarm her; she then becomes curious as to his intentions, and in the end begs forgiveness for her distrust. The fortune unearthed proves to be the legacy bequeathed her by Enoch Lane. *Their Uncle from California.*

Edgardo. Lady Selina's lover, with a past as shady as hers. He engages Burke the Slogger to wreck the train which is bringing his wife to Sloperton Grange, and, failing in this, he employs another villain for a similar dire purpose and with better success. He perishes with Lady Selina in the explosion which ruins the church where they have gone to be married. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Edward. See Sir Edward.

Eleanor. See Keene.

Elijah. See Curtis and Martin.

Elisha. See Braggs.

Elsbeth. See Princess Alexandrine Elsbeth Marie Stephanie von Westphalen-Alstadt.

Elsie. See Decker and Kirkby.

Emile. See L'Hommadieu.

Enriquez. See Saltello.

Esteban. See Padre Esteban.

Eunice. See Delatour.

Euphemia. See Harkutt.

Eversleigh, Sibyl. An attractive young English girl, the cousin and heiress of the Dorntons. She is at first interested in Randolph Trent as the last person to have seen Sir John alive, and later for himself; and when he visits her at Dornton Hall after her supposed accession to the estate, she confides to him that like her cousin, she cares nothing for the inheritance. Later Sir John lets her know of his existence, but begs her to retain the estate, as the course best pleasing to himself. She travels extensively in search of him, travels afterward shared by her husband. Years later, she and her family become the occupants of Dornton Hall. *Trent's Trust.*

Ewer, Lord Brownstone. The recreant lover of Jinny Jones. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Expectant. See Dobbs.

Ezekiel. See Corwin.

Fagg, David. "He was a good sort of fellow, but he lacked manliness and spirit." After achieving wealth by a stroke of luck, he falls in love with Miss Nellie Robins, but finding her more interested in Rattler than in him, he lends that gay deceiver money enough to set him up in business and enable him to marry. He then leaves for his home in the East, but is lost at sea on the way. *The Man of No Account.*

Fairfax. See MUNROE.

Fairfax, Captain. The favored suitor of Miss Georgia Piper. *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Fairfax, Mrs. An ardent Virginian secessionist and "disciple" of Marion. She leaves her husband because of his indolence in furthering the "cause," and assists Marion in California. Mrs. Bunker is used to forward correspondence between them. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Fairley, Bob. David Fairley's runaway son, still loved and looked for by his sister Flip. Known in Sonora as Bob Ridley, and killed by Lance Harriott, who, ignorant of his victim's identity, undertakes a search for Fairley after meeting Flip. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Fairley, David. A querulous old charcoal-burner. He is deceived by the appearance of rock crystals in his charcoal-pits, and believes that he has discovered the secret of diamond-making. Over his slovenly ways Flip watches, through the days of her childhood, for to her he is "dad" and family. The murder in the cabin completes the wreck of his mind. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Fairley, Flip. The child of David Fairley. A little freckled nymph of the mountains, who fears neither man nor nature. Through love of a renegade brother, she ministers to homeless tramps and Chinamen, hoping that some day the prodigal may stray into her cañon, or that "some o' these chaps might run across brother and do him a good turn for the sake of me." Harriott's frank and careless manner wins her childish affection, and she protects him from discovery. During the succeeding six months, Harriott sends her finery in which she decks herself, and, Cinderella-like, forgets the misery of home life. This experience and her love for the desperado hasten her dawning womanhood. She dies with Harriott, suffocated in her father's charcoal-pit. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Fall, William. Known in Cedar Camp as Uncle Billy. He and his partner, Uncle Jim, had long lived together and owned

everything in common save their blankets, and went through an unchanged routine daily. Uncle Jim, aroused to a sense of the futility of their lives, leaves everything to his partner and goes to San Francisco. Later Uncle Billy makes a great strike, and with a draft for twenty thousand dollars goes in search of Uncle Jim, to save whose pride, Fall deliberately and secretly loses most of the money. *Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy.*

Falloner, Robert. A lucky miner, who generously sends a remittance to the little brother and sister of an unlucky one, who is at the point of death. Later, in traveling through the West, he stops at the town where they live to tell them of their loss, but by their friends he is supposed to be the brother himself. He accepts the situation for the time, takes charge of the children, and after the death of the little girl, he adopts the boy as his brother. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Fantine. A beautiful blonde of sixteen. "One of those women who do wrong in the most beautiful and touching manner." *Fantine* (*Condensed Novels*).

Faquita. Maruja's coquettish maid, employed by her mistress in matters of trust. *Maruja.*

Faraday. See LITTLE.

Farendell, James. See SMITH.

Farquier, Roger. A Washington departmental clerk and a dignified Southern gentleman reduced in circumstances. At the boarding-house conducted by himself and his wife live Mr. and Mrs. Hopkinson. *The Story of a Mine.*

Father Dominico. A priest of the mission of San Felipe. *Three Partners.*

Father Felipe. The family priest of the Sepulvidas. He takes a more than paternal interest in the safety of Don José's life and property. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Father Felipe. Priest of the Mission of San Antonio. An old man, gentle, courteous, and refined in manner and bearing, but unpicturesque and old-fashioned in dress. He is the friend and counselor of Doña Dolores Salvatierra. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Father José Antonio Haro. See HARO.

Father Pedro. The padre at San Carmel, to whom Sanchicha brings the little foundling. He adopts the little girl into the service of the Church, concealing her sex under the name of Francisco, and taking upon himself the entire care of the child. He brings her up as an acolyte, and loves her with all a father's love. It is only after many struggles and subterfuges that he

is prevailed upon to confess the truth and give her up to Cranch, her rightful guardian. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Father Pedro. One of Clarence Brant's instructors at the Jesuits' College. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Father Sobriente. The principal of the Jesuits' College at San José. The good padre, who is aware of the parentage of his pupil Clarence Brant, treats him with great tact and tenderness. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Father. See PADRE.

Faulkner. A partner of Jack Fleming. *A Treasure of the Redwoods.*

Faulkner, Miss Matilda. A young Southern woman, whose zeal for the "cause" leads her to enlist as a Confederate spy. Under the pretext of preserving family papers, she enters Brant's headquarters, and from "Gray Oaks" maintains a system of signals with the enemy. But with the growth of her love for Clarence, she regrets her share in his undoing and confesses to him. Clarence, perceiving that she is but a tool in the hands of a seeming mulatto woman, who eventually proves to be his wife, gives the girl a "safe-conduct" to Washington. At the close of the war, in which his wife is killed, she marries him. *Clarence.*

Faulkner, Ned. A chivalrous and peculiarly sensitive young man, who, driven by the dishonesty of others to "take the road," finds himself in an equivocal position with the young woman whom he loves. Happily, the outcome of the story mends his fortunes. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Fauquier, Brant. See BRANT, HAMILTON.

Fauquier, Jim. A sententious resident of Blazing Star. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Felipa. See PERALTE.

Felipe. See FATHER FELIPE.

Fenwick, George F. See DOWNEY, DADDY AND MAMMY.

Ferdinand. See GODOY.

Fergus, Simon. A vindictive old man, who prays at the camp-meeting for "justification by faith," while his shot-gun is still in his wagon. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Ferrières. See DE FERRIERES.

Filgee, H. G. Father to Rupert and Johnny. *Cressy.*

Filgee, Jack. An admirer of Polly Harkness, shy and timid when sober and quite unpresentable at other times. *An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon.*

Filgee, Johnny. Rupert's younger brother. A youthful gossip, who, concealed in a tree, witnesses the duel between McKinstry and Ford, and sees Davis fire on McKinstry. *Cressy.*

Filgee, Rupert. The most promising pupil of the Indian Spring school. A handsome youth, adored by the girls, whom he despises. He assists "Uncle Ben" at the copy-book, and afterwards, when the latter leaves Indian Spring for Sacramento in his character of man of fortune, accompanies him as private secretary. *Cressy.*

Fitz-Fulke, Lady. Whose mother was immortalized by Byron; she hopes that near the Sphinx, she may pass for being young. *Zut-Ski* (*Condensed Novels*).

Fitz-Fulke, Lord. The son of the elderly-youthful lady. *Zut-Ski* (*Condensed Novels*).

Fitz Harry, the Hon. Captain. A visitor at Oldenhurst, addicted to foraging on the sideboard. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Flanigan, Jem. See DOWNEY, DADDY AND MAMMY.

Flash, Hon. Jackson. Has a bloodless *rencontre* with Colonel Starbottle. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Flash-in-the-Pan. The ghost of an Elizabethan sailor, who appears to be "a man of choleric humor." *The Legend of Devil's Point.*

"Fleas in the Blanket." The sobriquet of a "friendly" Indian, who acts as a spy for his fellows in the matter of the attack on the Sage Wood coach. Later, Dick Boyle discovers the man crawling towards the abandoned coach containing Miss Cantire, and kills him noiselessly. *Dick Boyle's Business Card.*

Fleet, Joe. The youngest of the four guardians of Fanny Meritoe. He is responsible for the sentiment in the composite letters sent to her, and in the end appears to have had some private correspondence with her. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Fleetwood, Captain. An officer at Fort Biggs, who commands the company sent to avenge the death of the Atherlys. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Fleming. A jovial teamster, the father of Julian. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Fleming, John. A good-looking, well-bred miner, young, hopeful, and inefficient. He borrows a pan of Miss Jallinger for prospecting purposes, and at a second meeting she shows him gold near her father's cabin. The father passes the strike over to Jack when he becomes Jallinger's son-in-law. *A Treasure of the Redwoods.*

Fleming, Julian. A lanky giant of seventeen, who was present as referee at a fight between two younger pupils of the Hemlock Hill school, for the "Kingship" of Table Ridge. The boys are caught in a heavy snowstorm, are carried down the mountain side by an avalanche, enter the buried cabin of a tunnel-man by the chimney, finding there food and shelter, and finally make their way to school after an absence from home of fifty hours. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Fletcher. See CURTIS, ELIJAH.

Fletcher, Captain. A miner at Sawyer's Ledge. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Fletcher, Judge. Supposed to be a suitor for the hand of Miss Trotter. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Flint. While employed as a carpenter by the Lanes, he discovers a bricked closet, containing a fortune in louis d'or. The coins are removed during frequent visits, and are placed in circulation in California, whence Sylvester Lane traces them back to their source. *Their Uncle from California.*

Flint, Dick. One of the committee of the Excelsior Company. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Flint, Harry. A penniless young man, who closely resembles Shelby Fowler, and is persuaded by circumstances to assume his name. This event heralds his prosperity. Among Fowler's effects he discovers several "daguerreotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him." A year later he encounters in England the original of the portrait, and learns that he bears her brother's name. *Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.*

Flip. See FAIRLEY.

Flirtia, the Princess. Cousin of the King of Trulyrnralania. She concludes to marry Duke Michael, owing to the confusion arising from there being so many of Rupert. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Flora. North's aged Indian handmaid. *The Man on the Beach.*

Fludder. One of the "Red Gulch Contingent," who are hosts at the picnic given in honor of the Piper family. *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Flynn, Senator. A dispenser of official patronage. John Milton Harkutt declines the "government berth" tendered by the Senator at the suggestion of Mrs. Ashwood. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Flynn, Tom. A miner from Virginia; a "good-natured but

not over-bright giant," with a blond mustache. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar; The Fool of Five Forks.*

Flynn, Tom. A San Francisco gambler. He is deceived by Flint's resemblance to Fowler, and buys at an auction sale the latter's portmanteau, which he presents to Flint. Upon his advice the young man assumes the name of the man whom he resembles. *Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.*

Flynn, Tom. The betrothed of Jinney Jules, whom, with Hemmingway, he rescues from the floating cabin. *When the Waters were up at "Jules'."*

Flynn, Tom. See BRANT, COLONEL HAMILTON.

Folinsbee, Old Man. A Yankee in California. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Folinsbee, Jack. Son of "old man Folinsbee." He is instrumental in having Colonel Starbottle and his mistress ejected from a ball-room. The affair results in a duel with Culpepper Starbottle, in which the latter is killed, and in another with the gallant colonel, who kills Folinsbee. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Folinsbee, Jack. A handsome but worthless young man, who has wrecked his health and his fortune by dissipation and gambling. He makes love to the heiress, Peggy Moffatt, who loves him much better than he deserves. He dies, fortunately for both, before he can redeem his promise to Jack Hamlin to marry her. *An Heiress of Red Dog.*

Folinsbee, Miss Jo. Daughter of "old man Folinsbee;" a pretty and attractive girl, with a chip hat and blue ribbons. She is much admired in the settlement. In "The Iliad of Sandy Bar," she is called the Lily of Poverty Flat. "The Romance of Madroño Hollow" records the story of young Culpepper Starbottle's love for her. *The Iliad of Sandy Bar; The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Folinsbee, John. A miner who has made his "pile" in California, and who, to please the boys, hunts up Peter Schroeder in the Fatherland. *Peter Schroeder.*

Folsom, Daddy. A weak, but emotional and aggressively hopeful neighbor, who cares for Dick Lasham in his last illness, writing a letter in the dying boy's name to his little brother and sister. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Fontonelles, The Comtesse de. The mother of Renée. *The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.*

Fontonelles, Renée de. The young daughter of the house,

who sees Alkali Dick by moonlight in the garden of the Château de Fontonelles, and thinks him the spirit of a long dead ancestor. She bravely addresses him, but faints when he utters the only French word applicable to his situation that he can remember, "*Perdu.*" Unseen he carries her into the house, where he meets the gaze of the portrait of the Comte Armand, extraordinarily like himself. *The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.*

Foo-Yup. The Chinese servant at The Lookout. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Ford, Mistress. A patrician dame of Morris County; a warm-hearted advocate of the Continental cause. *Thankful Blossom.*

Ford, Jack. A sentimental youth of twenty, master of the Indian Spring school. He is in love with Cressy, though he lacks the resolution to love her openly, or to promise her marriage. After extricating himself from many difficult situations, into which the jealousy of her other lovers and the falseness of his own position place him, he is considerably surprised by Cressy's marriage to Joe Masters. *Cressy.*

Ford, John. Nicknamed "The Old Man." An energetic, generous, and sensitive boy of nineteen, one of the partners of the Lone Star Claim, and the life of the cabin. The four others, a lazy and shiftless set, are on the point of deserting him, when a stroke of luck puts him into prospective possession of a fortune. He determines to share it with his partners, but the gold is buried by a landslide before they can reach it. The occurrence restores harmony, however, and points the way to prosperity. *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

Forester, Amy. The pretty daughter of a man of business importance, who marries Tenbrook, a miner, whom she first meets on a night when her father and herself are snow-bound near his lonely cabin. *A Night on the Diride.*

Forester, Jenny. A gay young schoolmarm of San Francisco. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Forrest, Charlotte. A young American girl, a born artist, who sketches a fountain in the beautiful garden of Domesday Abbey, not knowing that the half-seen figure of a sea-god is in reality a handsome fellow-countryman, who had ventured to plunge into the basin and been surprised there. From the sketch she makes a study in oils which is greatly admired, and is bought by Mr. Jackson Potter of Chicago. Wishing to repurchase the picture she calls on the gentleman, to recognize

him as her antique statue. By their marriage they both own the masterpiece. *A Vision of the Fountain.*

Forsyth, Lieutenant. A gallant young officer at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Forsyth, Josephine. An energetic young woman who succeeds to her uncle's estate at Burnt Ridge, and carries on its business with masculine independence. Her womanly sympathies are first aroused by the stranger whom she finds wounded and unconscious in the road, and helps to nurse through an operation and an imbecile convalescence. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Forsyth, Stephen. Josephine's good-for-nothing brother. He throws Randolph from the ledge on the night of the accident in order to regain the money which the latter has won from him in gambling. Three months afterwards, when trying to pillage his sister's desk in her absence, he is surprised by Randolph. The shock of seeing his would-be assassin shakes the sick man back to his reason. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Forsyth, Thomas. A very disagreeable old person, shiftless and incompetent, with a sentimental eye to his wrongs under the domestic patronage of his independent daughter. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Forsyth, Mrs. Thomas. Josephine's mother, and one of her husband's species. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Foster. The driver of the Sage Wood and Dead Flat stage-coach. He makes light of the Indian scare at Pine Barrens, but is himself killed on his coach by ambushed savages. *Dick Boyle's Business Card.*

Foster, Mrs. The mother of Lanty. *Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Foster, Atalanta. Usually called Lanty. A pretty, high-spirited girl, who on a dark evening aids an unknown horseman to find the road, and keeps for him a jewel-hilted dagger which he has dropped. Later she thinks the man is a Mexican horse thief temporarily confined in her father's barn, and restores the dagger and sets him free, only to find that the horseman was the officer who had arrested the thief. *Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Foster, Jack. Expressman, — alert, vigilant, familiar, and fateful. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Foster, James. Known as Uncle Jim. After leaving his partner, he becomes a crossing-sweeper in San Francisco, and when Uncle Billy finds him, he has saved more than nine hundred dollars. Fall pretends to have but five hundred, losing the

rest of his fortune at the Arcade Saloon. The two buy a small wheat ranch and prosper, but Uncle Billy never tells his secret. *Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy.*

Foulkes, Mary. The happy mother of five dolls, and the playfellow of the "boys" along the express route. *A Mother of Five.*

Fountains, Richard. A cowboy called Alkali Dick, a member of Buffalo Bill's company, a picturesque figure, with his long hair, pointed beard, and Van Dyck collar. Riding from Paris to Havre, he enters the park of the Château de Fontonelles, and those who see him there think him the apparition of the first Comte de Fontonelles. *The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.*

Fowler, Shelby. An adventurer who disgraces his name in Australia, and brings upon his family the enmity of his accomplice in crime, Australian Pete. *Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.*

Francisco. The name with which Father Pedro christens the abandoned baby girl whom he devotes to the service of the Church, and brings up as an acolyte. When Cranch appears as her guardian, with the story of her parentage and of the wealth which awaits her, she surrenders to the allurements of the world, and leaves her foster father in heartless thoughtlessness. "The past had no place in her preoccupied mind; her bright eyes were full of eager anticipation of a substantial future." *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Frank. See MAINWARING, FRANCIS.

Fraser, Florry. A little child, Johnny Medliker's favorite playmate, to whom he confides the secret of his discovery. She keeps it faithfully to the end. Both children die of an epidemic prevailing at Burnt Springs. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Fred. The young editor of the "Excelsior Magazine." Curious as to the identity of his contributor, "White Violet," he undertakes a search for her, but is headed off by his friend Jack Hamlin. *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

French Pete. A criminal pursued by the constable of Fisher's Crossing. *Flip: A California Romance.*

French Pete. A Wag of Rough-and-Ready. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Frenshaw, Frank. Editor of the Mountain Banner. A passenger in the coach robbed by Snapshot Harry. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Frida. See JANSEN.

Frisbee, Tom. See JEFFCOURT, TOM.

Frisny, Dick. One of the "Red Gulch Contingent." *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Fritz. The lieutenant of Spitz. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Gabriel. See CONROY and LANE.

Gale, John. He loves Golly and desires the Perfect Life. He becomes Brother Boreas in a monastery in Bishopsgate Street, which has an Arctic climate of its own, and it is found there that a gratuitous and blameless idiocy is his only peculiarity. He takes a last and sublime resolve, that his duty as a perfect Christian is to kill Golly. A gleam of common sense which comes to her saves them both. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Garcia, Manuel. The uncle of Pepita Ramirez. The keeper of the mission garden in whose coverts Masterton meets Pepita. *A Convert of the Mission.*

Garcia, Victor. The unscrupulous uncle of Carmen. To him come the bewildered Mexicans, Manuel and Miguel, with the tale of desertion. He persuades Carmen to forge the signature of Governor Micheltorena, and then, with Roscommon, presents the claim to Congress. *The Story of a Mine.*

Garnier, Monsieur. A young Frenchman in Maruja's train; clever, self-confident, and witty. His devotion is more controlled than that of his rivals. From start to finish he is never really in the race. *Maruja.*

Gashwiler, Pratt C. A venal congressman, who manœuvres the Roscommon claim through the lower house, but is beaten in the Senate. Expectant Dobbs looks to this "powerful influence" in national affairs for an official recognition of campaign services, but is betrayed. *The Story of a Mine; The Office-Seeker.*

Genevra. See TOMPKINS.

Gentleman George. See DORNTON, GEORGE.

George. See BARKER; CALVERT; DORNTON; KEARNEY; LEE; THOMSON; TRYAN.

George. A notorious gambler. His last name is not revealed, but it is said to be associated with "reckless hardihood, dissipation, and blood." Gideon Deane saves him from lynching and converts him as he lies on his deathbed. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Gideon. See DEANE.

Gildersleeve, Gus. A Western scout attached to the Peyton train. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Giles, Mr. Putney. Lothaw's agent. He gives a dinner-party. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Gilroy. The leader of a band of squatters. He attempts the seizure of the Robles Rancho, and, failing, leads Jim Hooker into the desertion of his claim. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Godoy, Señor. Secretary to the Spanish embassy. Under the name of "Count Ferdinand," he visits Blossom Farm and introduces "Baron Pomposo" to Thankful. Their visit leads to the arrest of Abner Blossom on the charge of harboring spies. *Thankful Blossom.*

Golightly, Charles Francis Adams. Aged ten; a pupil of Doemville Academy. He becomes a politician at an early age. *The Hoodlum Band* (*Condensed Novels*).

Golly. See COYLE.

Gow, Jamie. An assistant of Callender in his inventive capacity. The proximity to the daughter creates a tenderness which is soon dissipated by distance. He leaves Scotland for Honduras, and there disposes of an invention. *Young Robin Gray.*

Grace. See CONROY and NEVIL.

Gray, Mr. The schoolmaster of Smith's Pocket. He befriends the wayward M'liss and accomplishes much towards civilizing her. He is a young man of character and refinement, but rather impressionable. *M'liss.*

Gray, Robert. A wealthy young American, who is called upon by his friend the consul to escort Ailsa Callender and her father to their home. The fresh simplicity and directness of the Scotch girl attract him, and by means of his yacht he contrives to visit her frequently. He offends the pride of the inventor by his generosity in the hour of their distress, but this extravagance only endears him to Ailsa. *Young Robin Gray.*

Green, Stanton. The postmaster at Hickory Hill. He is saved from the results of his pilfering of the mails by Mrs. Baker, who acts under the impulse of that loyalty which is prevalent in frontier communities. *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Greenwood, Parson. The minister of the church at Hightown. He shares in the reaction in Mr. Hamlin's favor among his parishioners, and finally asks him to explain to himself and

his friends the mysteries of faro and poker. They play a game of the latter, for beans, under Jack's supervision, in which the Parson wins by the neatest bluff his instructor had ever seen. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Grey. A complacent young editor, who complies with the strange requests of the prodigal son. *The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes.*

Grey, Mr. The editor of the "Mountain Clarion" and later of the San Francisco "Daily Excelsior," known to his Spanish friends as Don Francisco, generally shortened to Don Pancho. He endeavors to discover the perpetrator of the assaults near the Ramierez fonda, and Cota's wild mustang cannot unseat him. He is the owner of Chu Chu, the admirer of Consuelo Saltello, the close friend of her brother Enriquez, and the chronicler of his fortunes. *What Happened at the Fonda; Chu Chu; The Devotion of Enriquez; The Passing of Enriquez.*

Grey, Clinton. One of the Committee of the Excelsior Company. Having left five sisters in the States, he is able to properly arrange on the dummy the Parisian dresses that have been missent to the hotel. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Grey, John. A hermit of the Pacific coast, who is brought to a proper sense of his duty in life by a visit from a bright and beautiful young lady. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Greyson, Captain. Known as the gallant who indulged in "philanderin'" with Louise Macy. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Grubbins. Breezy's schoolmaster. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Guest, Henry. The only son of Dr. West. Cast in his boyhood upon his own resources, he becomes a mere tramp. He meets Maruja by chance, and his first steady feeling in life is love for her. Fascinated by his strong, wild nature, Maruja first fears and then loves him. She has agreed to fly with him, when the secret of his birth is disclosed, and she eventually marries him as the rightful heir to Dr. West's property. *Maruja.*

Guest, Henry, Sr. See West, Dr.

Guild, Dr. The physician to whom Concho offers the little flask of quicksilver in payment for a dose of mercury. *The Story of a Mine.*

Gunn, Amos. A New York financier of irregular methods. To prevent a disclosure of the relations between his family and Flint, he plans to marry Kitty Lane. Her refusal and the

sinister threats of Sylvester Lane hasten his departure for New York. *Their Uncle from California.*

Gunn, Peter. A New York broker. The basis of his fortune is laid by Flint's peculations, and is augmented by the floating of wild-cat securities. *Their Uncle from California.*

Guy. See HEAVYSTONE.

Hale, John. A conscientious and somewhat forbidding young man, whose ideas of propriety, law, and order are so upset by the events of the story that he finds himself obliged to shield indirectly the robbers against whom his righteous indignation has been aroused. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Hale, Mrs. Josephine. A romantic young woman, who, long accustomed to the cold propriety of her husband, finds in the advent of two strangers beneath her roof the opportunity for a delightful flirtation with one of them. Her happiness in the memory of it is only enhanced when she learns that George Lee is a highwayman. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Hale, Minnie. Hale's little daughter. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Hall, Dick. Familiarly known as Whiskey Dick. An oracle of the bar-rooms of Devil's Ford. He has an admiration for "fash'nable young ladies," and he manages to keep sober in the presence of Miss Christie Carr, to whom he is especially devoted, and to whom he makes himself very useful by disclosing secrets in an artless and tactless way. He is used as a tool by Steptoe in his machinations against the three partners. *Devil's Ford; Three Partners.*

Hall, Joe. Sheriff of Calaveras County. "A quiet, gentle, thoughtful man," uncouth and unprepossessing, but faithful to his duty. In "Two Saints of the Foot-Hills," he reveals to their former friends the real characters of Daddy and Mammy Downey. He risks his life to protect his prisoner, Gabriel Conroy, from the lynchers, and then risks it again in attempting to recapture him single-handed. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills; Gabriel Conroy.*

Hall, Seth. A deputy-sheriff in charge of Jack Despard on a Sacramento steamer. He is overcome by his prisoner, who escapes to the friendly shelter of Morse's cabin. *In the Tules.*

Hamilton, Dick. A rich banker and social leader, of good birth, education, and position. Killed by John Oakhurst in a duel about Mrs. Decker. It is then disclosed that he has been carrying on an intrigue with that lady, who has used Oak-

hurst's devotion as a blind. *A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst.*

Hamlin, Jack. A peripatetic California gambler, famous as much for his easy audacity and the delicious fascination of his personality as for his success in his chosen profession. He always conducts a square game, and is as honest as it is possible for a gambler to be. While many fear his sarcastic wit, he is generally popular, and especially so with women and children. He is faithful to his friends, and always ready to help a fellow mortal in distress. His chief pleasures are flirtation, badinage, and music, and he is fond of children. His tenor voice has had training in a church choir, and he is an enthusiastic organ-player. In person he is handsome, languid, and accurately dressed, with a pale "Greek face" of "Homeric gravity." We first hear of him in "The Idyl of Red Gulch," where he is said to have thrown a decanter at the head of a confederate for mentioning Miss Mary's name in a bar-room. Next, he falls in love with the wife of Brown of Calaveras, and is on the point of eloping with her, when Brown's innocent trustfulness changes his mind, and he bravely flees from temptation. He is exiled from Sandy Bar by the vigilance committee. In "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar" and "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," we learn that Mr. Hamlin is still in the profession. He becomes the confidant of Peggy Moffatt, the heiress of Red Dog, in her love affair. The Fool of Five Forks, with a stroke of "nigger luck," breaks his bank. In "Found at Blazing Star," we find him conducting a game at Wingdam. In "An Apostle of the Tules," he takes care of the dying gambler George, and forms a strange friendship with the preacher, Gideon Deane. He exchanges civilities with Don José Sepulvida, the Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills, and offers to return the horse he has won from the drunken Roberto. Out of curiosity he seeks the unknown Sappho of Green Springs, but from a more chivalrous motive he gives up the search at her request, and contents himself with quintupling the editor's payments for her poems. He is a friend of John Milton Harcourt, formerly of Tasajara, and his adviser in the affair with the editor of the "Pioneer." He visits Wayne's Bar "professionally," and observes the coquetry of the wife of the Bell-Ringer of Angel's. He assumes the care of a simple and plain country girl, deserted by a fellow gambler, and with great forethought and delicacy provides for her peace and future welfare. He

helps guard the treasure which the three partners take from Heavy Tree Hill, stops the elopement of Mrs. Barker with Van Loo, and assists the partners in guarding Marshall's claim. He makes some stringent criticisms to the well-meaning Mr. Joshua Rylands, regarding his mistaken treatment of his wife, doing much good to both. He corresponds with the fascinating Mrs. Burroughs, under cover to the boy, Leonidas, from whose innocent revelations he learns of the deadly trap set by the lady for her husband; and so writes an anonymous letter to that jealously watchful man warning him of his wife's intended elopement with the gambler, Jack Hamlin. He severely protests against Colonel Starbottle's guardianship of Pansy Stannard, as prejudicial to the interests of the child, the Colonel at last yielding to Jack's arguments. Recovering from a grave illness, he is sent to the Windy Hill rancho for his convalescence. Received with some distrust by its serious-minded owners, he rapidly wins their favor by his charming personality, his liking for the children, his rare gifts as musician and singer, and his unfailing good temper; and before he leaves he is actually forced to expound to some of the austere friends of his host the mysteries of faro and poker. He befriends Gabriel Conroy in his misfortunes, and, though ill himself, risks his life to save him from the lynchers. He entertains a sentimental passion for the mysterious Doña Dolores. He dies in the presence of his faithful servant Pete, after pretending conversion in order to ease the devout old negro's mind. *The Idyl of Red Gulch; Brown of Calaveras; The Iliad of Sandy Bar; How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar; A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst; An Heiress of Red Dog; The Fool of Five Forks; Found at Blazing Star; An Apostle of the Tules; A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills; A Sappho of Green Springs; A First Family of Tasajara; The Bell-Ringer of Angel's; A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's; Three Partners; Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation; A Mercury of the Foot-Hills; A Ward of Colonel Starbottle; The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin; Gabriel Conroy.*

Hammersley, Jack. Mayor of San Francisco. One of the three original members of the Trust, his position in it expiring with his term, and descending upon his official successors until Yerba becomes of age. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Hank. One of the McKinstry household. *Cressy.*

Harcourt. The more suggestive name that Harkutt and his family assume with the growth of their fortune. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harcourt, Loo. The wife of John Milton Harcourt. She has been a servant in the Harcourt family, and the boy is disinherited for his runaway marriage. She is in striking contrast to the buoyancy and assertiveness of her youthful husband. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harkins, Jim. A scoundrel who defrauds the stockholders of Excelsior Ditch out of their rightful earnings, and who ultimately is compelled to disgorge the money. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Harkness, Polly. A brown, wild-eyed, disheveled girl, the daughter of a logger and charcoal-burner at Rocky Cañon. *An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon.*

Harkutt, Clementina. The eldest daughter of Harkutt. An unemotional nature, with concealed primitive instincts. She forms a weird friendship for Curtis, and waits for his regeneration. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harkutt, Daniel D. Proprietor of the general store at Sidon. A man who accommodates his ethical creed to suit circumstances. The disappearance of Curtis and knowledge of a prospective railway give him advantages in speculation, which he uses relentlessly. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harkutt, Mrs. Daniel D. The wife of the storekeeper. She wears "a singularly permanent expression of pained sympathy upon her face." She is not out of harmony with the luxury that results from Harkutt's speculation, but then appears as the "motherly hostess." *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harkutt, Euphemia. The youngest daughter of Daniel Harkutt. She marries a young surveyor, and when disillusionized returns to her home. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harkutt, John Milton. An optimistic young reporter. His father disinherits him upon his marriage, and the young couple begin the struggle in San Francisco. After the death of his wife he meets Mrs. Ashworth. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Harlowe. Counsel for Royal Thatcher. The Washington lawyer in whose home Carmen brings Thatcher to her feet. *The Story of a Mine.*

Haro, Father José Antonio. An enthusiastic Jesuit missionary of the eighteenth century in California. "Of tall and cadaverous aspect," and "lugubrious visage." He meets Satan on a mountain-top, and is shown a vision of the decline of Spanish power and the advent of the gold-seekers. *The Legend of Monte del Diablo.*

Haro. See De Haro.

Harriott, Lance. A fugitive from justice, whom Flip Fairley finds in the woods and helps escape. He conceives a fondness for her and undertakes a search for her missing brother, Bob, not knowing that he himself has killed him under another name. When hard pressed by the pursuing officers, he overhears the truth told to old David Fairley by one of them and, in a passion of anger and despair, he shoots the man. He and Flip are found dead the next morning, suffocated at her father's charcoal-pit, with their hands clasped in each other's. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Harrison. Dr. West's foreman. *Maruja.*

Harrison, Cal. A son of the Harrisons, who is a pupil at the Indian Spring school. *Cressy.*

Harrison, Jim. Brother of Joe Harrison. He carries on the feud with McKinstry over a disputed boundary. He is McKinstry's second in the duel. *Cressy.*

Harrison, Joe. Jim Harrison's brother. *Cressy.*

Harry. See Custer; Dimwood; Flint; Pendleton; Slinn. See also Henry.

Hathaway, Paul. A young man at the opening of the story. Secretary to the mayor of San Francisco, and afterwards a rising politician. He is the third and chance member of the Trust to whom Kate Howard commits her child. Bearing a merely formal relation to his ward for several years, he is suddenly called upon to play the active guardian to her honor. In meeting her he finds himself her lover; and the course of his love is seriously complicated by his position, in which his duties as guardian come into conflict with the girl's ignorance of her real parentage. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Hawkins, Cyrus. An eccentric and half-demented hypochondriac, still faithful to a woman who has long since forgotten him. He is the laughing-stock of the camp on account of his many acts of folly. He is described as "tall, finely formed, and dark bearded," with "a pair of hazel eyes, very large, very gentle, but inexpressibly sad and mournful." He rescues the husband of the woman he has loved so long from a cave-in at the mine, but in so doing meets his own death. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Hawkins, Larry. An admirer of Polly Swinger, who believes that the garden of her father is haunted by the ghost of Sobriente. When the earthly character of the visitant is revealed

and the gold ledge discovered, Hawkins becomes the Colonel's partner and son-in-law. *The Secret of Sobriente's Well.*

Hays. An inflexible pioneer character, affected neither by hardship nor prosperity. Morose and gloomily sectarian. The desertion of his wife and the elopement of his eldest daughter make of him a confirmed misanthrope. Death spares him the distress of dealing with Jack, his youngest son. *A Night at "Hays."*

Hays, Annie. The eldest daughter of the Hays family. *A Night at "Hays."*

Hays, 'Bijah. The eldest son of the Hays family. He threatens "to set up a rival establishment to his father's." *A Night at "Hays."*

Hays, Jack. The dissolute son of the misanthrope. His contact with city life ruins him. On the night of his father's death, he returns with "Lottie," but through fear never again meets him alive. *A Night at "Hays."*

Hays, Jo. The companion of Tom's wife on her visit to the Pioneer Restaurant. *In a Pioneer Restaurant.*

Hays, Zuleika. Her father's housekeeper. A wearied, unenthusiastic frontier girl of eighteen. *A Night at "Hays."*

Heavystone, Guy. A powerful man, with a stern, rigid face and a fierce and bloodthirsty disposition. He dies the death of Samson. *Guy Heavystone* (*Condensed Novels*).

Heckshill, Sam. A "land grabber" by repute. A passenger in the coach stopped by Snapshot Harry. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Hemmingway, Miles. A young gentleman from Boston, the secretary of a mining company. When the waters are up, he is afloat in a cabin with Jinney Jules, whose attitude towards him — whether coquettish or not — he can hardly determine. *When the Waters were up at "Jules'."*

Henderson. Owner of a ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Henderson, Mayor. The member of the Trust who accompanies Hathaway to the Convent of Santa Clara. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Henderson, Joe. A Union man. Wynyard Marion shoots him in a duel growing out of a political dispute. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Hennicker. A man of shady reputation, who keeps a hostelry in the Sierras. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Hennicker, Zenobia. An untrained beauty of the Sierras, who does not want for sense and courage. She takes John Hale under her protection while he puts up at her father's hostelry. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Henry. See BENHAM. See also HARRY.

Herbert. See BLY.

Hernandez, Mrs. The "rich widow of a coffee-planter." Jamie Gow is led by her substantial charms to forget his Scotch lassie at Loch Dour. *Young Robin Gray.*

Hickory. See HUNT.

Hicks, Private. In Major Van Zandt's command. *Thankful Blossom.*

Higbee, Tom. A hot-headed young Southerner, unaware that the war is over. He is struck in a quarrel by Courtland's overseer, Cato, and leads the attempt to capture the negro. *Sally Dows.*

Hiler, Mrs. Marvin. The widow of a Methodist circuit-rider. Left in poverty, "prematurely old and prematurely disappointed," she has "all the inexperience of girlhood with the cares of maternity." She is apathetic and spiritless, and has a habit of sniffling. Gideon Deane takes pity on her forlorn condition, and gives up the prospect of becoming a successful preacher in order to marry her. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Hiler, Selby. Eldest child of Mrs. Marvin Hiler. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Hippolyte. A lover. *La Femme* (*Condensed Novels*).

Hiram. The shy youth to whom Zaidee Hooker is engaged. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff.*

Hoffman. An American of German descent. During a ramble through the village of his ancestors he stumbles upon an august party, and is accidentally included in the photograph of the ducal family. This intrusion and the interest shown by the Princess make him an object of suspicion to the officials. The Princess, masquerading as a dairymaid under the name of Elsbeth, warns him of his danger, and to save her from unpleasant consequences he crosses the frontier. *The Indiscretion of Elsbeth.*

Home, Harry. An agent of the post-office department. He possesses a "blending of urban ease with frontier frankness." *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Hooker, Jim. A youth whose sanguinary career dates from the perusal of dime-novel writings, and is limited to threats and

large stories. Clarence Brant is fascinated by this bloodthirsty cattle-boy attached to the Peyton train, and in his later life helps him in many ways. Jim portrays the melodrama on the California stage, and, after Susy Peyton's entrance upon the same life, the two marry. A divorce soon follows, and Jim deserts the stage to engage in business. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains; Clarence.*

Hooker, Mrs. The mother of Zaidee, and her aider and abettor in the matter of her suit. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff.*

Hooker, Zaidee. A young girl with beautiful and expressive eyes, and by their aid she induces Colonel Starbottle to overcome his distaste for breach-of-promise suits and undertake her absurd and apparently hopeless case, which his eloquence carries to a triumphant conclusion. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff.*

Hoover, Hiram. A well-to-do ranchman at Chestnut Ridge, a good-natured, generous man. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Hoover, Mrs. Hiram. A kindly woman, whose brother, a preacher at San Antonio, confides to her care the orphan, Concha. She and her husband treat the child as a daughter, and endeavor to educate and convert her, with ill-success. The good woman recognizes from the first in the girl the precocious maturity of her race, and is hardly surprised at her elopement. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Hopkins, Cyrus. A farmer, upon whose family Jim Hooker makes his usual startling impression. Clarence Brant provides Jim with a claim adjoining the Hopkins ranch. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Hopkins, Mrs. Cyrus. The mother of the impressionable Phœbe. With her daughter she accepts credulously the tales of Jim Hooker. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Hopkins, Phœbe. A simple-minded country girl. Jim Hooker appears to her as a visitant from the great outlying world of romance. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Hopkinson, Josiah. A contractor for government supplies, resident in Washington. "Nobody minded Hopkinson; in the blaze of Mrs. Hopkinson's fascinations, he was completely lost sight of." *The Story of a Mine.*

Hopkinson, Mrs. Josiah. The artful lobby worker. A woman of some beauty, and much knowledge of the weaknesses of Congressmen. She is retained by Wiles and Gashwiler to lobby for the possession of the Blue Mass Mine. *The Story of a Mine.*

Hopper, Zob. One of Lanty Foster's enamoured swains. *Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Hop Li. A Chinese laundryman, a friend of Trixit's servant. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Hop Sing. A Chinese merchant. An intelligent and well-educated gentleman. *Wan Lee, the Pagan.*

Hornblower, Deacon. He takes possession of the kite made by Li Tee, and consequently is carried up into a tree. *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad.*

Horncastle. See STEPTOE.

Horncastle, Eddy. The young son of Steptoe (Horncastle) and Mrs. Horncastle. He dies with his father. *Three Partners.*

Horncastle, Mrs. The beautiful wife of the man who calls himself Steptoe, from whom she has long been separated. She falls in love with George Barker, and tells him so after his wife's faithlessness. She saves his little child on the night of the fire at Hymettus, and later marries the father. *Three Partners.*

Hornsby, Joe. Coroner at Red Chief's Crossing. He mistakes Miss Porter's freedom of manner for license, and is at once ostracized. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Horseley. "Lottie's" husband. A neighbor of Hays. Unlike the latter, he is unable to forget his erring wife. *A Night at "Hays."*

Horseley, Lottie. A San Francisco actress, with whom Jack Hays is infatuated. *A Night at "Hays."*

Horton. The one of the guardians, who contributes humor to the remarkable letters written in collaboration by the four to their ward. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Hoskins, Henry J. A grocer, and one of Hathaway's political "backers." *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Hoskins, Jim. Dr. Ruysdael's factor. *Liberty Jones's Discovery.*

Hotchkiss, Adoniram K. A rigid, ascetic, taciturn, middle-aged man — a deacon, whom Zaidee Hooker accuses of love-making, by the expedient of marking tender words in hymn-books, and the like. The developments of her breach-of-promise case prove so mirth-inspiring that the defendant is goaded into compromising with the plaintiff for a sum large enough to enable her to marry the youth to whom she is engaged, — her sole reason for bringing the suit. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff.*

Houston, Gus. A very young miner at Sawyer's Ledge. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Howard, Kate. A notorious woman of San Francisco, mother of Yerba Buena by Juan de Arguello. Having endowed the child with all her own property, she abandons her to the guardianship of a Trust of three, in order that her daughter may not know the shame of her birth. Afterwards, under the assumed name of Mrs. Argalls, Kate Howard discovers Colonel Pendleton in a hospital, and presents him with the proofs of her final marriage with Arguello, which gives Yerba a right to the name she has fancifully assumed. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Hunt, Hickory. One of the youthful pirates. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle.*

Hurlstone, James. A tempestuous spirit, embittered and hysterical in expression. Disheartened by the pursuit of his wife, he resolves upon suicide. Saved by Señor Perkins, he escapes to the shelter of the mission of Todos Santos. In contrition, he confesses to Padre Esteban, and becomes his pupil. The quiet of his pastoral life is disturbed by his love for Eleanor Keene. He is saved from a dishonorable avowal by the solicitous padre, and decides to escape from his trial. The necessity of this sacrifice is prevented by the discovery of his wife's death. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Ignacio. Father José Antonio Haro's pious muleteer, who rescues the priest from a bear. *The Legend of Monte del Diablo.*

Incarnacion. A vaquero in the employ of Judge Peyton. After the latter's death Clarence retains him as steward. He brings his master the news of Pedro's death. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Indian Molly. A servant of the Hales. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Inez. See Baxter, Mrs.

Ingomar. The keeper of the Wingdam Temperance Hotel. A large and powerful barbarian, whose real name is Abner. He comes from Illinois, where he has married Parthenia, a schoolteacher from Boston. *A Night at Wingdam.*

Isabel. See Ramirez.

Islington, Tom. A boy of fourteen when the story opens. He has formed a strange friendship with the bummer Johnson *alias* Skaggs, who makes him his heir. Later he appears in the East as lover of Miss Blanche Masterman. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Jack. See Brace; Brown; Cherokee Jack; Cranch; Crosby; Despard; Dumont; Fleming; Folinsbee; Ford; Hamlin; Hays; Oakhurst; Poindexter; Prince; Riggs; Shipley; Somers. See also John and Johnny.

Jackson. Mill-owner at Pine Clearing and a school trustee. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing.*

Jackson, Mr. Secretary of Don Diego Fletcher. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Jael. See Raby.

Jallinger, Henry Boone. A religious recluse, and a mighty hunter, who regards gold-mining as sinful. *A Treasure of the Redwoods.*

Jallinger, Katinka. Henry's pretty, unsophisticated daughter. Accidentally meeting Jack Fleming, she falls in love with him, plans a second meeting, and shows him gold on her father's claim. The young pair become engaged, and Jallinger, from conscientious scruples, passes the strike over to Fleming. *A Treasure of the Redwoods.*

James. Rushbrook's major-domo, a sagacious functionary. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

James. See Bowers; Hurlstone; North. See Jim.

James, Sir. The master of Moreland Hall and an aspirant for the hand of Helen Maynard. *Two Americans.*

Jamie. See Gow.

Jane. See Mackinnon.

Jansen, Frida. A pretty flirtatious Swedish chambermaid at the Summit House. She becomes the second wife of Mr. Bilson, the landlord, is left a widow, and later reappears as the neglected wife of Chris Calton. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Jarman, Richard. An escaped convict from a British penal colony, who is a semaphore keeper at a station on the bay of San Francisco. He is saved from capture by a fisherman's daughter, who misleads the police by making a wrong signal. The two fly together, are hurriedly married, and Jarman becomes a rich cattle-owner in Southern California. *The Man at the Semaphore.*

Jason. "A middle-aged adventurer," who has married Miss Circe. *Johnnyboy.*

Jeff. See Briggs.

Jeffcourt, Julia. Tom Jeffcourt's sister. A young woman whose demand for vengeance upon her brother's murderer is prompted by her jealousy of Miss Sally Dows. She falls in

love with the object of her supposed hatred, and is planning flight with him from the war, when she is killed by a Yankee bullet. *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Jeffcourt, Mrs. Martha. Tom Jeffcourt's mother, who tries to make the most out of Corbin's self-imposed penance by "bleeding" him for more and more money on her son's fictitious share in Corbin's "claim." *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Jeffcourt, Tom, *alias* Tom Frisbee, *alias* Jack Walker. The miserable young fellow who was Corbin's partner, and who meets his death at Corbin's hands in a quarrel for which he himself is responsible. *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Jenkins, Benjamin Franklin. First introduced as a pupil at Doemville Academy, aged seven. At the age of twelve he is the Boy Chief of the Pigeon Feet Indians, reveling in gore. *The Hoodlum Band* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jenkins, Harrison. Youngest son of John Jenkins. He reproves his father for killing the eldest son, and is himself killed by "a tumbler thrown from the parental fist." *John Jenkins* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jenkins, John. A victim to the tobacco habit. He struggles vainly with his appetite, but gets deeper and deeper into vice, until, after wantonly killing two of his children, he suddenly reforms, and from that day is "an altered man." *John Jenkins* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jenkinson. The landlord of the inn at San Mateo, whose equanimity, somewhat disturbed by the riotous Roberto, is not entirely restored by the courteous calmness of his master. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Jenkinson, Polly. The dimpled daughter of the landlord of San Mateo. She finds the grave and romantic Don José so gentle and kind that she subsequently accompanies him as his bride to his paternal estate. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Jennie. See BRADLEY.

Jennings, Captain. An officer stationed at the fort in San Francisco Bay. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Jennings, Parson. The spiritual leader of Buckeye Camp. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Jenny. See MILLER.

Jerrold. One of the partners of the Eureka Mining Company. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Jessie. See CARR; LAWTON; MAYFIELD.

Jim. An Indian vagrant tied to the civilization of the settlement by the single link of "fire-water." In danger of lynching, he takes refuge in an island, with Li Tee, where they are visited and afterward betrayed by Bob Skinner, whose father leads a party to hunt down the fugitives. Jim and his dog are shot, but not till the latter has avenged himself upon one of the assailants. *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad.*

Jim. Colonel Starbottle's negro servant and ex-slave. Punctiliously courteous like his master. He rejoices in the departure of Pansy. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff; A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Jim. Edgar Pomfrey's Indian servant. *The Mermaid of Lighthouse Point.*

Jim. Miggles's former lover, now a helpless and feeble-minded paralytic, cared for by the faithful Miggles. *Miggles.*

Jim. One of the friends of Mrs. Rylands before her marriage. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.*

Jim. One of the McKinstry household. *Cressy.*

Jim. See BRADLEY; CAPTAIN JIM CULPEPPER; DUNN; HOOKER; NORTH; PRINCE; WILKES.

Jimmy. See LACHAM.

Jinny. A donkey of character and individuality, who finally rebels against all authority, but forms a voluntary friendship with Miss Jessie Lawton and is faithful to her, even unto death. "*Jinny.*"

Jinny. See M'CLOSKY.

Jo. See FOLINSBEE.

Joan. See BLANDFORD.

Jock. See MACSPADDEN.

Joe. See DECKER; HALL; KANAKA JOE; MASTERS; MATTINGLY.

John. See ASHE; BAKER; BAXTER; FORD; HALE; OAKHURST. See also JACK and JOHNNY.

John Milton. See HARKUTT.

Johnny. See FILGEE, MEDLIKER, STARLEIGH, and WALKER.

Johnny. Son of the Old Man — a little boy with a "fevier," rheumatism, and other ills. He has just heard about Christmas and is interested in "Sandy Claws." *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Johnnyboy. See SLUYSDAEL, JOHNNYBOY.

Johnson. The father of the "Old Woman." *Johnson's "Old Woman."*

Johnson. A lounger at Rawlett's store. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Johnson. A lounger at Briggs's store. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Johnson. See BLANDFORD, EDWARD.

Johnson. See SKAGGS.

Johnson, Billy. One of the Johnson children. *Johnson's "Old Woman."*

Johnson, Bob. A miner. He and his fellows, in their glee at the rediscovery of the old lead, array themselves in approved pirate fashion and, joining in the children's play, do homage to Polly as their queen. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle.*

Johnson, Cal. A jovial gambler; a passenger in the stage that conveys Clarence to Sacramento. One of Brant's confederates. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Johnson, Caroline. Johnson's "Old Woman," who turns out to be an independent person of the advanced age of fifteen, who keeps the shanty in the "clearing" during her father's absences, mothers her smaller brothers and sisters, and resents the interest of well-meaning strangers. "There ain't the created thing, livin' or dead, that she can't stand up straight and look at." *Johnson's "Old Woman."*

Johnson, 'Dolphus. One of the Johnson children. *Johnson's "Old Woman."*

Johnson, Hannibal. A negro demagogue at Redlands. A prospective county judge. *Sally Dows.*

Johnson, Mirandy. One of the Johnson children. *Johnson's "Old Woman."*

Johnson, T. Barker. An American filibuster. He operates with great bravery and some success in Central America, is elected president of an unstable republic, and endeavors in Germany to raise funds and emigrants for its maintenance. The Schroeder family are led from varied motives to join him. *Peter Schroeder.*

Johnson, Mrs. T. Barker. The wife and able confederate of the filibuster. With a party of American girls under the care of Jack Folinsbee, she visits the peaceful home of Peter Schroeder, and soon after begins to work upon his sentimental nature. *Peter Schroeder.*

Jones. One of Georgia's representatives in Congress. *The Story of a Mine.*

Jones, Clarinda. A pupil of the Indian Spring school. *Cressy.*

Jones, Hemlock. A detective of superhuman insight, the

Terror of Peculators. He even discovers that his devoted and adoring friend, the Doctor, has stolen the cigar case, incrusted with diamonds, presented to Jones by the Turkish ambassador, though it is still in its owner's drawer. *The Stolen Cigar Case* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jones, Jinny. Golly's deserted and self-immolated friend. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jones, Liberty. A forlorn young girl, who with her unloving father is traveling along the slope of the Santa Cruz range. An earthquake kills the father, and the friendless girl is engaged by Dr. Ruysdael to look after his stock. She discovers an arsenical spring, which makes her beautiful. Later it is known as Liberty Spring, and the place becomes a health-resort. *Liberty Jones's Discovery.*

Jones, Mary. A housemaid. *No Title* (*Condensed Novels*).

Jones, Mary. "A young girl in book muslin and a coral necklace;" gay and beautiful. She marries John Jenkins on his promise to reform in the matter of smoking. *John Jenkins* (*Condensed Novels*).

José. Father Pedro's muleteer.

José. See FATHER JOSÉ; SALVATIERRA; SANTIERRA; SEPULVIDA; WILES.

Josephine. See FORSYTH; HALE; RANDOLPH.

Josh. See SIBBLEE.

Joshua. See UNCLE JOSHUA.

Josita. See CASTRO.

Jovita. See CASTRO and MENDEZ.

Jovita. The raw-boned, vicious mare which carries Dick Bullen on his perilous ride. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Joyce, Mrs. Captain. The lively wife of an officer at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Juan. See BRIONES and SALVATIERRA.

Juanita. The foundling whom Don Juan Briones adopts. In her maidenhood she becomes the playmate of Francisco. She is for a time thought to be the heiress, but herself discovers the truth by opening the letter from Father Pedro. After coquettishly teasing Cranch, she leaves her home to become his wife. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Judge, the. A stage-passenger; one of Miggles's guests. *Miggles.*

Judge, the. One of the Doctor's listeners. *A Ghost of the Sierras.*

Judge, the. One of the partners of the Lone Star Claim. So nicknamed because he is "singularly inequitable" and has no knowledge of the law. Of a weak and vacillating nature. *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

Jules. A pioneer of '49. The settlement founded by him, is, when the waters are up, half submerged, a state of things placidly acquiesced in by the inhabitants. *When the Waters were up at "Jules'."*

Jules, Jinney. A handsome, frank, good-humored girl, the daughter of Jules. *When the Waters were up at "Jules'."*

Julia. See JEFFCOURT.

Julie. See DEVARGES.

Kanaka Joe. A gambler and "all-round desperado." After a quarrel with Henry Cass over a game of cards, it is evident to both that one must die. Cass is shot to death on the road to Blazing Star. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Kane. The junior partner of a firm of apothecaries, who dresses the cuts on Madame le Blanc's head in a rather thorough-going manner, and afterward prescribes for Reuben Allen. *How Reuben Allen "Saw Life" in San Francisco.*

Karl. See SCHWARTZ.

Kate. See MACSPADDEN ; SCOTT ; SOMERS ; SYLVESTER ; VAN CORLEAR.

Kate. The charming niece of Mrs. Price, who dazzles Spindler's guests. *Dick Spindler's Family Christmas.*

Kayne, the Hon. Evelyn. One of the English party at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Kearney. See CHEROKEE JACK.

Kearney, George. The youngest of the partners of the Devil's Ford claim, handsome and brave, the lover of Miss Christie Carr. His daring act during a flood saves the mine from ruin. and he himself is saved from drowning by Christie. *Devil's Ford.*

Kearney, Philip. The elder of the Kearney brothers, and one of the partners of the Devil's Ford claim. A good mimic and a good singer. *Devil's Ford.*

Keene, Eleanor. A typical American girl, who rules the company on the Excelsior by virtue of her beauty and grace. In Todos Santos she is regarded as the incarnation of Anarchy and Revolution, "beautiful and victorious." Fascinated in the beginning by the constant melancholy of Hurlstone, she passes

through all the variations of a young girl's love, from maternal pity to a woman's ardor. On the death of his wife, Hurlstone is free to declare his love. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Keene, Richard. Eleanor's brother. A jaunty young American, who organizes the expedition for the rescue of the Excelsior. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Kennedy. Member of the State Legislature of California. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Kennedy. Postmaster at Fisher's Crossing. A jealous suitor of the adroit Flip. *Flip: A California Romance.*

Kentuck. The baby "rastles" with his finger, and from that moment he has a special fondness for the child. He meets his death in trying to rescue "the Luck" from the flooded river. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Kentucky Ike. A miner in the Wild Cat camp. *Prosper's Old Mother.*

Keppler, Dr. Physician to the Rightbody family. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Key, Preble. Marked by a pleasant voice, and a lithe and supple figure. "Though his face was still young and his mustache quite dark, his hair was perfectly gray." In virtue of his youth he is somewhat sentimental, but in spite of that he is a confirmed prospector. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Kilcraithie. A young Highlander, Laird of Whistlecrankie. He loses his head in a flirtation with Lady Deeside, and quarrels with his rival, Delfosse. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

King of France, the. Has an adventure with Louise de la Vallière and the four friends. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Kirby, Lieutenant. One of Lieutenant Calvert's boon companions. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Kirkby, Elsie. An American girl abroad for a purpose. Self-assertive and opinionated. Malcolm McHulish convinces her of his claim to a Scotch title and its accompanying lands. She loses interest in the young Scotchman when she learns that his castles are built of air. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

Kirkby, Mrs. A worldly minded and skeptical mother, with a marriageable daughter. She is a stockholder in the syndicate, but prefers compromise to revolution. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

Kitty. See CARTER and LANE.

Lacy. See BASSETT.

Lady Caroline. See COVENTRY.

Lady Coriander. The only unmarried daughter of the Duchess; of High Church proclivities. She finally marries Lothaw. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Lady Selina. See SEDILIA.

La Fère, Count de. See ATHOS.

Lagrange, Colonel. A Confederate officer arrested within the Union lines. He is brought with Faulkner before Brant, who surmises that these are his wife's aides. *Clarence.*

Lance. See HARRIOTT.

Lane, Gabriel. Brother to Sylvester. He is led by the Gunns into investments in worthless securities, and approves of a marriage between Amos Gunn and his daughter Kitty. From the consequences of this complaisance he is rescued by his brother. *Their Uncle from California.*

Lane, Kitty. The winsome daughter of Gabriel Lane. She hopes to find in "Uncle Sylvester" the embodiment of her romantic fancies, and is disappointed in his conventional appearance. *Their Uncle from California.*

Lane, Sylvester. An eccentric adventurer, who returns to the homestead to search for the buried fortune. By means of clever ruses he frightens Gunn into a partial restoration, and discovers a second cache in a half-ruined cabin. As a story-teller he is somewhat tantalizing, but as a shrewd man of affairs he saves his family from financial disaster. *Their Uncle from California.*

Langworthy, Abner. The landlord of the Big Flume Hotel. A good-natured, impassive man, whose wife had divorced him for "incompatibility of temper." Five years later the lady, now Mrs. Byers, stops at the hotel, the two meet amicably and he asks her advice regarding a possible second wife. With her approval he proposes to Miss Budd and is accepted; an engagement soon broken, for Mary Ellen, who had been the first Mrs. Byers, objects to having been approved by her successor. When Mrs. Byers obtains her second divorce, her husbands become friends and confirmed celibates. *The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel.*

Lankey, Mr. A midshipman on the Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Lanty. See FOSTER.

Lascelles, Mrs. Charles. Jenny, twin sister of Peter Atherly,

the wife of a gentle, amiable young lawyer. A passionate, impulsive, wayward woman, who has inherited many Indian qualities. Her father's people attract her, and she becomes their victim at last. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Lasham, Cissy. The little sister of Dick. When dying she says that Dick is dead, and that Falloner is an angel sent to tell her. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Lasham, Dick. An unfortunate young miner, whose last hours are troubled by the thought of his helpless orphan brother and sister, who have sent him a childish letter begging him to write and send his picture. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Lasham, Jimmy. The little brother of Dick, who rapturously greets Falloner as his brother, recognizing him from his photograph, which has been sent to the child by a good-natured miner, to satisfy his wish for a picture of Dick. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

La Vallière, Louise de. Loved by the King of France. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Lawton, Miss Jessie. A gentle young invalid from San Francisco, who has come to the foot-hills for her health, and who spends her days sketching in a little cemetery. Here she makes the acquaintance of Jinny, the donkey, and the two become firm friends. "*Jinny.*"

L'Eau Dormante. See DORMAN, LOW.

Lee, George. A highwayman of the Robin Hood type, brave, careless, and generous, who finds recreation in a week of enforced idleness by a flirtation with Mrs. John Hale. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Legrande. A French-Patagonian attaché. One of the guests at the table of the "amateur pirate." *With the Entrées.*

Leonidas. See BOONE.

Leyton, Mr. Charles. The gentleman in whose party Miss Nevil visits Los Osos. He afterwards, in her interest, consults Rushbrook on Somers's prospects, and is the occasion of Miss Nevil's interference in the inquiry. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Leyton, Mrs. Charles. The lively wife of Charley Leyton. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

L'Hommadieu, Adele. Major Randolph's stepdaughter. A faithful reflection of her mother. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

L'Hommadieu, Emile. Major Randolph's stepson. The pro-

duct of Josephine's training. He counts upon the susceptibility of the feminine heart. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

'Lige. See CURTIS.

Lightbody. One of the loquacious guests at the table of the "amateur pirate;" the "heavy literary man." *With the Entrées.*

Lionel. Sir Edward's natural son. Sir Edward discovers him in a learned and philosophical bootblack. *The Dweller of the Threshold* (*Condensed Novels*).

Li Sing. Foreman to Jackson Wells, and chief laundryman to the settlement. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Li Tee. A friendless Chinese boy whom the Editor of the Trinidad "Sentinel" tries to employ and protect. But every man's hand is against the child, and after a piece of ingenious mischief, he seeks safety in flight, in company with two other outcasts, the Indian Jim and his dog. Suffering and starving, he stupefies himself with opium and dies. *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad.*

Little, Faraday Huxley. A plain-looking but clever young man of scientific tastes. He twice saves the life of his sweetheart, Lady Caroline Coventry, who finally accepts him. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Lo. An Indian dog presented to little Peggy Baker by one of her admirers. It is absolutely and totally uncivilized, but is completely devoted to its mistress. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Longbowe, John. An Elizabethan adventurer, a composite portrait from several originals. *The Adventures of John Longbowe, Yeoman* (*Condensed Novels*).

Loo. See HARCOURT.

Lothaw. An immensely rich young man, who fulfills his destiny by marrying the aristocratic Lady Coriander. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Lottie. See HORSELEY.

Louise. See LA VALLIÈRE and MACY.

Louise. "Uncle Joshua's" daughter; a pretty girl, modest and reserved, and apparently on a higher social plane than her father, with whom she is making a European tour. "*A Tourist from Injianny.*"

Low Dorman. See DORMAN, LOW.

Luck, Thomas. The fatherless child of Cherokee Sal. His mother dying at his birth, he is adopted by the camp and given in charge of Stumpy, who faithfully devotes himself to his

care. The presence of a helpless baby brings about many changes in the rough camp, and a prosperity follows which the miners declare to have been brought about by him. He is called "the Luck," and, being without a name of his own, is formally named Thomas Luck. While still an infant he perishes in the arms of Kentuck, who is trying to rescue him from the flooded river. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Lummox, John. Known to his family as "the perfect Lummox." He had been two years in college, but thought it rather fine of himself — a habit of thought in which he often indulged — to become a clerk, but soon got tired of it and went to Europe for two years. In returning, he meets on the "liner" Mary Bike, and after serving Dan'l Borem as clerk, and getting the better of him in a "hoss trade," he concludes to marry her, and so goes on another "liner" to meet her. *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

Luxury, Archdeacon. John Gale's clerical chief. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

MacFen, Sir James. "A man of large yet slow and cautious nature, learned and even pedantic, yet far-sighted and practical; very human and hearty in social intercourse, which, however, left him as it found him, — with no sentimental or unbusiness-like entanglements." In his dealings with "The Syndicate" he effects a compromise to the advantage of his client, Lord Duncaster, the "Heir of the McHulishes." *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

MacGlowrie. See BROWN, GABRIEL.

MacGlowrie, Mrs. A charming, gracefully languid Southerner, the mistress of the Laurel Spring House. She is supposed to be the widow of Allen MacGlowrie, a noted Kentuckian, of belligerent tendencies, and the sister of Stephen and Hector Boompointer of equally lurid reputations, while her own experience of frontier life is believed to have been rude and startling. In truth she is the divorced wife of a worthless cousin of Allen, an escaped convict, who appears at Laurel Spring as the "Inspired Cowboy," a noted revivalist. He is alarmed at meeting her, and arranges an interview to beg her silence. They are accidentally seen together by Dr. Blair, the lady's true lover, to his distress, and Mrs. MacGlowrie confesses to him her true history, and consents to change her ill-omened name for his. *Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

MacKinnon, Jane. The "hired girl" of Mr. and Mrs. Rylands. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.*

MacKinstrey, Dick. A Kentuckian; a friend, and on one occasion a second of Colonel Starbottle. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Macleod, Richard Graeme. "Captain Dick," an old retired sea-captain with an "amphibious" dialect. He harbors Roger Catron and sets him on his feet again, turning the tide of public opinion in Roger's favor by the ingenious bluntness and frankness with which he exposes the foibles of his enemies. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Macquoich, Lady. The hostess of Glenbogie House. She is moved by the fear of scandal to dispossess Delfosse and Kilcraithie in turn of the room with two exits. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

Macquoich, Sir John. The host of Glenbogie House. Like his guests he is deceived by the unconventionality of Mrs. MacSpadden and believes her indiscreet. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

MacSpadden. See McSpadden.

MacSpadden, Jock. The loyal and complacent husband of "Mistress MacSpadden." *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

MacSpadden, Mrs. Kate. Jock MacSpadden's wife; a young Scotch woman, whose freedom of manner and vivacity of speech give rise to suspicion. She is apparently a party to an intrigue with Kilcraithie, but her husband believes in her innocence. She is possessed by a feverish and unnatural gayety. *A Rose of Glenbogie.*

Macy, Louise. The cousin and companion of Mrs. Bradley at The Lookout. A piquant American girl, who subordinates sentiment to policy. She tantalizes Mainwaring during his convalescence by mischievously shocking the proper Englishman, and completes his discomfiture by "philanderin'" with Captain Greyson. She is prevented by fate in the tangible forms of Richelieu Sharpe and a stray zephyr from becoming Lady Mainwaring. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Madeline, Monsieur. "An angel and inventor of jet-work." He becomes M. le Maire. *Fantine* (*Condensed Novels*).

Madison. See Wayne.

Maggie. See Culpepper and Roscommon.

Mainwaring, Francis. "The personification of close-cropped, clean, and wholesome English young manhood." Traveling in the resinous Sierras to strengthen his lungs, he is startled and charmed at the prodigality of nature and the freedom of man-

ners. Though fresh from Oxford, he is unaffected and simple in dealing with men, self-conscious and awkward with women. He finds rest and health at The Lookout, but the coquetry of Louise Macy greatly disturbs his peace of mind. He is attracted by the sincerity and candor of Minty. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Mainwaring, Lady. An English gentlewoman and the mother of Francis. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Mainwaring, Robert. A younger brother of Francis. His happiness depends, in his own opinion, upon some calamity to the heir. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Mainwaring, Sir Robert. The father of Francis. To preserve his ancestral estates intact, he speculates in California enterprises, with disastrous results. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Maitland, Miss Clara. The daughter of the governor of Jamaica. She nurses Mr. Midshipman Breezy in his recovery from the fever, and then marries him. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy (Condensed Novels).*

Malcolm. See McHULISH.

Mallory, Mr. A widower and follower of Rose. Having been a boon companion of Major Randolph, he intrusts his daughter to his friend's care while speculating in mines. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Mallory, Rose. A pretty and fastidious girl. She is easily impressed by the ostentation of the foreign element in Major Randolph's household, and just escapes the trap laid for her and her fortune by the match-making mother and amorous son. In her distress she calls for her father, and is quickly rescued. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Malmsey Butt. The ghost of an English sailor of Queen Elizabeth's time. He appears as "a spherical-bodied man-of-war's-man, with a rubicund nose." *The Legend of Devil's Point.*

Mammy. See DOWNEY.

Man from Solano, the. A sharp and unscrupulous rustic from California, who visits New York, and, while he is made a butt by the fashionable people with whom he comes in contact, succeeds in making a good living out of his friends, and goes off the scene in a blaze of glory with forty thousand dollars in his pocket, won at cards from the members of a "fash'nable" club. *The Man from Solano.*

Mann, Hank. A miner in the Wild Cat camp. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Manners, Jack. A member of the "Poco Más ó Menos" club, and the young lawyer whom Tom, the Western waiter, consults on the subject of his runaway wife. *In a Pioneer Restaurant.*

Mannersly, Miss Urania. A young woman of cold exterior, but susceptible to the grace and versatility of Enriquez Saltello. She marries him in an original and determined manner. Urania and Enriquez reappear in a lodging in Dupont Street, where their baby is hung upon the wall in a bark papoose case, the mother thinking that "the only natural and hygienic mode of treating the human child." She has written some articles on the Aztecs. Later their friend the Editor sees Mrs. Saltillo and Professor Dobbs together at the Carquinez Springs Hotel, "a reckless, frivolous caravansary," during an earthquake shock. At the same time Enriquez sees the two in a vision, and takes it as a warning of the catastrophe which next day overwhelms him. *The Devotion of Enriquez; The Passing of Enriquez.*

"Man-o'-War Jack." An English sailor from the Australian colonies. He sings "the Luck" to sleep. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Manuel. A half-breed servant of the Hales, who makes an unsuccessful attempt to rob the house in his master's absence. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Manuel. A peon attached to Demorest's establishment. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Manuel. "A slim half-breed and ex-convert of the Mission of San Carmel." One of the four prospectors and an accomplice of Garcia. *The Story of a Mine.*

Manuela. Don José Salvatierra's Indian maidservant, who becomes the maid of his adopted daughter, Doña Dolores. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Manuela. The fat lady friend of Victor Ramirez. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Marabout, Lady Blanche. Supposed to be about to marry Mr. Rawjester. *Miss Mix (Condensed Novels).*

March, Henry. One of the lost party of emigrants. He becomes hysterical in his weakness, and dies of starvation. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Maria. See NORTH; SALTONSTALL; SEPULVIDA.

Marie. See DU PAGE.

Marion, Wynyard. A leader of Secessionist activity in California. His courtesy to Mary Bunker leads her into a "con-

spiracy" against the Union and her home. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Markham, James. "A youngish, feminine-looking man of thirty, notable for his beardlessness." The resigned spouse of Susan Markham. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Markham, Mrs. Susan. Under all circumstances she is in command of her faculties. A suffragist by nature, a controversialist by habit, she alone can follow the tortuities of Señor Perkins's flights. She is pitied by the authorities of Todos Santos as the deserted Dulcinea of the filibuster, and through diplomacy soon gains her freedom. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Markle, Mrs. Susan. At first a boarding-house keeper at One Horse Gulch, and afterwards proprietor of the Grand Conroy Hotel. A genial, gentle, and unaffected woman, capable and bright. She sets her cap at Gabriel, but does not seem quite so eager for the match as her handmaid, Sal Clark. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Mark-the-Pinker. The ghost of an English sailor of Elizabethan times. *The Legend of Devil's Point.*

Marsh, Cassie. A gently nurtured and intelligent young girl, whose father has suffered reverses of fortune. She takes charge of the books of the Excelsior Hotel, and becomes aware of the secret of the contents of the box in the committee's room, and one evening tries on the dresses, which she wears with grace. She is seen in them, but not recognized, by the President and some other members of the committee, to their great mystification. Finally the President presents them to her, to wear as his wife. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Marsh, Dexter. The manager of the Excelsior Hotel, and the father of Cassie. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Martin. See MORSE.

Martin, Elijah. A despised, shiftless member of the community at Redwood Camp. Saved from drowning by strange fortune, he becomes the recognized chief of the Minyo Indians, through their superstitious awe at his appearance. Thanks to his inertia, his rule is prolonged for two years, when the first positive feelings of his life are evoked by an unreasoning passion for the wife of an Indian agent. The agent's murder is the signal for the destruction of the Minyo tribe, and Martin becomes again the contemptible "Skeesicks" of Redwood Camp. *A Drift from Redwood Camp.*

Martin, Lieutenant. A Union officer in Brant's command. A private shows him the evidence of Alice Brant's death. *Clarence.*

Martin, Mrs. The schoolmistress at Pine Clearing. An importation into frontier life, she marks "the issue between the regenerate and unregenerate life." She arouses an "opposition" among the barbaric element in the Clearing. To aid her in keeping order in the schoolroom, "an assistant" is engaged. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School.*

Martinez, Ramon. The leader of a band of "road-agents" devoted to stage-robbing. He is inveigled into marriage by the aggressive Polly. *An Ingénue of the Sierras.*

Martinez, Señor. A cattle trader, and the political "boss" of Todos Santos. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Marvin, Mr. A desirable suitor for Miss Rightbody's hand. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Marvin, Mrs. Mother of Alice's possible fiancé. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Mary. See Bunker; Foulkes; Miss Mary; Rogers.

Mary. The wife of a logger. While alone with her baby in their house on the Dedlow Marsh, she is overtaken by a flood, and saves herself and her child by climbing upon a drifting tree, which finally goes aground. *High-Water Mark.*

Mary Ann. See Camperdown.

Maryland Joe. See Mattingly.

"Marysville Pet," The. See Neville, Euphemia.

Masterman, Miss Blanche. Daughter of Skaggs; adopted by her mother's second husband. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Masterman, Renwyck. The second husband of Mrs. Skaggs; the rich owner of Cliffwood Lodge, at Greyport. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Masters. The owner of a claim next to Slinn's. He thinks his neighbor demented, and he himself gives up when success is just at hand. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Masters, Bill. A Harvard graduate, who has traveled abroad, but "with his slovenly dress, his overflowing vitality, his intense appreciation of lawlessness and barbarism, and his mouth filled with crackers and cheese," he cuts "but an unromantic figure" beside Jack Hamlin, the gambler, "with his pale Greek face and Homeric gravity." *Brown of Calaveras; The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Masters, Joe. The one of Cressy's suitors whom she finally marries. *Cressy.*

Masterton, Dick. A young engineer, the son of Judge Masterton, who is working in the New Mill at Cañada City, to learn the details of its management. He is sent by the directors to try and obtain possession of certain securities which Trixit holds. In following the banker to his retreat in the mountains, Masterton is injured by a fall, is kindly cared for by Cissy, and revises the somewhat contemptuous opinion he had formed of that country belle. *The Belle of Cañada City.*

Masterton, Joyce. An admirer of Miss Sally Dows ; slain in battle while fighting as a private in the Confederate Army. *Colonel Starbottle's Client ; Sally Dows.*

Masterton, Stephen. A passionate pioneer exhorter and circuit-rider. Exhausted by spiritual excesses, he leaves his camp-meetings and sojourns in a Spanish settlement. His "conversion" results from a chance meeting with Pepita Ramirez, whom he soon loves, and for whose church he forsakes his own. *A Convert of the Mission.*

Maston, Mr. and Mrs. Residents of Sandy Bar. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Mattingly, Dick. One of the original five partners of the Devil's Ford claim, and, like the others, honest, simple-hearted, and chivalrous. *Devil's Ford.*

Mattingly, Maryland Joe. Elder brother of Dick Mattingly, and one of the partners at Devil's Ford. A good story-teller. *Devil's Ford.*

Maxwell, Lawyer. Counsel for Mme. Devarges in her character of Grace Conroy, and afterwards Gabriel's counsel in his trial for murder. He is troubled with a nervous smile, which he is constantly wiping from his mouth. *Gabriel Conroy.*

May. See SYLVESTER.

Mayfield, Jessie. A pretty little woman of twenty-five, who comes to California for her health. The simplicity and nobility of Jeff's nature appeal to her, but her wealth raises a barrier between them. A kindly accident brings Jeff, severely wounded, to her new home, and with womanly tact she wins her lover as a husband. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Mayfield, Mrs. Jessie's mother and helpless chaperone. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Mayfield, William Henry. The wealthy father of Jessie. In fair weather he is marked by a patronizing superiority. *Jeff Briggs's Love Story.*

Maynard, Dr. A Southern practitioner, "conservative, old-

fashioned, and diplomatic." He attends Courtland in the illness resulting from the snake-bite and exposure in the swamp. *Sally Dows.*

Maynard, Mr. A Charleston merchant, the father of Helen, who, after a three years' residence in Europe, returns home at the outbreak of the Civil War, which wrecks his fortune, and falls at Ball's Bluff. *Two Americans.*

Maynard, Helen. A well-born Southern girl, who, while at school in Paris, is left a penniless orphan. She is brave and independent, works hard at the Conservatoire, but fails to obtain a prize. She becomes attached to a promising young American artist as poor as herself, meets the Dowager Duchess of Soho, and is invited to go with her to England, remains there for some years, and finally encounters the artist again with the happiest results. *Two Americans.*

M'Caffrey, Dennis. A worthless deserter from the army, with a susceptible Irish heart. He is fed and clothed through the secret assistance of Maggie Culpepper, and when recaptured refuses to betray his benefactress. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

M'Carty, Michael. A poor market-gardener, sometime guardian of Jinny. "*Jinny.*"

McCarthy, Mr. Second mate of the Excelsior. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

McClosky. See M'Closky.

McClosky, Mrs. Jane. An aunt of the unregenerate Susy, over whom she acquires an unfortunate influence. A coarse-fibred, vulgar woman. Through this relative Susy begins her "stage career," and at her instigation wounds her foster-mother and her playmate by her indifference. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

McCorkle. See M'Corkle.

McCorkle, Mrs. Euphemia. A name signed to the poetical correspondence of Hurlstone's wife, a name that never fails to rouse the lambent eloquence of Señor Perkins on board the Excelsior. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

McCorkle, Rev. Henry. The first clergyman in the transformed Buckeye Camp. He officiates at the marriage of Jovita Mendez and Mayor Parks. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

McCorkle, Morgan. A well-known citizen of Angel's, employe and patron of the poet. *The Poet of Sierra Flat.*

McCormick, Joel. One of the unfortunate emigrants of Starvation Camp. *Gabriel Conroy.*

McFadden, Captain. His political duel with Calhoun Bungstarter is prevented by the Fool's medicine. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

McFadden, Mrs. Owner of a township lot at Green Springs. *A Sappho of Green Springs.*

McFeckless, Alaster. Enamoured of the weirdly beautiful eyes of the Princess Zut-Ski, and like her a patient of Dr. Pilgrim. *Zut-Ski* (*Condensed Novels*).

McGee, Alexander. An apologetic, self-accusing miner. He trusts Madison with his unfaithful wife, and leaves her to the man she loves. On his deathbed he calls for Madison, and tells of his unavailing sacrifice. *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's.*

McGee, Mrs. Safie. The wife of McGee, a frivolous and irresponsible young woman, entirely wanting in moral sense. She fails to influence Madison, who loves her, and turns to his younger brother. Her infidelity is discovered by Madison, and she escapes by stealth. *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's.*

McGillup, Mary. A rebel spy. *Mary McGillup* (*Condensed Novels*).

McGlasher, Jim. "Chief of the Bureau for the Dissemination of Useless Information." *The Office-Seeker.*

McHulish, Donald. A lowly member of a widely scattered family. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

McHulish, Malcolm. A weak, half crazy youth from Kentucky, who imagines himself the heir to the McHulish property in Scotland. He falls into the hands of speculators, who form a syndicate for the purpose of pushing his claim. On his visit to Scotland, he is disappointed to find that the clan does not flock to his standard with the enthusiasm of feudal times. His party is outwitted in a "compromise" by Sir James MacFen, the agent of the real McHulish, Lord Duncaster. *The Heir of the McHulishes.*

McKinstry, Cressy. An audacious coquette of the frontier, and the oldest pupil of the Indian Spring school. She is in love with Ford, while secretly engaged to Joe Masters. Finding Ford unequal to the valor of flight with her from the envy of his rivals, she takes leave of him and her love to marry Masters. *Cressy.*

McKinstry, Dick. Cressy's brother. *Cressy.*

McKinstry, Hiram. Cressy's father; a ranchman and a "red-

handed frontier brawler," whose method of argument is the rifle. Yet he has an almost motherly tenderness for his daughter, whom he longs to give the "kam" that has not been present in his own life. He favors Ford's suit, but challenges him to a duel when he fancies that the schoolmaster has hidden Cressy with a view to elopement. *Cressy.*

McKinstry, Mrs. Hiram. Cressy's mother. "A fair type of a class not uncommon on the Southwestern frontier; women who were ruder helpmates to their rude husbands and brothers, who had shared their privations and sufferings with surly, masculine endurance, rather than feminine patience." *Cressy.*

M'Closky. See McCLOSKY.

M'Closky, Miss Jinny. A beautiful girl, strong, courageous, and true, with a number of lovers. While engaged to John Ashe she falls in love with Ridgeway Dent, but remains true to her betrothed until he breaks the engagement. *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

M'Closky, Mr. An uncouth and obtuse but good-hearted man; stepfather of the Rose. *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

M'Corkle. See McCORKLE.

M'Corkle. A regular customer of Roscommon, who spends his "last cint on a tare into Gilroy." *The Story of a Mine.*

M'Corkle, Euphemy and Mamie. Daughters of Mrs. M'Corkle. *Devil's Ford.*

M'Corkle, Mrs. From Pike County. She repels the advances of the Misses Carr. *Devil's Ford.*

M'Ginnis, Owen. A miner at Rocky Cañon, who vainly endeavors to make Billy the goat useful. *An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon.*

McSnagley, Rev. Joshua. A vulgar, uneducated preacher, canting and insincere. He preaches a sermon on the moral of Roger Catron's life. He incurs M'liss's hatred by trying to reclaim her. He is shot dead by Waters at Smith's claim. *Roger Catron's Friend; M'liss.*

McSpadden. See MACSPADDEN.

McSpadden. A boy-faced ensign, shot by Terence in a duel resulting from a meaningless joke made by McSpadden. *Terence Denville (Condensed Novels).*

Meade, Rowley. One of the miners at Buckeye. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Medliker, Jim. Of Medliker's Ranch at Burnt Spring. The father of Johnny. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Medliker, John Bunyan. A child of eight who discovers gold near his father's cabin, and resolutely refuses to tell any grown person where he found it. He dies soon after with the secret untold. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Medliker, Mrs. Johnny's mother. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Meely. See PARSONS and STRYKER.

Melinda. See BIRD.

Melons. A young scapegrace, who is at once the terror and the admiration of the neighborhood. He is seven years old, with hair of a venerable whiteness. His usual costume is a pair of pantaloons "apparently belonging to some shapely youth of nineteen." *Melons.*

Mendez, Jovita. A daring Mexican girl, who is held responsible by the indignant but fascinated citizens of Buckeye Camp for its transformation. She establishes the first saloon, and creates civic dissension. In spite of her trade, she is decent and law-abiding, and protects herself from insults with pistol and tongue. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Meritoe, Fanny. Left nearly penniless by her father to the guardianship of four friends, who not knowing how to break the news of her misfortunes to her, write letters in the names of her dead parents, send generous gifts, and so win her affection, that she comes to California to join her father and mother. But the youngest of her guardians manages to privately inform her of the truth, and probably in the end console her. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Merrydew, Mrs. A woman of light and irresponsible manner and rather unsavory reputation, yet with some depth of character. Upon her Reddy places the blame for his ruin in San Francisco. She still loves him, but, on finding that he no longer cares for her, she sacrifices her love and brings about the return of Nellie Woodridge's wavering affection to her betrothed lover by marrying Louis Sylvester and thus removing the disturbing element. *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Merton, Major. An American officer stationed at Springfield. *Thankful Blossom.*

Merwin, Captain. A society man of Greyport. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Mesthyn, Lady. A guest at Scrooby Priory. *The Desborough Connections.*

Miaow. Otherwise known as "Puskat," — the warmth-loving

one, who sometimes sits on a Man Cub's lap. *Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Michael, Duke. Called Black; the treacherous cousin of the King of Trulyruralania. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Michet, Amadée. A witness for the defense in the murder trial. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Miggles. A frank, fearless, and beautiful young woman, who lives in a lonely cabin, devoting her life to the care of her paralytic lover, whom she refuses to marry on the ground that what she does for him would then be her duty instead of her pleasure. Later, we learn that she accompanies her lover to a San Francisco hospital. *Miggles; A Night on the Divide.*

Miguel. A Monterey butcher. He prefers prospecting to his trade, and later becomes an accomplice of Garcia in procuring the forged signature. *The Story of a Mine.*

Miguel. A desperado, who pursues Henry Guest with murderous intent for the sake of his gold, but who is restrained by old Pereo. *Maruja.*

Miguel. Josephine Forsyth's Mexican vaquero, an old retainer. It is he who makes the discovery of Randolph's identity and the circumstances of his accident, and finally tells the story to Josephine. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Miguel. See BRIONES and PADRE MIGUEL.

Mike. See ROSCOMMON.

Miller, Jenny. A motherless girl of eighteen. Sensitive to the crude life about her, she indulges in solitary rambles. She discovers a submerged galleon and begins to excavate it. After the wreck of a vessel, a box of securities is lodged by the waves in the half uncovered galleon. *A Treasure of the Galleon.*

Miller, Lawyer. The father of Jenny. His daughter is distressed at the change in his attitude toward the rude life about them. To succeed with the successful, he is forced into compromises. *A Treasure of the Galleon.*

Millikens, Mrs. The widowed mother of Jane and Mary, "a bit larky on her own account." *For Sim'la Reasons* (*Condensed Novels*).

Millikens, Jane. The sister of Mary, who accidentally receives a third of Sparkley's proposal. *For Sim'la Reasons* (*Condensed Novels*).

Millikens, Mary. The young lady to whom Sparkley meant to propose. *For Sim'la Reasons* (*Condensed Novels*).

Mills, Union. One of the partners of the Lone Star Claim; so nicknamed because at one time a patch on his trousers had borne those words conspicuously. He is one of the weakest and most shiftless of the lot. *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

Milly. See WOODS.

Milton. See CHUBBUCK and HARKUTT.

Minty. See SHARPE.

Mirandy. See DOWS.

Miss Jo. See FOLINSBEE.

Miss Mary. A school-teacher from the East; delicate and refined. She is adored reverently by all Red Gulch. Her pity for the drunkard, Sandy, ripens into a more sentimental feeling with the prospect of reform on his part, but after consenting to take charge of Tommy, Sandy's illegitimate child, who is placed in her hands by his mother, she refuses to see Sandy again. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Mix, Miss. Governess to Mr. Rawjester's little girl; "not handsome." She and Mr. Rawjester fall in love with each other, and are united after all obstacles are removed. *Miss Mix* (*Condensed Novels*).

Moffatt, Peggy. An exceedingly plain and uncouth young woman, to whom, when a maidservant at the Rockville Hotel, Mr. James Byways, leaves his entire property, having first exacted a promise from her that she would never share her wealth with any one whom she loved. She keeps her promise, and the money which she gives to the man she loves, the profligate Jack Folinsbee, is what she herself has earned for that purpose. *An Heiress of Red Dog.*

Molly. See INDIAN MOLLY.

Monk, Hank. Stage-driver out at Reno. *The Story of a Mine.*

Montague, Flora. "The Western Star of Terpsichore and Song," sometimes the guest of Colonel Starbottle, who is annoyed by an accidental meeting with her, when he is accompanied by his ward. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Monte Castello, Prince of. An Italian nobleman, husband of the grown-up Sarah Walker. *Sarah Walker.*

Montgomery, Jack. Adoptive father of one of Mary Foulkes's dolls. *A Mother of Five.*

Montgomery, Miss. The stage name of Hurlstone's wife, who corresponds with Perkins over the pen name of Euphemia McCorkle. A despicable adventuress, with a predilection for matrimonial tangles. While escaping from her, Hurlstone

becomes a passenger on the Excelsior, and is saved from suicide by the philanthropic Perkins. Through his benefactor he learns of his wife's death. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Montgomery, Nell. See RYLANDS.

Montmorency, Miss. One of the "Western Star Combination Troupe." *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

Montmorris, Miss. A passenger on the "Unser Fritz." "*A Tourist from Injianny.*"

Moo Kow. Who has nourished the mighty ones of the earth. *Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Morales, Don Juan. The Spanish ambassador. He travels through the colonies incognito, under the name of Baron Pomposo, and lodges for a night at the home of Abner Blossom. Upon information that the foreigner is a spy, his host is imprisoned. *Thankful Blossom.*

Morez, Mateo. The proprietor of a Spanish posado in San Buenaventura. Obsequious in manner, and as obtuse as the circumstance warrants. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Morgan. See MCCORKLE.

Mornie. See NIXON.

Morpher, Aristides. An enterprising boy, given to wandering and truancy. He discovers the gold in Smith's Pocket by watching its mysterious miner. *M'liss.*

Morpher, Cassandra. "Keerless" of her clothes. *M'liss.*

Morpher, Clytemnestra. "An early bloomer," with round waist, white throat, large blue eyes, and blushes, — altogether quite "dangerously pretty," but a model of deportment withal. She entertains a schoolgirl's passion for the master, Mr. Gray, and is cordially hated by M'liss. *M'liss.*

Morpher, James. Husband of Mrs. Morpher and father of the children. *M'liss.*

Morpher, Lycurgus. Worries his mother by dipping in the cupboard "between meals." *M'liss.*

Morpher, Octavia. "Keerless" of her clothes. *M'liss.*

Morpher, Mrs. Sue. "A womanly and kind-hearted specimen of Southwestern efflorescence, known in her maidenhood as the 'Per-ra-rie Rose.' By a steady system of struggle and self-sacrifice, she had at last subjugated her naturally careless disposition to principles of 'order,' which as a pious woman she considered, with Pope, as 'Heaven's first law.'" Mr. Gray places M'liss under her care. *M'liss.*

Morris, "Lympy." One of the untamed Southern girls at Redlands. *Sally Dows.*

Morse, Martin. A simple frontiersman, with heart full of charity for the race. The invasion of Captain Jack Despard into his primeval Arcadia stirs him with a new passion. He dreams of the return of this evangel of the outer world, and finally is driven by adversity to seek for the desperado. When he finds Despard, he meets death with reckless heroism, in a vain attempt to save his friend's life. *In the Tules.*

Mortimer, Miss. A confederate of the "gang of road-agents" who robbed the Red Chief Pioneer Coach. She is used as a decoy, and she lures Beard by a fable into helping her discover the buried treasure. Through the suspicion of Miss Porter, she fails to secure it. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Mortmain, Ralph. An acquaintance of Heavystone. *Guy Heavystone* (*Condensed Novels*).

Morton, Alexander. Commonly called Sandy. A tall young drunkard, with a blond beard and long, silken mustache. Miss Mary finds him one day lying by the side of the road in his customary condition, and with mingled disgust and pity gives him advice which results in his exchanging the stimulus of alcohol for that of love. From that time he devotes himself to her in an unobtrusive way. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Morvin, Miss. The housekeeper at the Laurel Spring House. *Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

Mosby. The proprietor of a grocery at Rattlesnake Camp. *Bulger's Reputation.*

Moscow, Count. A foreigner, and a pupil of Machiavelli. *No Title* (*Condensed Novels*).

"Mother Shipton." An abandoned woman, ejected from Poker Flat with other outcasts. She starves herself to death in order to save the life of Piney Woods, the innocent young girl who has joined the party in company with her lover. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Mountain Charley. A chivalrous stage-driver, surpassed only by Yuba Bill in general fitness for pioneer life. He shields Miss Porter from the insults of Hornsby, and, struck with her courage, invites her to "freeze" to him. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Moyler-Spence, M. P. One of the English tourists at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Muck-a-Muck. A noble California red man, shot by Natty Bumbo, holding Genevra Tompkins's waterfall in his hand. *Muck-a-Muck* (*Condensed Novels*).

Mulledwiney. One of The Three. He tells stories that are large and strong, and cause all the animals to fly from the jungle. *A Private's Honor; Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Mullins, Polly. "A mild, innocent child of nature." An accomplice of the Ramon Martinez band, she is detected in the act of signaling from the coach, and invents an ingenious account of her tribulations. This secures the sympathy of Yuba Bill and other astute cavaliers to the extent that her marriage to the bandit is hurriedly accomplished and the bridal couple dispatched with their plunder. *An Ingénue of the Sierras.*

Mulrady, Abner. The ungrateful and worthless son of Alvin Mulrady. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Mulrady, Alvin. An honest, hard-working man, who, after a prosperous career of market-gardening, becomes a millionaire mine-owner. Deserted by his wife and daughter, who leave him to travel in search of social success, he befriends old Slinn in the hour of need, and his lonely figure commands the respect and sympathy of the reader. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Mulrady, Malviny. The wife of Alvin Mulrady. She rules her husband with her unscrupulous worldly wisdom. When his efforts and good luck have made her rich, she leaves him alone without hesitation, to find success abroad for herself and her daughter Mamie. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Mulrady, Mamie. Alvin Mulrady's pretty and selfish daughter, who, in the pride of sudden wealth, casts aside the gallantry of young Harry Slinn and the devotion of Don Cæsar Alvarado, and leaves her father desolate, to go abroad with her mother in search of a brilliant match. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Munroe, Fairfax. Always called by his first name. A young man of good family; one of the partners of the Devil's Ford Claim. Being more cautious than the rest, he comes into opposition with the superintendent, Mr. Carr. He becomes engaged to Miss Jessie Carr. *Devil's Ford.*

Murano, Carlotta. Usually called Cara. She is the daughter of an Italian fisherman and an American mother. Her father erects a temporary shelter not far from the semaphore kept by Jarman, an escaped convict, who lives in constant terror of recapture. Cara falls in love with him, saves him from the police, and marries him. *The Man at the Semaphore.*

Murano, Lucy. A child sister of Carlotta. *The Man at the Semaphore.*

Muriatta (or Murietta), Joaquin. The Mexican bandit. Captured by Captain Wetherby, he is released by Lany, who mistakes the captor for the bandit. Murietta, thinking the girl in love with him, lingers about the ranch and is retaken. *The Twins of Table Mountain; Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Mushymush. See SNIFFEN, ELIZA JANE.

Myers, Ned. One of Peggy Baker's friends, who adds a venerable horned owl to her menagerie. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Myriel, Bishop. A good man; a saint. *Fantine* (*Condensed Novels*).

Ned. See BLANDFORD and FAULKNER.

Nellie. See WYNN.

Nelly. See ARNOT and WOODRIDGE.

Nevil, Miss Grace. A chance visitor at the Los Osos villa. She immediately wins Rushbrook's sympathy by her natural and unaffected presence in his artificial surroundings. She discovers her love for him only after he has tried to protect her from the knowledge that shall destroy her faith in Somers. They finally marry. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Neville, Euphemia. Professionally known as the "Marysville Pet." A clever little soubrette, with a wide range of parts. She appears dramatically before the unsophisticated eyes of Rand, and thereafter leads him captive. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Neworth, Eugenia. She falls down a ledge — the fall being broken by Edmund Bray, who half leads half carries her back to the road. She writes him a graceful note of thanks, which is found by one of his partners, who interprets it as an intimation of the gold which is discovered in the place. Bray seeks her out in San Francisco, and ultimately marries her. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Neworth, Harry. Eugenia's brother. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Neworth, Mr. A San Francisco capitalist, interested as an investor in the Eureka mines. The father of Eugenia. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Nez Retroussez, Mother. A poor old woman, who sells asparagus. She gives the bishop three bad sous in change. *Fantine* (*Condensed Novels*).

Nips. The tyrannical purser of H. M. S. Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Nixon, Mat. The father of Mornie. Somewhat indifferent to parental duties until shooting becomes a part of their fulfillment. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Nixon, Mornie. The child of dissolute parents, she becomes desperate at the apparent desertion of her lover, Ruth, and joins the theatrical company of Sol Saunders, thus exposing herself to the insults of her townspeople. Her child is born in the cabin of the Twins, and here she awaits the return of its father. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

NN. Ardently in love with a mysterious stranger whom he has seen at a mantua-maker's. The object of his devotion proves to be a dummy. *NN (Condensed Novels).*

Norah. Montagu Trixit's cook. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

North, Dick. Son of Mrs. Mary North, and a member of the expedition. *The Man on the Beach.*

North, James. Disappointed in love for a fickle and worthless woman, he retires from the world and nurses his sorrow and his love in a lonely cottage by the sea. A little baby, washed ashore near his hut after a storm, is the means of bringing him into contact with Miss Bessy Robinson, a neighbor's daughter, to whom he intrusts the child. It transpires later that the child is his own, the actress mother having been drowned in the same storm which brought the baby to its father. Bessy consents to continue to be the little girl's mother by marrying North. *The Man on the Beach.*

North, Miss Maria. Daughter of Mrs. Mary North. She takes a passionate farewell of her cousin. *The Man on the Beach.*

North, Mrs. Mary. James North's aunt; the leader of the family expedition which seeks in vain to induce him to return to civilization. *The Man on the Beach.*

Nott, Abner. The owner and occupant of the ship Pontiac, a beached wreck which he has fitted up as a lodging-house. Originally a Missouri farmer, he never seems quite in keeping with his surroundings, in spite of the strange pride which he takes in his ship, and the incongruity is heightened by the "bucolic suggestions" of his huge boots. He has a peculiar genius for misconceptions, which leads him into the most fatuous actions. *A Ship of '49.*

Nott, Rosey. Daughter of Abner Nott; an imaginative and romantic young girl, who is also beautiful and graceful. She and Dick Renshaw fall in love with each other. She is kind to the crazy De Ferrières in his distress. *A Ship of '49.*

Nugat, Count de. A foreign nobleman. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Oakhurst, John. A handsome and chivalrous gambler, admired by his friends, feared by his enemies, and fawned upon by women. "There was something in his carriage, something in the pose of his beautiful head, something in the strong and fine manliness of his presence, something in the perfect and utter discipline and control of his muscles, something in the high repose of his nature, — a repose not so much a matter of intellectual ruling as of his very nature, — that go where he would, and with whom, he was always a notable man in ten thousand." He always plays an open and honest game. The Introduction to "Tales of the Argonauts" quotes some remarks of his, and relates an instance of his thoughtful care for the unfortunate. He contributes a lady's handkerchief, beautifully embroidered, as a present to the orphan Luck of Roaring Camp. The presence of his determined face in the audience at Sierra Flat assists in saving the Poet from the rude horse-play of the mob. "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst" tells the story of one of his most serious love-affairs. He falls in love with Mrs. Decker, the pretty and proper wife of an unsuspecting husband, and kills his friend Dick Hamilton in a duel fought on her account, only to learn that her flirtation with him has been merely a cloak for a more serious intrigue with Hamilton. After a scene with Mrs. Decker he returns to his profession, and conducts it with success until the fall of 1850, when he is exiled from Poker Flat in company with three other immoral characters, — a man and two women. He loyally stands by his companions in distress, despite his own intellectual superiority. When the party is snowed in and there seems to be no hope of rescue, after doing all he can to help the others, he retires to some distance and there shoots himself, leaving a characteristic epitaph upon a tree above his body. *Introduction to Tales of the Argonauts; The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Poet of Sierra Flat; A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst; The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

O'Flaherty, Michael. A witness for the defense in the murder trial. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Old Man, the. Johnny's father. A man of about fifty, "grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of com-

plexion. A face full of ready but not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade and color of contiguous moods and feelings." *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Old Man, the. See FORD, JOHN.

Olly. See CONROY, OLYMPIA.

Olooya. A fair-skinned, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl whom Pomfrey, a lighthouse keeper, and recluse scholar, finds to be living with a tribe of Indians as apparently one of themselves. On inquiry, he learns that there are a few members of this company as white as the girl, and looked up to as a superior caste. Frightened at first, she gradually learns to trust him; but when her brother offers to sell her to Pomfrey, and is indignantly upbraided therefor, the girl disappears. It is known later that she has been sold to a miner of a very low type, who had filled her with terror on his first appearance. In a fever vision, Pomfrey connects her with certain sailors of Sir Francis Drake's crew, who deserted on that coast and took Indian wives. *The Mermaid of Lighthouse Point.*

O'Ryan, Jimmy. A prize-fighter, and the "chucker out" of Madame le Blanc. *How Reuben Allen "Saw Life" in San Francisco.*

Ostrander, Philip. A gifted artist, who had been an officer in the Civil War, in which he lost an arm. While working and studying in Paris he meets Helen Maynard and loves her, but later loses sight of her. He fights with the Parisians in 1871, and afterward gains distinction as a Chilean general, meets Helen in England, and marries her. *Two Americans.*

Otherwise. One of The Three. *A Private's Honor; Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Overstone, Major. A stoical frontier swindler. His superior wickedness raises for him in Wynyard's Bar a defense against the law. He is captured, however, by the "new Sheriff of Siskiyou," and dies with him in the burning woods. *The Sheriff of Siskiyou.*

Padre Esteban. Priest of the Mission of Todos Santos, and a member of the Order of San Francisco d'Assisi. The healer of distressed souls; the comforter of those who mourn. Hurlstone is welcomed by the tranquil priest, who hopes to make of him a fit successor. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Padre José. He warns his flock at San Buenaventura of the

diabolical origin of patent medicines. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Padre Miguel. A priest, the friend of old Pereo. *Maruja.*

Padre Vicentio. A benevolent priest of the Mission Dolores, who has a strange vision of the future of San Francisco. *The Adventure of Padre Vicentio.*

Padre. See FATHER.

Pancho. See GREY.

Pansy. See STANNARD.

Parker, Colonel. An astute lawyer, who settles the unhappy differences between Don José and his family. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Parker, Cyrus. A miner suffering from dyspepsia, who experiments with Chinese medicines. *See Yup.*

Parker, Jim. The third member of the unsuccessful mining party; "close-shaven, thin, and energetic." *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Parkhurst, Jack. One of the partners of the Eureka Mining Company, a cheerful and humorous mysogynist. The first to discover the riches of Eureka Mountain. *A Jack and Jill of the Sierras.*

Parks. Lieutenant Calvert's valet. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Parks. Mayor of Buckeye Camp. He objects to the invasion of Jovita Mendez, but later becomes her champion and husband. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Parsons, Mrs. Cyrus. A camp-meeting devotee. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Parsons, Meely. A comely young girl of seventeen, between whom and Gideon Deane the beginning of a sentimental attachment exists. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Parthenia. The name given by the author to the wife of a hotel-keeper of Wingdam. She is a Boston girl of refinement and education, married to a big, strong man of the pioneer type, — Ingomar *alias* Abner, — who is kind to her in his way, and with whom she is happy after a fashion. She is slender and overworked, and her beauty has faded. *A Night at Wingdam.*

Patsey. A recruit of the pirate band. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle.*

Patterson. The storekeeper at Los Cuervos, in Tucker's employ until the latter's downfall. He is faithful to his former

friend, with a "dog-like and unreasoning affection," in spite of the fact that Tucker's fall leaves him almost penniless. He is grave and matter-of-fact, and stupid withal. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Patterson, Mrs. A termagant, who rails insultingly at Mrs. Tucker. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Paul. See HATHAWAY.

Peaseley, Rev. Mr. A pompous Presbyterian clergyman and trustee of the Pine Clearing School. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School.*

Pedro. The stout vaquero whom Wiles selects as his partner from the four Mexican prospectors. The two scoundrels are suspicious of each other. Pedro makes away with the sleeping Concho, and Wiles then takes formal possession of the mine. *The Story of a Mine.*

Pedro. See FATHER PEDRO; RUIZ; VALDEZ.

Peggy. See BAKER and MOFFATT.

Pegrelli, Signora. One of the opera troupe entertained at Los Osos. Later a guest at Rushbrook's town-house, where she conducts a compromising flirtation with Jack Somers. *A Mœcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Pendleton, Colonel Harry. A Kentuckian gentleman of the old school, who came to California in '49, and keeps up the traditions of the "gentleman of honor." He is one of the Trust to whom Kate Howard commits her child, and he remains faithful to his charge at personal risks and under the repeated loss of his own fortune. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Pepita. A servant at the convent, who reveals to Don Cæsar Kate Howard's relationship to Yerba. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Pepita. A servant of the Saltonstalls. She overhears a conversation between her mistress, Doña Maria, and Dr. West. *Maruja.*

Pepita. See ALTASCAR and RAMIREZ.

Peralte, Doña Felipa. A young Californian girl. She relates to Dick Bracy and his cousin the story of the unhappy lovers whose ghosts haunt the hacienda. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Pereo. The life-long major-domo of the Saltonstalls. His unsleeping watch over the interests and honor of the family becomes a monomania. Suspicious of Dr. West's designs, he murders him in secret, and later, in his madness, makes a fruit-

less attempt on the life of Henry Guest. He meets a madman's death in a wild charge upon a locomotive. *Maruja.*

Perez, José. The preserver of peace at the saloon kept by Jovita Mendez. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Périgord. "The gigantic innkeeper of Provins." See PORTHOS. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Périgord, Dame. The innkeeper's wife. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Perkins, Señor. While concerned in affairs of state, the filibuster styles himself "Generalissimo Leonidas Bolivar Perkins." A visionary but heroic patriot. The peacemaker and optimistic prophet on board the Excelsior, within whose calm exterior smoulder a wealth of conspiracies. From generalizations in print upon the right of man to self-government, he proceeds to the conduct of a revolution in Central America, and becomes the liberator of the people of Quinquinambo. When defeated by the legitimists, he accepts death with the graceful equanimity that marks his nature. Successful for a time because of his knowledge of human nature, he dies because of its inhumanity. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Perkins, Henry. See DEVARGES, HENRY.

Perkins, Josiah W. A humble citizen of New Jersey, whose kindness to a maiden forever obscures her recollection of Washington. *A Jersey Centenarian.*

Pete. Hamlin's black henchman, faithful alike to his master and to his religion. At Hamlin's deathbed he offers his own soul as a sacrifice to save Jack's. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Pete. See AUSTRALIAN PETE; FRENCH PETE; RED PETE, and SPANISH PETE.

Peter. See DRUMMOND; DUMPHY; SCHROEDER.

Peters. A hungry lounger at Harkutt's store. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Peters, Johnny. A small citizen of Sidon, who taunts John Milton Harkutt with his father's connection with Curtis's disappearance. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Peyton, Mrs. Alice. The wife of John Peyton. A woman of pure heart, but somewhat stubborn will. Irascible in temper, unreasonable in conduct. She adopts Susy and endeavors to overcome the child's inherited traits, but uses other means than love. Soon after the death of John Peyton, she becomes the wife of Clarence. See BRANT, MRS. ALICE. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Peyton, Judge John. An emigrant of wealth and refinement On the plains he befriends the little waifs, Clarence and Susy, adopting Susy at the appeal of his wife. He invests in California lands of uncertain title, and has great difficulty in defending them against squatters. Though kindly in disposition, he is subject to outbursts of temper, and at such times is at the mercy of his enemies. Chief among these latter is Pedro Valdez, whose indolence and assumption bring upon him his master's wrath. Peyton is murdered by Pedro, and dragged at the heels of his own horse. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Peyton, Susette Alexandra. Daughter of Jake Silsbee; adopted by John Peyton. A child who never reaches maturity. Though not insincere by nature, she is given to a dramatic exaggeration that leads her into extravagance, untruthfulness, and disloyalty. She is impatient of restraint, and resents the maternal guidance of Mrs. Peyton. She joins Jim Hooker on the stage, and remains a "soubrette" until her hero becomes tiresome. Her second husband, Senator Boompointer, gratifies her love for display. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains; Clarence.*

Philip. See ASHLEY and KEARNEY.

Phillips, Lawyer. Mrs. Catron's lawyer. *Roger Catron's Friend.*

Phœbe. See HOPKINS.

Pico, General. An old-fashioned guest of the Saltonstalls. *Maruja.*

Pico, Don Andreas. The father of Rosita Pico. A Spanish landowner, who befriends Blandford in California. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Pico, Rosita. A sentimental Spanish heiress, who attaches herself to Mrs. Demorest. She is piquaint and vivacious, and oftentimes a little daring in her adventures. The melancholy abstraction of Johnson fascinates her. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Pi Böl. The leader of the Gee Gees, who are ridden by The English. *Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Pilcher, Mr. An eminent contractor, who owns stock in the Conroy mine. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Pilgrim, Dr. Haustus. A noted London specialist in mental diseases. He is spending his holiday on the Nile, his dahabiyeh filled with a number of his patients. "*Zut-Ski*" (*Condensed Novels*).

Pillsbury, Rev. Dr. An oratorical clergyman resident at Tasajara. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Pinckney, Captain. A graduate of West Point, and an army officer. A South Carolinian by birth, he joins the Secessionists in California. During the early stages of the conspiracy, he corresponds with Mrs. Clarence Brant, and is present at the meeting at the Rancho. Clarence there challenges him, believing him responsible for Mrs. Brant's disloyalty. In the duel which follows, the officer is killed. "A man of easy ethics, but rigid artificialities of honor." *Clarence.*

Piney. See TIBBS and WOODS.

Pinkey. See PRESTON.

Pinkney, Randolph. This young St. Simon finds in Table Mountain a refuge from temptation. His solitude is invaded by his brother's sin and some straying actors. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Pinney, Rutherford. The more passionate of the Twins. The flight of Mornie Nixon arouses him to a sense of duty, and he roams over California in search of her. In despair he returns to Table Mountain, to find her waiting for him with their child. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Piper, Delaware. The younger sister of Virginia, Georgia, and Louisiana Piper. A quick-witted and alarmingly frank girl, who shows what her sisters' admirers find, an incomprehensible partiality for Tom Sparrell, a country storekeeper. By his advice, she refuses to attend the picnic at Reservoir Cañon, and when the catastrophe occurs, she assists Sparrell in the rescue of the party, and later announces her intention to marry him. *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Piper, Judge. The father of the four charming Miss Pipers, a gentleman not disconnected with the "sharp deal" made by the directors of the Pioneer Ditch Company. *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Pirate Jim. Negro porter and janitor at Doemville Academy. He has had a long and eventful career as a pirate. *The Hoodlum Band* (*Condensed Novels*).

Plodgitt, Mistress. "She had unfortunately survived not only her husband, but his property." The owner of a San Francisco lodging-house, in which Carmen de Haro plies her brush. *The Story of a Mine.*

Plunkett, Judge. An "oily" little man of about fifty; counsel for Mrs. Smith in the administration of her husband's estate. *M'liss.*

Plunkett, Old Man. A weak old man, half-crazed by misfortune, whose monomania is the thought of going home. For years he talks constantly of going. When his wife and daughter are brought to him from the East, he does not recognize them, but, falling in a fit, goes to his "home" at last. *A Monte Flat Pastoral.*

Poindexter, Captain Jack. A San Francisco lawyer; Mrs. Spencer Tucker's friend and legal adviser. A fine-looking man, erect and soldierly, who has served three years in the army. One of his traits is a "compassionate and kind-hearted pessimism." He becomes a Union general during the war, and is brought one day sorely wounded to the door of Mrs. Tucker's Kentucky farmhouse, where the reader is left to suppose that he finds happiness as well as health. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Poinsett, Arthur. A brilliant young man, of lively imagination and much poetic sensibility, but conceited, self-sufficient, and heartless. He has joined Captain Conroy's band of emigrants under the name of Philip Ashley, and under that name he becomes the accepted lover of Grace Conroy, with whom he escapes from Starvation Camp, and whom he soon deserts, resuming his real name. Five or six years later, a prominent young lawyer of San Francisco, he falls in love with Doña Dolores Salvatierra, who finally turns out to be Grace Conroy, and the two are reunited and married. He assists his old acquaintance, Peter Dumphy, in some of his schemes, and he is Gabriel's principal counsel in the murder trial. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Polly. An imaginative little girl of nine, who becomes the Queen of the Pirate Isle. While descending with her followers into a mine by means of a "slide," she loses the hair from her doll's head, and the miners, overhearing the story of her loss, recover the missing scalp and rediscover a lost lead at the same time. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle.*

Polly. See BAXTER; JENKINSON; MULLINS.

Pomfrey, Edgar. The keeper of a lonely lighthouse on the northern coast of California, a recluse of scientific tastes and scholarly habits. He is startled one morning by seeing a white woman swimming near, though there are only Indians in the neighborhood. Later he sees her again, dressed as a squaw, and his servant declares that she is a real Indian. She nurses him in a sudden illness, and he becomes more and more interested in her, and is passionately indignant when the girl's

brother offers to sell her. She disappears, and Pomfrey finds too late that the brother has sold her to a brutal miner. *The Mermaid of Lighthouse Point.*

Pomposo, Baron. See MORALES, DON JUAN.

Poole, Jake. A deputy sheriff put in possession of Trixit's house. He follows Cissy to the mountains to see that she comes to no harm. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Porter, Miss. A young woman who throws off the trammels of convention and sojourns at Red Chief's Crossing. She takes an active part in post-mortem examinations and murder trials. She is attracted by the sentimental Cass Beard, and helps him out of the snares laid by Miss Mortimer. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Portfire, Major. In command at Fort Jackson. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Portfire, Miss Jessamy. Daughter of Major Portfire ; a slim, shapely, elegantly dressed young woman, with a contralto voice and a decided character. She makes a partly successful attempt to reclaim the Princess Bob. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Porthos. First introduced as Périgord, "the gigantic innkeeper of Provins." After being impoverished by the remarkable appetites of three festive musketeers, he joins them, revealing himself as Porthos, and all four fall upon each other's necks. *The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen* (*Condensed Novels*).

Potter, Jackson. A young western American of singular personal beauty of a classic type, who on a hot summer's day visits the lovely Italian garden of Domesday Abbey, and, trusting in the solitude around him, undresses and plunges into a marble basin containing time-worn fountains with grouped figures. Seated upon one of the half-submerged plinths and partially hidden by reeds, he is seen by a young artist, who sketches the fountain and the supposed statue. *A Vision of the Fountain.*

Pottinger, Augusta. Mrs. Pottinger's daughter. A handsome, clever girl, who is very indignant when she discovers the fictitious relationship her mother has assumed towards Prosper ; but recognizing the young man's honest, simple nature, she forgives and finally marries him. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Pottinger, Mrs. The widow of a whaling captain. As being in delicate health and not having been brought up to work, she declines to search for employment, usually finding some one

to help her. She consents to be Prosper's mother, and impresses his friends by her manner, and surprises them by her intemperate habits, and by cheating at cards. After she has left her adopted son, she marries a second time. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Preble. See KEY.

Prendergast, Captain. A veteran of the Confederate Army. Hotel-keeper at Redlands. *Sally Dows.*

President, the. The head of the united mining companies that discover the great Excelsior Lead and found the town of Excelsior. He is peculiarly fascinated by the creations of a great Paris dressmaker which reach the hotel through a mistake, and he discovers in Miss Marsh the only lady who can wear them. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Pressnitz, Dr. A witness for the defense in the murder trial. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Preston, Colonel. The colonel of the regiment stationed at Logport, and the father of Cicely Preston. His advice to Lieutenant Calvert is of the best. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Preston, Judge. A county official, better known to Rattler's Ridge as "the father of Miss Pinkey." *A Yellow Dog.*

Preston, Cicely. A pretty little coquette of demure manners and machiavelian mind; she sets her cap at the unsophisticated Jim Culpepper with fatal effect. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Preston, Emily. The sister of Cicely Preston. She remains in the background. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Preston, Pinkey. A provincial belle, conscious of her sway over the chivalrous hearts of the pioneers. The forlorn yellow dog appeals to her sympathies, and thereafter his lot is an enviable and luxurious one. *A Yellow Dog.*

Price, Mrs. Huldy. An attractive and efficient widow, who assists Mr. Spindler at his party, and afterward marries him. *Dick Spindler's Family Christmas.*

Price, Lou. The maiden name of "Uncle Ben's" deserted wife. Under this name she conducts a flirtation with Ford, but decides not to trust her future to him, and rejoins her husband after he has come into his new fortune. *Cressy.*

Prince, Jack. Mrs. Starbottle's agent and protector, who has been cured of his love for her by an assumed coldness on her part. He is still her best friend, however, and he brings about

her reunion with her stepdaughter. He falls in love with Kate Van Corlear, who is evidently ready to reciprocate. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Prince, James. The capitalist of the valley of San Antonio, and the owner of "Aladdin's palace." Generous, ostentatious, but not overscrupulous, he is checked in his designs by the boldness of Captain Carroll. For some time he figures in the story as the employer of Henry Guest. *Maruja.*

Princess Alexandrine Elsbeth Marie Stephanie von Westphalen-Alstadt, the. She becomes interested in a good-looking young American named Hoffman, who has stumbled into the ducal family group in the act of being photographed, so that his own picture appears on the negative beside hers. In a spirit of adventure, she has him invited to visit the dairy of the Schloss, and she herself, in the rôle of a dairymaid, meets and talks with him, giving her name as Elsbeth and concealing her identity, which is revealed to him later, however. *The Indiscretion of Elsbeth.*

Princess Bob. A Klamath Indian, brought up from babyhood in a white man's home. She turns out to be an irreclaimably wild young creature, without moral sense. She runs away and lives with a hermit on the seashore, and meets her death in trying to reach him after he deserts her. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Prinkwell, Miss. Associated with Miss Tish in the charge of a young ladies' school in Santa Clara. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's.*

Profane Bill. Driver of the Slumgullion stage. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Prossy. See RIGGS.

Pyecroft, Mr. One of the firm of attorneys who take charge of Colonel Starbottle's office work. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's.*

Pyle, Sir Midas. The vulgar editor and proprietor of a vulgar London newspaper. "*Zut-Ski*" (*Condensed Novels*).

Raby, Mr. Little's guardian. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Raby, Augustus. Mr. Raby's son, and Little's rival. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Raby, Mrs. Jael. She pleads for the orphan Faraday Little. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Rafferty, Pat. Proprietor of Rafferty's Ditch, an unprofitable speculation. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Ramierez. The keeper of a fonda, round-whiskered, and Sancho Panza-like in build. *What Happened at the Fonda.*

Ramierez, Señora. The wife of the innkeeper and the mother of Cota; a woman of some small coquetries and redundant charms. *What Happened at the Fonda.*

Ramierez, Cota. A dangerously pretty girl of the fair-skinned, hidalgo type. Her chief delight is in riding a half-broken "pinto" mare. She persuades her admirer, Richards, to mount the mustang, and he soon is thrown and nearly strangled by the animal's seizing his collar in her teeth. He shoots the unseen assailant, thus solving the mystery of the assaults near the fonda, and mortally angering Cota. *What Happened at the Fonda.*

Ramirez, Colonel. A wealthy Spanish landholder, at whose hacienda Grant and Fletcher meet in the presence of Clementina. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Ramirez, Mrs. The hostess at the Ramirez hacienda. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Ramirez, Doña Isabel. The alcalde's seductive sister, to whom the presence of men means an opportunity for conquest. She becomes the wife of Richard Keene. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Ramirez, Juan. A Mexican vaquero, whose fright at the Doctor's story of the Cave City ghost brands him as the miner's murderer. *A Ghost of the Sierras.*

Ramirez, Doña Juanita. Younger sister of Doña Isabel. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Ramirez, Pepita. A young woman whose beauty and devotion to her faith lead the circuit-rider, Stephen Masterton, to become "a convert" to the same belief. *A Convert of the Mission.*

Ramirez, Don Ramon. Officially, the alcalde of the Pueblo of Todos Santos; personally, a simple young Spaniard with whom Mrs. Brimmer amuses herself. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Ramirez, Victor. A Spanish-American of despicable character; passionate, but cowardly, and utterly unscrupulous. When secretary to the Comandante Don José Salvatierra, he gets possession of a paper belonging to Grace Conroy, from which he learns of the location of certain mineral properties. He falls in love with Madame Devarges, and the two conspire to obtain

possession of the land. The plot fails, and Victor's love changes to jealousy and a desire for revenge. Before he can work his vengeance, however, he is himself killed in a struggle with Henry Devarges. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Ramon. See RAMIREZ.

Rance, Henry. The jealous and vindictive rejected lover of Jinny M'Closky. He stabs Ridgeway Dent in the back, and, when Jinny confronts him with his villainy, he stabs her also, but before he can do serious harm is shot down by Dent. *The Rose of Tuolumne.*

Rand. See PINKNEY.

Randolph. See TRENT.

Randolph. The wounded stranger found by the "Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge." On recovering from the imbecility that follows his accident, he disappoints her interest in him by giving his name as plain John Baxter, and saying that he is nothing more than a common tramp from Maine on his way to the mines. This statement and his abrupt departure are parts of his plan to conceal from Josephine her brother's criminal agency in the accident. He dies in a county hospital before she can confront him with the real story. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Randolph, Major. A retired infantry officer, with a yearning for Arcadian life. "A simple-minded and chivalrous American soldier," so gentle and complacent that he is somewhat overshadowed and outwitted by his designing wife. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Randolph, Mrs. Josephine. Late of the "de Fontanges l'Hommadieu." She had won the Major's impressionable heart by a lavish display of "piquant foreign accent and dramatic gestures." As a self-appointed critic of minds and morals she is disliked by her neighbors, and is finally frightened into retreat by Dawson, who knows her Creole career. *Through the Santa Clara Wheat.*

Rats, Captain. The guardian of literary proclivities. He writes the letters to the ward, to which all contribute, using the most elaborately elegant newspaper diction, and finally tells her the whole story in the guise of a romantic tale. *The Four Guardians of Lagrange.*

Rattler. "The gay, brilliant, and unconquerable;" a "smart" man; a spouter of Byron. Having met with reverses he becomes a barkeeper, but is assisted into better fortune by David Fagg. *The Man of No Account.*

Rawjester, James. A gentleman of gorilla-like appearance and manners. He burns the house in which his three crazy wives are confined, in order to remove all obstacles to his union with Miss Mix. *Miss Mix* (*Condensed Novels*).

Rawjester, Nina. The illegitimate child of James Rawjester; pupil of Miss Mix. *Miss Mix* (*Condensed Novels*).

Rawlett. A storekeeper at Sidon, California. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Rawlins, Robert. A philosopher of the frontier, who forms one of the party pursuing the robbers. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Raymond, Mr. A young mining engineer, who smarts under the recollection of a discarded love for Maruja, and who pays his attentions to Doña Amita Saltonstall. *Maruja.*

Raynor, Mr. and Mrs. Tourists from the East, aghast at the wonders of California. *Gavriel Conroy.*

Razorbill, Rupert. The brother of Lord Burleydon. He resembles a man of fashion, a wit, a soldier, a sportsman, a hero, above all he resembles the King of Trulyruralania — a resemblance which leads to certain complications. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Read, Judge. The chairman of a political meeting in Pineville, Kentucky. *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Reddy, James. After months of dissipation in San Francisco, this irresolute man finds employment at a rancho. His gloomy abstraction and refined exterior attract the daughter of the superintendent, and Nelly Woodridge becomes the saving influence in his life. *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Redhill, Jack. An old shipmate and a devoted servant of Sir John Dornton. *Trent's Trust.*

Red Pete. A horse-thief hung by the Sawyer's Crossing Vigilants. *Salomy Jane's Kiss.*

Reed, Major. A hospitable Southerner, magnanimous toward Northern men. A friend of Courtland's. *Sally Dows.*

Reed, Mr. A clerk in Carden's bank, in Sacramento. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Reed, Mrs. The Major's wife. She "still carried in her small, dark eyes and thin, handsome lips something of the bitterness and antagonism of the typical 'Southern rights' woman." *Sally Dows.*

Reed, Augusta. The youngest daughter of the Major. *Sally Dows.*

Reed, Octavia. A Southern girl, not at all "reconstructed." The eldest daughter of Major Reed. *Sally Dows.*

Renshaw, Dick. A light-hearted young man, who engages in a rather unscrupulous scheme to buy the Pontiac of Abner Nott. His better nature, spurred by a growing interest in Rosey Nott, forces him to abandon the undertaking. He vainly tries to save Nott from the wiles of the speculator, Sleight, but after the sale is made, he is reassured by learning from the old man that the hidden treasure contained in the ship is counterfeit coin. Rosey returns his love, and the two are married. *A Ship of '49.*

Revelstoke, Mr. The president of a bank in San Francisco, whose assistance and confidence starts Randolph Trent on the road to fortune. *Trent's Trust.*

Ribaud, Gustave. Café proprietor and Social Democrat. *The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.*

Rice, Dexter. Foreman of the Zip Coon Company. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Rice, Stephen. Grant's assistant in his surveying expedition. Euphemia elopes with the young Lothario, but afterwards secures a divorce and returns to her father. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Richards. The foreman in the printing-office of the Mountain Clarion, good-humored, shrewd, and capable. He falls in love with the pretty Cota Ramierez, and is twice almost strangled near the fonda by an unknown assailant, who proves to be the girl's extraordinary "pinto" mare. *What Happened at the Fonda.*

Richardson. A San Francisco banker, who appears in Mainwaring's recollection as "ostentatiously British and insular." His manner is marked by a self-important patronage to the ladies at The Lookout, and an uneasy deference to Mainwaring, the son of his patron. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Richelieu. See SHARPE.

Ricketts, Mrs. The guardian of the Lasham children. *Jimmy's Big Brother from California.*

Ricketts, Mary. A schoolmate of Fanny Meritoe. *The Three Guardians of Lagrange.*

Rider, Jim. A Southern banker and speculator living in San Francisco. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Ridgeway. See DENT.

Ridley, Bob. See FAIRLEY, BOB.

Riggs, Alice. An innocent young girl. Sister to Jack Riggs and placed by him in a Catholic convent, where she is known

as Alice Rivers. The voice of Preble Key exercises a strange influence over her, and she contrives to meet him. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Riggs, Jack. Brother to Alice. "Gloomy and discontented in expression." Riggs and Chivers are the natural and professed leaders of an ill-assorted band of road-agents. They regard each other with mutual distrust and even enmity, Riggs seeing in Chivers an object of contempt and loathing, Chivers regarding Riggs with the small jealousy of an inferior intelligence. He dreads the influence of Sadie Collinson over his innocent sister. *In a Hollow of the Hills.*

Riggs, Prosper. An amiable, modest, not overwise young miner, alternately the butt and favorite of the camp. He has made a "big strike," has built a house, and some talk of his comrades persuades him that he should have a mother in it. Having been a foundling, he sets out to adopt such a relative, and engages Mrs. Pottinger to enact the part, which she does in hardly a satisfactory manner. She introduces her daughter to the house, but Prosper insists that the girl shall be his cousin, not sister. Fortunately so, for later he loves and marries her. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Riggs, Hon. Stanley. A California orator. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Rightbody, Adams. A wealthy Boston citizen. The telegram from Silsbee reminding him of the "compact" so shocks him that death results. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Rightbody, Mrs. Adams. A student of household hygiene during her husband's lifetime. After his death, a student of his past. Convinced that there is a woman in the case of his mysterious compact with Joshua Silsbee, she visits California to investigate. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Rightbody, Alice. A Boston maiden. The daughter of Adams Rightbody. She accompanies her mother to California and succeeds, with the help of Joe Silsbee, in explaining the nature of the "compact." *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Riley, "Uncle Billy." For a time "the camp drunkard" at Rattler's Ridge. Bones, "the yellow dog," attaches himself to the uncertain steps of this notable, and forsakes him only upon unmistakable evidence of the drunkard's reformation. *A Yellow Dog.*

Ringround, Miss Rosey. An audacious coquette, who, at Mr. Rollingstone's dinner-party, defends the character of her hero, Gabriel Conroy. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Ringstone. A generous millionaire ; owner of the Hacienda de los Osos. *The Mystery of the Hacienda.*

Rivers, Alice. See RIGGS, ALICE.

Rivers, Jack. See RIGGS, JACK.

Rivers, John Wesley. The little son of Seth Rivers who speedily follows his sister in succumbing to the charm of Jack Hamlin. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Rivers, Mary Emmeline. The small sister of John, who introduces herself and her doll to Jack Hamlin, on his first waking at Windy Hill. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Rivers, Seth. The quiet, ascetic master of Windy Hill rancho. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Rivers, Mrs. Seth. A soulful but fragile woman, with an expression of slightly fatigued self-righteousness. Neither she nor her husband is unaffected by the attractions of the guest Dr. Duchesne sends to them. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Robert. See GRAY, and RUSHBROOK. See also BOB.

Roberto. See BOB THE BUCKER.

Roberts. The night watchman of a large business building in San Francisco. His wife had been a servant in Mrs. Bodine's family, so he secretly shelters that unhappy woman and her children, and sometimes her husband, in two of its vacant rooms. *Under the Eaves.*

Robins, Miss Nellie. Loved by David Fagg, who resigns her to Rattler. *The Man of No Account.*

Robinson. A member of Congress from Vermont. *The Story of a Mine.*

Robinson, Miss Bessy. Daughter of Trinidad Joe ; a buxom young woman of twenty-five, with frank blue eyes and beauty of a rustic sort. She takes care of the baby which the storm leaves at James North's door, and finally marries him when the child's parentage is discovered *The Man on the Beach.*

Robinson, Joe. A citizen of Rough-and-Ready. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.*

Robinson, Don Juan. The bookish recluse of El Refugio, in whose care Hamilton Brant places his son Clarence. He is known to the boy as his cousin Jackson Brant, who prefers to be called by another name. Long residence in Spanish America and marriage with a rich Mexican widow have made him more Spanish than American. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Robinson, Trinidad Joe. James North's nearest neighbor. *The Man on the Beach.*

Robles, Francisco. Superintendent of the Sisters' Title. The leader of the movement to dispossess Peyton of his claim. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Roger. See CATRON.

Rogers, Mary. A confidante of Susy Peyton during her convent life. Later she visits Susy at the Robles Rancho. *A Waif of the Plains; Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Roker, Annie. A pupil at the Hemlock Hill school. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Rollingstone, Mr. An able financier; a dealer of extravagant and picturesque hospitality, and owner of a fine "turnout." *Gabriel Conroy.*

Rollins. One of the military wags among the officers stationed at Fort Redwood. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Rollins, Tom. A citizen of Rattlesnake Camp, desirous of the good opinion of "the two Baker girls." *Bulger's Reputation.*

Roper, Jack. A blacksmith, who repairs one of Mary's dolls and becomes its adoptive father. *A Mother of Five.*

Roscommon, Mrs. Maggie. The Amazon who presides over the grocery counter at Tres Pinos. *The Story of a Mine.*

Roscommon, Mike. A saloon-keeper at Tres Pinos. His life is monotonous until the title to a Spanish grant comes into his hands. With wealth in prospect, he organizes a movement to lobby at Washington for its possession. In this struggle he neglects his business, and from it he emerges a ruined man. *The Story of a Mine.*

Rose. See MALLORY

"Rose, The." See M'CLOSKY, MISS JINNY.

Rosey. See NOTT.

Rosita. See PICO.

Rowley. A member of the ill-starred Mining Ditch Company, who, feeling himself abused by the ignorant advice of Captain Jim's friend, speaks out his mind in the captain's presence and so alienates him forever. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Roy, Tommy. A practical joker of Monte Flat. *A Monte Flat Pastoral.*

Royal. See THATCHER.

Ruiz, Señor. A Mexican disciple of Tom Paine. One of the revolutionists at Todos Santos. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Ruiz, Don Pedro. A dealer in forged land-grants and false testimony. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Runnybroke, Lord. Lady Elfrida's uncle, who, with his wife,

is with the English party at Fort Biggs. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Runnybroke, Lady Elfrida. A charming girl whom Peter Atherly meets at Ashley Grange, and who shows him the Atherly monuments in the church. Later, on the plains, both are captured by Indians, and Peter makes rescue for himself impossible, to save Lady Elfrida, who ever after remains faithful to his memory. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Runnybroke, Lord Reginald. A brother of Lady Elfrida. *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly.*

Rupert. A precocious, studious, imaginative little boy, the son of a practical man, who has little sympathy with the boy's tastes. He finds on the Christmas-tree a drum marked for him. This drum, at first a source of mortification to his sensitive spirit, finally calls him to the war, and with it he saves the honor of his regiment. It then beats the reveille which wakes him into another world. *The Christmas Gift that came to Rupert.*

Rupert, King. Of Trulyruralania. A well-bred, but convivial prince, who suffers from having his personal appearance duplicated. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Rupert of Glasgow. A Scotchman, who closely resembles the King of Trulyruralania. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Rupert. See FILGEE, RAZORBILL, and SEDILIA.

Rushbrook, Robert. The "Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope." He is the "successful" American, who amasses a fortune and becomes the liberal though indiscriminating patron of the arts. A strong and simple man in artificial surroundings. *A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Ruth. See PINKNEY, RUTHERFORD.

Rutli, Gottlieb. The proprietor of a market garden on the outskirts of a Californian town. He prospers, and, when a rich man, goes back to his native village in Switzerland for his "revenge." He had been misunderstood and treated unkindly as a boy, and he intends to buy the whole place, rebuild and beautify it; but he finds that soon after his departure, the little village had been completely destroyed by a landslip, not one of its inhabitants escaping. *The Man and the Mountain.*

Ruysdael, Dr. A physician of large practice in San José, and the owner of some wild forest land in the Santa Cruz range. He becomes the employer of Liberty Jones, and later her husband. *Liberty Jones's Discovery.*

Ryder, Mr. The escort of Mrs. Rightbody in her search for "Seventy-four" and "Seventy-five." A wealthy Californian, and second husband of Mrs. Rightbody. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Ryder, Jack. Of the Lone Star Lead. He is one of Peggy Baker's friends, and presents a wolf cub to her menagerie. *Miss Peggy's Protégés.*

Ryder, Tom. A miner of Roaring Camp. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Rylands, Joshua. A man with a somewhat original character. He had been converted at a camp-meeting in his boyhood, and remains sincerely if narrowly religious. He marries a variety actress, whom he hopes to help to better things, and deals with her kindly, but unwisely. Hearing that Mr. Hamlin had called at his house in his absence, he seeks him out, and Jack makes some plain-spoken comments on his visitor's shortcomings towards his wife, a mediation that has the happiest results. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.*

Rylands, Mrs. Joshua. Formerly Nell Montgomery, "the Pearl of the Variety Stage." An accident causes Jack Hamlin to call at her house, not knowing it to be hers, and she tells him of her marriage, her love for her husband, her failure to make him happy, and he quickly grasps the situation and betters it. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.*

Sackville, the Hon. Blanche Fitzroy. Youngest daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Beloved by Terence, who finally wins her as his bride. *Terence Denville* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sacramento Pet, The. A pretty actress. *An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon.*

Sadie. See COLLINSON.

Safie. See MCGEE.

St. Addlegourd. A radical, with a rent-roll of £15,000,000, and belonging to one of the oldest families in Britain. *Lothaw* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sal. See CHEROKEE SAL and CLARK.

Salisbury Joan. See BLANDFORD, MRS. JOAN.

Sally. See BRIGGS and DOWS.

Salomy Jane. See CLAY.

Saltello, Consuelo. The pretty and romantic young sister of Enriquez. The youthful Don Francisco is deeply in love with

her, and gives her his beautiful but wild young filly, Chu Chu. After one or two escapades, in which Chu Chu plays an important part, the young girl is sent away to the safe seclusion of a convent in southern California, and the romance is ended. *Chu Chu.*

Saltello, Enriquez. Friend of Mr. Grey, the Editor, and brother of the fair Consuelo. A loquacious young Californian of varied accomplishments. His conversation is famous for a "marvelous combination of Spanish precision and California slang." He assists in the breaking of the mustang Chu Chu. He tells his friend a family legend to account for the assaults near the Ramierez fonda. At first a cynic on the subject of womankind, he falls desperately in love with Miss Urania Mannersley, and wins her hand after a somewhat fantastic wooing. Two years later he returns from the visit, made after the marriage, to Mexico. To please his wife he pretends to study geology, and is actually president of the El Bolero mining company, an enterprise which has a remarkable success, till Enriquez, indignant that Professor Dobbs has been bribed to leave damaging matter out of a report, quits the board, refusing to sell his stock while he may, because he believes the mine will become valueless. Riding over his rancho with his baby son, horse and riders are swallowed up by an earthquake. *Chu Chu; What Happened at the Fonda; The Devotion of Enriquez; The Passing of Enriquez.*

Saltello, Mrs. Enriquez. See MANNERSLEY.

Saltonstall, Amita. "A taller copy" of her elder sister Maruja and more regularly beautiful, but without individuality. She serves as a foil for the strange attraction of her sister, and is courted for a time by Captain Carroll, before he falls under the spell of Maruja's fascination. *Maruja.*

Saltonstall, Dorotea. A grave girl; a sister of Maruja. *Maruja.*

Saltonstall, Doña Maria. A Guitierrez, who, against the protest of her family, marries strangely enough a Yankee sea captain. Later, she comes wholly under the influence of Dr. West. It is as the mother of Maruja that she lends an interest to the narrative. *Maruja.*

Saltonstall, Maruja. A willful heroine; conscious of her powers of fascination, she loves to exercise them under the cloak of her girlish manners. She is struck by the noble nature of Captain Carroll, but it is in Henry Guest that for the first time

she meets a man whose will is stronger than her own, and his strange nature exercises a potent influence over her imagination. His suit is rapid and his conquest complete. *Maruja.*

Salvatierra, Doña Dolores. See CONROY, GRACE.

Salvatierra, Hermenegildo. The one-eyed comandante of the Presidio of San Carlos. Peleg Scudder, a master of a Yankee trading-schooner, touches at San Carlos and spends a night with the commander. From that time Salvatierra's right eye again adorns his face. But its fixed, unwinking stare sends terror and distrust into the hearts of all his people, and those who formerly loved and trusted him now only fear him. His own character changes with the change of those about him. Things are restored to their former happy condition on the destruction of the glass eye in a fight with mutinous Indians. *The Right Eye of the Commander.*

Salvatierra, Don José. Commander of the Presidio of San Geronimo. Tall, gaunt, and gentlemanly in bearing, with serious but kindly eyes, and iron-gray mustaches. He adopts Grace Conroy as his daughter with the name of Dolores, and, dying, leaves her a share of his wealth. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Salvatierra, Don Juan. A relative of Don José. He lives with Doña Dolores at the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Sam. See BARSTOW.

Sanchez. A servant attached to the Saltonstall stables. *Maruja.*

Sanchez, Manuel Ruy. Secretary to the comandante. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Sanchicha. "The Indian centenarian of the Mission San Carmel. Only her eyes lived. Helpless, boneless, and jelly-like, old age had overtaken her with a mild form of deliquescence." She is in possession of the padre's secret, and is influenced by Cranch to reveal it. *At the Mission of San Carmel.*

Sanchicha. The peon servant attached to Jovita Mendez. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Sanderson, Deacon. A member of the rigorous faith from which Masterton becomes a "backslider." He tells the unsympathetic doctor of the exhorter's "fall from grace." *A Convert of the Mission.*

Sanderman, Herr. The Ober-Inspector of Police. *The Indiscretion of Elsbeth.*

Sanderson, Mr. The lawyer in charge of Mrs. Peyton's interests. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Sandy. See MORTON, ALEXANDER.

Santierra, Doña Clara. Sister of Don José ; a typical Spanish woman. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Santierra, Don José. One of "Penelope's suitors." A native Californian, with the old hereditary Spanish traits, — grave simplicity of character and sedate courtesy. He is the real owner of the Rancho de los Cuervos, and lives on the neighboring ranch, Los Gatos. He permits Mrs. Tucker to remain at Los Cuervos under the impression that the estate is her own. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Sarah. See WALKER. See also SAL and SALLY.

Saunders. A recent arrival at Buckeye Camp. A shrewd frontiersman, with a knowledge of whiskey and human nature. But he underestimates the character of the Mexican girl, and is shot in her saloon. On the night of the proposed attack upon the saloon, he seconds the story told by Shuttleworth. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Saunders. The proprietor of The Valley Emporium at Santa Ana. *A Widow of Santa Ana Valley.*

Saunders, Mrs. Rosy. The wife of the actor. She is "reserved and indistinctive, with that appearance of being an unenthusiastic family servant peculiar to some men's wives." *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Saunders, Sol. An actor by instinct. Looks upon life and nature from a professional point of view, and detects dramatic possibilities in all things. *The Twins of Table Mountain.*

Saunderson. Steward on board Gray's yacht. *Young Robin Gray.*

Schmidt. A German recruit, of some intelligence, detailed under the command of Lieutenant Calvert. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Schroeder, Frau. The wife of Peter Schroeder. She is captivated by the grace of Mrs. Johnson and the assurance of T. Barker Johnson. *Peter Schroeder.*

Schroeder, Peter. An American by adoption, though German by birth. He is induced by T. Barker Johnson to embark upon a filibustering expedition, and loses his life through his ardent love of liberty. *Peter Schroeder.*

Schuyler, Mistress. A guest at Washington's headquarters on the night of Thankful Blossom's "appeal to Cæsar." She treats the wayward beauty with sisterly affection. *Thankful Blossom.*

Schwartz, Karl. The assumed name and identity of the clever Captain Christian of the French Intelligence Bureau. He professes to be an American citizen, but purposely supports his claim so poorly that he is turned over to the military authorities at Schlachtstadt to serve his time. His apparent childlike simplicity, amusing stupidity, and invincible good-humor, make him a general favorite ; he is much employed by the officers, and is finally transferred to the personal service of the governor of an important fortress. He falls into the Rhine, is swept away by a rapid current, and is reported drowned, — to reappear in Paris very speedily. *Unser Karl.*

Scott, Mrs. The mother of Mrs. John Hale and of Kate Scott. She is pictured as an austere woman, whose compassion is unaccountably stirred by the suffering of George Lee. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Scott, Kate. A young woman who despises the conventionalities of life. She ensnares Ned Falkner's affections during his stay at Eagle's Court, and finds his attractions heightened when his true colors are made known. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Scott, Capt. Mat. A partner of Amity Claim. He and his partner, Henry York, men of "amiability and grave tact," called by their neighbor "The Peacemakers," quarrel privately over a trifling matter, and become bitter enemies. Contrary to the custom of the place and times, they refuse to settle their differences by force of arms, but they fight each other for years in every other conceivable way, and many local improvements are due to their spite and rivalry. Scott takes to drink, and is in a very bad way, when York returns from abroad, finds him in the old cabin, and takes care of him. Scott dies soon after the reconciliation. *The Iliad of Sandy Bar.*

Scotty. Barkeeper of the Greyport Hotel. He saves Sarah's life by administering a cocktail. *Sarah Walker.*

Scranton, Joshua. The partner on a mining claim of the treacherous James Smith *alias* Farendell. He knows all the man's misdeeds, and on the night of a great fire in Sacramento, he follows him to his counting-house, and threatens exposure if Farendell does not leave the city. Scranton, left in the office, perishes in the fire, his body being supposed to be that of the escaped Farendell. *The Reincarnation of Smith.*

Scudder, Peleg. Master of the schooner General Court, of Salem, Mass. A fluent talker and shrewd trader. He rides out a storm in San Carlos harbor, and spends a roisterous night

with the commander, Hermenegildo Salvatierra. The next morning the commander finds a new eye in the socket which has long been sightless. *The Right Eye of the Commander.*

Seabright, James. An "exhorter" with nautical metaphors and manners. As a member of the Tamalpais crew he remembers Elisha Braggs, then known as Barker, and is prepared to outwit the covetous music-teacher. *An Episode of West Woodlands.*

Sedilia, Alice. Youngest daughter of Lady Selina. Her innocent lighting of a slow-match results in the destruction of the rest of the family by an explosion which also discloses the evidence which puts Rupert in possession of Sloperton Grange. She then marries Sir Rupert. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sedilia, the Ghost of Sir Guy. Anxious to keep his haunts free from other ghosts. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sedilia, Rupert. He returns to Sloperton Grange just in time to establish his claim to his ancestral halls. He marries his cousin Alice. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sedilia, Lady Selina. A woman with a history. When about to be married to her lover, Edgardo, she is killed, with the rest of the wedding party, by the blowing up of the parish church. *Selina Sedilia* (*Condensed Novels*).

See Yup. An ingenious Chinese laundryman. He sells Chinese remedies to the dyspeptic miners, and "picks over" the "tailings" of an abandoned claim, greatly to his own advantage. *See Yup.*

Senator, the great New England. A connoisseur in art, incorruptible in his public life. Carmen interests him by her interest in his collections, and he rewards her skillful flattery by making a seven hours' political speech, which causes the Mine Claim to become "Unfinished Business." *The Story of a Mine.*

Sepulvida, Dona José. A modern Don Quixote of melancholy address and imperturbable gravity. Regarded with some reason by his family as a "lunatico," he flees to the protection of the Americans, of whose enlightenment and liberty he is an ardent admirer. After many adventures he returns to the bosom of his family with an American wife. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Sepulvida, Doña Maria. A charming young American widow, with whom Poinsett conducts a flirtation. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Sepulvida, Don Victor. Attends the family conclave over the behavior of Don José. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Sepulvida, Don Vincente. Takes part in the family council relative to the flight of Don José. *A Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills.*

Seth. See COLLINSON ; DAVIS ; HALL AND RIVERS.

Sharpe, Demander. The blacksmith at the cross-roads. Though embittered by poverty, his heart remains tender toward his daughter, and he seeks consolation in foreordination for all the vagaries of fortune. His faith is equally firm in the potency of patent medicines. In Europe and with a fortune, he gives the nobility a taste of Western manners. *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Sharpe, Minty. The blacksmith's daughter. An untutored child of the Sierras, who longs to "be somebody." Mainwaring appears to her as the Prince Charming who is to rescue her, but she will lay no traps for him and he capitulates to the finer skill of Louise Macy. In her father's arms this complex girl becomes a child ; at her brother's bedside she rises to a mother's place ; in all, the "eternal womanly." *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Sharpe, Richelieu. The blacksmith's son. An amateur metallurgist, who fulfills his prophecy to Minty, "Some day ye 'll be beholden to me for a lot o' real jewelry." When not discussing ores with Bradley, he figures as a "precocious and gallant Lovelace of ten." *A Phyllis of the Sierras.*

Shear, Tony. A young man who knew Hathaway in his obscure beginnings, and who brings his Marysville friends with him to greet the young State senator in San Francisco. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Shelby. See FOWLER.

Shipley, Dick. Josephine Forsyth's mill foreman. *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge.*

Shipley, Jack. A Boston brother of Mrs. Ashwood. Clementina Harcourt's fortune leads him to propose after a few weeks' acquaintance. He loses interest in his pursuit when the Harcourt millions are in jeopardy. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Shuckster, Abe. A fatuously devoted friend of the outlaw, Jim Bodine. A rich man, in a single year he has sacrificed almost all his fortune in saving that worthless reprobate from the results of his crimes, and all that is left is spent in paying

the passage of Bodine's deserted wife and children to the States. *Under the Eaves.*

Shuttleworth. One of the first customers at Jovita's saloon. He becomes injudicious in his remarks, and is shot by the young woman. When her enemies organize, he confesses his share in the "disorderliness" so effectively that the Vigilants give up their designs. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Shuttleworth, Mrs. Nan. With Mrs. Carpenter this matron is stimulated into a regard for fashion by the advent of Jovita Mendez. *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Sibblee, Josh. Resident in Fresno and Member of Congress from the 4th Congressional District of California. Incorruptible and true to his constituency. His honesty affords Wiles a unique experience. *The Story of a Mine.*

Silas. The future husband of Melinda Bird. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Silsbee, Jake. The leader of an emigrant train en route to California. A calloused and discontented fortune-hunter. He loses his life in the massacre of his party by the Indians. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Silsbee, Mrs. Jake. The mother of Susy. "Prematurely old, of ill health, and harassed with cares." A querulous farmer's wife, to whom maternity is a burden and not a privilege. Death comes with the attack of the Indians upon the Silsbee train. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Silsbee, Joe. The son of Joshua Silsbee. He assumes an alias in shame over the manner of his father's death, and is called Joe Stanislaus or Stanislaus Joe. While acting as guide, he meets Alice Rightbody on her visit to California. Alice is stirred with pity over his disgrace, soon loves him, and, a year later, marries him in obedience to the mysterious compact made thirty years before between the fathers of the lovers. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Silsbee, Joshua. In early manhood an intimate friend of Adams Rightbody. The father of Stanislaus Joe. As an old man he is lynched for horse-stealing by the Vigilants at Deadwood. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Silsbee, Susy. See PEYTON, SUSETTE ALEXANDRA.

Simmons. A Cockney miner at Roaring Camp. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Simmons, Captain. A seafaring man in the employ of Rider. *The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.*

Simmons, Joe. A lounger at the Laurel Run post-office. *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Simpson. A desperate citizen of Wynyard's Bar. *The Sheriff of Siskiyou.*

Simpson, Jack. A highway robber. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Simson, Tom. Of Sandy Bar; otherwise known as "The Innocent." Eloping with Piney Woods, he comes upon the camp of the outcasts and insists on spending the night and sharing his provisions with them. The party is overtaken by a severe snowstorm, and Simson is sent by Oakhurst for help, but the help arrives too late to save the others. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Sir Edward. A philosopher, who begins the virtues with a capital letter. *The Dweller of the Threshold* (*Condensed Novels*).

Skaggs. A man whose wife has deserted him, together with their only child, for another man. Misfortune and drink have driven him crazy. He takes the name of Johnson, and is known in Angel's as a worthless bummer. After a period in which he is supposed to be dead, he turns up again as a monomaniac in search of the man who ruined him, but dies while on the point of achieving his revenge. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Skaggs, Mrs. This "she-devil" remains behind the scenes throughout the story. Yuba Bill, her fourth husband, describes her as "very tall, with a lot o' light hair meandering down the back of her head, as long as a deerskin whiplash, and about the color. She hed eyes that 'd bore ye through at fifty yards, and pooty hands and feet. And . . . she was handsome, — she was that!" The story leaves her in jail for murder. *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands.*

Skinner, Bob. A boy of twelve who invades the island where Li Tee and Jim have taken refuge. The Indian saves him from drowning, and both make much of him, and the lad, delighted with the wild life, leaves his gun with them, promising to return. Later, on being questioned by his father, he lies, and says that the fugitives stole it and ill-used him. *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad.*

Skinner, Parkin. The father of Bob. A prominent citizen of Trinidad who believes that this is a white man's country, and that every "nigger," yellow, brown, or black, has got to be cleared out. *Three Vagabonds of Trinidad.*

Slate, Joe. Of the "Union Press," and one of Hathaway's political constituency. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Sledge, Mr. Stage-driver of Pineville, Kentucky. *Colonel Starbottle's Client.*

Sleight. An unscrupulous San Francisco speculator, who buys the Pontiac in order to secure the treasure which is supposed to be concealed in her hold. The coin proves to be counterfeit. *A Ship of '49.*

Slinn, Esther. The elder of H. J. Slinn's two daughters. Utterly indifferent to the suffering of her father, she is drawn as the slight sketch of the modern Goneril. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Slinn, Harry. The selfish and ready-witted son of H. J. Slinn. He becomes the successful editor of the Rough-and-Ready "Record," and pays transient court to Mamie Mulrady. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Slinn, H. J. A poor miner, stricken down with paralysis in the moment of overpowering success. Unable to reclaim his treasure, he leads a life of helpless wretchedness, uncared for by his selfish children. He is helped by the kindness of Mulrady to the rediscovery of his fortune, and his death in the moment of intense exaltation marks the climax of the story. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Slinn, Vashti. H. J. Slinn's younger daughter, who, drawn in the background of the story, plays Regan to her sister's Goneril. *A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready.*

Slit-the-Weazand. The cadaverous ghost of an English sailor of Queen Elizabeth's time. *The Legend of Devil's Point.*

Slocum, Jim. A guest at the Laurel Spring Hotel. *Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

Slocumb, Senator. The embodiment of "government," in the mind of Mrs. Baker. *The Postmistress of Laurel Run.*

Sluysdael, Johnnyboy. A delicate little boy of resolute character, who resists all attempts to improve his physical condition in accordance with approved theories. Later, responsibility laid upon him by misfortune brings out the best in him. *Johnnyboy.*

Smith. A small ranchman, the indifferent father of Providence. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Smith. The man who discovered the pocket of gold which gave the settlement of Smith's Pocket its name. That discovery is his only one, however, and his bad luck has made him a drunkard. He at last shoots himself in despair, or, at least, such is the general supposition, but it is found that he has been work-

ing successfully in the pocket on the very day of his death, and Mr. Gray and Dr. Duchesne believe him to have been murdered, probably by Waters. He is the father of M'liss. *M'liss.*

Smith. The Minnesota congressman, with whose coming affairs begin to move. *The Story of a Mine.*

Smith, Doc. A friend of Dan'l Borem. *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

Smith, Miss. A village belle "of flirtatious reputation." She maliciously arouses the jealousy of Consuelo Saltello. *Chu Chu.*

Smith, Mrs. M'liss's mother. A handsome brunette, with a dramatic manner. "Her eyes, which were dark and singularly brilliant, were half closed, either from some peculiar conformation of the lids, or an habitual effort to conceal expression." She has been separated from her husband for some years, but reappears after his death and claims his property and the guardianship of M'liss, who, under her care, seems in fair way to become a little more conventional. The reader is permitted to suspect that she has had relations of some kind with Waters, and may, perhaps, have been implicated in the murder of her husband. *M'liss.*

Smith, James. He had deserted his wife in Missouri, and had come to California, taking the papers and name, Farendell, of a friend who had died on the passage. He had sold a mining-claim, regardless of the rights of his partners, run away with the proceeds and gone into business in Sacramento, and when this history opens is on the eve of his marriage to Mrs. Cutler. But he is really a bankrupt, and that night, in the midst of a great fire, he disappears, and is supposed to have been burned. Four years later he reappears, changed by a beard and called by his true name. He had prospered in South America, and his thoughts return to his deserted wife. He finds her in Sacramento and watches her from a distance. On the night of a great flood he follows her in a boat, and is drowned before her eyes. *The Reincarnation of Smith.*

Smith, Mrs. James. The deserted wife of Smith, alias Farendell. She is faithfully loved by her husband's former partner, Duffy, and promises to marry him when she has seen her husband's dead face — which she does on the night of the great flood. *The Reincarnation of Smith.*

Smith, Melissa. A wild and wayward child, daughter of "Old

Bummer" Smith. She enters Mr. Gray's school, and under his influence and teaching improves in many respects, but does not quite give up her wild ways. When the mob is preparing to lynch Waters for the murder of McSnagley, she gains access to the prisoner and sets him free by setting fire to his guard and causing a conflagration, during which the prisoner escapes with her. From Waters, whose mind has been unseated by terror, she learns that she is "an heiress," her father's old claim still containing a large quantity of gold. On her mother's reappearance, she goes to live with her, and the civilizing process is transferred to her hands. *M'liss.*

Smith, Providence. A pupil of the Hemlock Hill school, who with two other boys, Tribbs and Fleming, is caught in a snow storm on Table Ridge, and has various alarming adventures. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Smithsye. A schoolmate of Heavystone. *Guy Heavystone* (*Condensed Novels*).

Snaffle, Tom. A schoolmate of young Breezy under Grubbins. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Snapshot-Harry. See DIMWOOD.

Sniffen, Eliza Jane. Beloved by Chitterlings. Being captured by Indians, she saves her life by staining her face and mingling with the Indian maidens. She becomes Mushymush, the favorite handmaid of Jenkins, the Boy Chief, and is reunited to Chitterlings in the end. *The Hoodlum Band* (*Condensed Novels*).

Snyder, Jimmy. A pupil of the Indian Spring school. *Cressy.*

Snyder, Jimmy. One of the pupils at Chestnut Ridge. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Sobriente. See FATHER SOBRIENTE.

Soho, The Dowager Duchess of. An elderly woman of much strength of character and tenderness of heart. She proves a friend in need to Helen Maynard. *Two Americans.*

Sol. See CATLINS and SAUNDERS.

Somers, Jack. A facile society man, who is Rushbrook's adviser in social and artistic matters. In love with Grace Nevil, he makes to her the unwarranted statement that Rushbrook has provided for his future. This is afterwards the cause of his break with her and of his rupture with Rushbrook, whom he deserts to fight him financially in a hostile ring. The ring is defeated. *A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope.*

Somers, Kate. A characterless woman, mistress of the dying

gambler, to whom Gideon Deane marries her. *An Apostle of the Tules.*

Somerset, Grace. A dancing-girl in a variety-show. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.*

Somerset, Lord Henry. Aid-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant. He insults Terence, who challenges him to a duel, but spares his life in obedience to Blanche Sackville's request. *Terence Denville* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sophonisba. See BROWN.

Soufflet, Tom. A convivial Washington friend of Dobbs. He superintends a dinner from which the office-seeker hopes to secure an appointment. *The Office-Seeker.*

Southampton, Lord. The most noble Earl, served by John Longbowe. *The Adventures of John Longbowe, Yeoman* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sparkley. A high official in the Civil Department. He disappears from Simla, when he has learnt to converse with inanimate objects. *For Sim'la Reasons* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sparlow, Dr. A medical man as well as a druggist. He humorously animadverts upon his young partner, Kane's "sincere" treatment of Madame le Blanc's injuries. He correctly diagnoses the case of Reuben Allen. *How Reuben Allen "Saw Life" in San Francisco.*

Sparrell, Thomas. A red-haired, lame youth, clerk in a general store at the Cross Roads, Red Gulch. Though thought lightly of by the miners, he is shrewd, competent, and studious. He foresees the catastrophe at Reservoir Cañon, and by his efforts rescues the picnickers from their dangerous predicament. He wins the hand of the youngest Miss Piper, and later proves far the most prosperous of the Judge's sons-in-law. *The Youngest Miss Piper.*

Spanish Pete. A noted desperado and sluice robber, who is buried alive in his cave, when the entrance is closed by Johnny Starleigh. *An Ali Baba of the Sierras.*

Spencer. See TUCKER.

Sperry, Abner. One of the three trustees of the school. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School.*

Spindler, Dick. A miner who has made a "strike" at Rough and Ready, and wishes to celebrate it by giving a Christmas party to his relatives, of whom he knows little, except that nearly all of them have written to him for money after hearing of his good fortune. He begs Mrs. Price, a sensible and prac-

tical widow, to act as his hostess. Some of his relations prove to be drunken and worthless, but two children of a cousin are forwarded to him by express, their mother being dead, and their father in a hospital. This interests the miners who had intended making a disturbance at the reception following the feast, and they are further mollified by the arrival of a beautiful, richly-dressed girl, professing to be Spindler's niece. She is really a niece of Mrs. Price, and she makes the party a success. *Dick Spindler's Family Christmas.*

Spitz. A simple colonel, yet the one man who runs the whole dynasty of Trulyruralania. *Rupert the Resembler* (*Condensed Novels*).

Stacey, Mr. Agent for "Uncle Ben's" bankers in San Francisco. He is discouraged in his attempts to take up McKinstry's boundary quarrels and to make love to Cressy. *Cressy.*

Stacy, James. A college-bred man of cheerful temper. Partner of Barker in the prospecting of unpromising claims. When the three partners meet with good fortune, Stacy becomes a banker in San Francisco, and a power in the financial world. Partially ruined through the rascality of Van Loo, he is left at the end in possession, with his partners, of Marshall's claim. *Barker's Luck; Three Partners.*

Stalkies, The. An irregular mob of strange creatures, whose talk is a gibberish, and who accept study only as a punishment. *Jungle Folk* (*Condensed Novels*).

Stanislaus, Joe; or **Stanislaus Joe.** See SILSBEE, JOE.

Stannard, Pansy. A lively, quick-witted, voluble child, for a brief period the ward of Colonel Starbottle. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's.*

Stanner, Jackson N. An overbearing bully; the Express Company's special agent, who is disconcerted and finally checkmated by Colonel Clinch. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Staples. Assists Bullen in his adventure. *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.*

Staples, Mr. The minister at Burnt Spring, who by every method, fair and unfair, endeavors to discover Johnny Medliker's secret. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Starbottle, Mrs. Clara. See TRETHERICK, MRS. CLARA.

Starbottle, Culpepper. Nephew of the gallant Colonel. A chivalrous young man, with "a serious, even Quixotic face, . . . at times . . . relieved by a rare smile of . . . tender and even pathetic sweetness." Soon after his acceptance by Miss Jo

Folinsbee, he is forced to take up his uncle's quarrel and fight a duel with her brother, in which he is killed, having fired his own pistol into the air. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Starbottle, Colonel Culpepper. A Kentucky colonel, transplanted into California soil and flourishing in that congenial climate. He has imported the "full-breasted" chivalry of the South into the new country. He conducts a political campaign or a trial by jury with "the same fiery-tongued eloquence," — an eloquence which is often helped, though sometimes hindered, by his frequent potations. One of his chief characteristics is his devotion to "the sex." He is pompous and jaunty, and is in the habit of giving an added dignity to his form and carriage by inflating his chest. The honor of a Southern gentleman is very dear to him, and he is always ready — nay, eager — to defend it according to the code. He is a lawyer by profession and, having enjoyed political honors, is known as a "war-horse." Siskiyou County is his port of entry, but all California is his home. We first hear of him as one of Mrs. Brown's admirers in "Brown of Calaveras." In "The Iliad of Sandy Bar," he appears as a partisan of York. In "The Romance of Madroño Hollow," he is ejected from a dancing-party with his female companion. The insult is resented, and results in a duel on the part of his nephew and Jack Folinsbee, and finally in a duel with Folinsbee on his own part, in which he kills his opponent. He is introduced to the Poet of Sierra Flat. He accepts the guardianship of the little daughter of his friend, Dick Stannard, visits the child at her school, overawes her teachers by his manner, and before leaving, addresses the pupils. The affection he quickly feels for his ward is increased by a second visit, but he finds there have been many inquiries in the school in regard to his occupation, habits, and acquaintances. Four months later, while he is having a supper with certain friends in the Magnolia Restaurant, Pansy appears, having run away from school because they told lies about her guardian and said she was his daughter, a statement received with uproarious mirth by the guests, whereupon the Colonel promptly challenges two of the men. The third, Jack Hamlin, when left alone with his host, earnestly and severely protests, in the interests of the child, against the Colonel's guardianship, and so works upon him, that with much pain he relinquishes it. While living at Fiddletown, he becomes one of Mrs. Tretherick's many admirers. He plans an elopement with her, which is prevented by an un-

foreseen incident, but on the death of Mr. Tretherick he marries the widow. The fact of his death a few years later is recorded here. He is Jack Oakhurst's second in the duel with Hamilton. In "Wan Lee, the Pagan," he makes indignant complaint of the garbling of one of his political speeches as printed in the "Northern Star." At another time, the flow of his forensic eloquence is interrupted by the braying of Jinny, Dan the Quartz Crusher's donkey. He is the second of Calhoun Bungstarter for the duel with Captain McFadden, which is prevented by the Fool of Five Forks. In "Captain Jim's Friend," he appears as the writer of an editorial in the "Simpson's Bar Clarion." In "Colonel Starbottle's Client," he is the faithful and astute counsel of Jo Corbin, and he effects a reconciliation between him and the outraged Jeffcourts by a diplomatic appeal to the Southern sentiment. In "A First Family of Tasajara," he is second for the editor of the "Pioneer" in his projected duel with John Milton Harcourt, but appears at the appointed place with an apology instead of his principal. In "The Bell-Ringer of Angel's," he converses pompously with Arthur Wayne. In "Clarence," he is one of the conspirators who assemble at the Peyton rancho, and he occupies "a characteristically central position" in the conclave. Employed by Father Felipe in the interest of Grace Conroy's claim on the property at One Horse Gulch, he braves the brusque and insolent Dumphy. He is also prosecuting attorney in Gabriel's case. While paying his respects to the Sacramento Pet, he is ignominiously butted by Billy. After a visit to the fonda of the Señora Ramierez, she offers to lend him her daughter's mustang if he will ride it home. The mare throws and half strangles him. Falling under the spell of the girl's compelling eyes, he consents to become the counsel for the plaintiff in the breach of promise suit of Hooker *versus* Hotchkiss, though the defendant had been his client in the Eureka Ditch Company case, in which the Colonel has just achieved one of his greatest forensic triumphs. His plea in behalf of the fair Zaidee is a good example of Starbottle's oratory, and also of his entire lack of humor. His joy in this success is turned to chagrin, on finding that the girl had brought the suit as a means of raising money to enable her to marry a rustic admirer. He is a guest at the Laurel Spring House, and has his usual chivalrous admiration for the fair mistress thereof, but he cannot understand her supposed relationship to the desperado, MacGlowrie. Later he recognizes

a popular revivalist preacher who is visiting the place as an escaped criminal from Arkansas, and publicly denounces him, but does not divulge his name, MacGlowrie, presuming him to be a connection of the widow. *Brown of Calaveras; The Iliad of Sandy Bar; The Romance of Madroño Hollow; The Poet of Sierra Flat; A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's; An Episode of Fiddletown; A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst; Wan Lee, the Pagan; "Jinny;" The Fool of Five Forks; Captain Jim's Friend; Colonel Starbottle's Client; A First Family of Tasajara; The Bell-Ringer of Angel's; Clarence; Gabriel Conroy; An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon; What Happened at the Fonda; Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff; Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow.*

Starbuck. An Hawaiian half-breed, who knows of the rich gold ledge concealed in Sobriente's well and comes as a boarder to the Buena Vista hotel, watching for an opportunity to steal the treasure. *The Secret of Sobriente's Well.*

Starleigh, Johnny. A boy of ten, who accidentally discovers the cave of a gang of sluice robbers, the entrance to which is closed by a mass of rock in which the root of a fallen tree is imbedded. Hidden and trembling he watches two of the men as they enter the cavern, and later he sees them come out with a youth whom he recognizes as his own reprobate brother. The two men return to the cave, and the child, filled with anger at the thought that they had made his brother a thief, manages to close the entrance, though he does not doubt their ultimate escape. Ten years later, the excavators of a tunnel discover their skeletons. *An Ali Baba of the Sierras.*

Starleigh, Sam. The worthless brother of Johnny. *An Ali Baba of the Sierras.*

Starling, Mr. A dyspeptic passenger on the "liner." *Dan'l Borem* (*Condensed Novels*).

Stephen. See FORSYTH; MASTERTON; RICE.

Steptoe. A desperado who venomously hates the three partners, and uses his utmost endeavor to injure them. He is shot while, with a gang of followers, he is trying to seize Marshall's claim. His true name is Horncastle. *Three Partners.*

Stevens, Captain. A wealthy California merchant, formerly a seafaring man. One of Clarence's fellow passengers on the stage between Stockton and Sacramento. He confirms the boy's story to the banker. *A Waif of the Plains.*

Stidger, Captain. Chairman of the Marysville Central Com-

mittee, and one of the political allies whom Shear presents to Hathaway. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Stidger, Mrs. Abner. A blacksmith's wife; Miss Mary's hostess. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Stidger, Johnny. One of Miss Mary's pupils. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Stidger, Johnny. A pupil at Chestnut Ridge school, and the owner of a pocket accordion. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Stielitzer, Jake. A miner at Burnt Spring, who protects Johnny Medliker from the curiosity of his neighbors. *The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras.*

Stiver, Mrs. An officious but disappointed friend of the heiress. *An Heiress of Red Dog.*

Stokes, Deborah. An active worker in Masterton's revivals. She understands the cause and nature of the exhorter's collapse, and ministers to him in a motherly way. *A Convert of the Mission.*

Straitways, Marian. The wife of John Longbowe. *The Adventures of John Longbowe, Yeoman* (*Condensed Novels*).

Strangeways, Colonel. A member of General Brant's staff. *Clarence.*

Stratton, Ned. A gambler, and a man of dissipated habits. He deserts the young girl whom he lures from home. *A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's.*

Stryker, Major. The late law partner of Colonel Starbottle, who had been killed in a duel. *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff.*

Stryker, Amelia. Called Meely, the child friend of Johnny Starleigh, to whom he half-confides the secret of the cave. *An Ali Baba of the Sierras.*

Stubbs, Deacon. A leading member of the Hightown Church. He would like to have Mr. Hamlin banished from Windy Hill. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Stubbs, Mrs. The wife of the Deacon, who differs from him on the question of the Windy Hill guest. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Stumpy. Extempore surgeon and midwife to Cherokee Sal. He becomes the baby's nurse and godfather, and is faithful to his trust. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Sue. See Beasley; Brown and Markle. See also Susan and Susy.

Summerton, Master Charles. A five-year-old boy, who runs

away for a day. *Surprising Adventures of Master Charles Summerton.*

Superior, The. The amiable, easy-going head of the Bishopsgate Street monastery. *Golly and the Christian* (*Condensed Novels*).

Susan. See MARKHAM and MARKLE.

Susy. See PEYTON. See also SUE.

Sweeny, Mrs. "A profusely ornamented but reputationless widow," whose flirtations with Lacy Bassett are notorious. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Swinger, Colonel. The proprietor of the hotel at Buena Vista, a "played-out" mining camp. He is a Virginian, who had emigrated from his decaying plantation on the James. *The Secret of Sobriente's Well.*

Swinger, Polly. Daughter of the Colonel, who discovers Starbuck in the well, and so prevents the robbery he has artfully planned. *The Secret of Sobriente's Well.*

Swizzle, Mr. A midshipman on the Belcher. *Mr. Midshipman Breezy* (*Condensed Novels*).

Sykes, Captain. A friend of Tinky Clifford. *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation.*

Sylvester. The unsuspecting and fascinated host of Cherokee Jack. "*Who was my Quiet Friend?*"

Sylvester. See LANE.

Sylvester, Baby. A young grizzly, whose owner leaves him in charge of a friend during an absence in the East. Baby proves a troublesome pet, and finally escapes. *Baby Sylvester.*

Sylvester, Dick. The owner and foster-father of Baby. *Baby Sylvester.*

Sylvester, Miss Kate. May's cousin; an arrant flirt. "*Who was my Quiet Friend?*"

Sylvester, Louis. A candidate for reform at the hands of Nelly Woodridge. Mrs. Merrydew marries him to save James Reddy from a second misfortune. *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Sylvester, Miss May. The gentle "Lily of Lone Valley;" interested in the mysterious Kearney. "*Who was my Quiet Friend?*"

Symes, Mr. The Episcopalian rector of Redlands. *Sally Dows.*

Tallant, Joe. A mining secretary, and a member of "Poco Más ó Menos" Club. *In a Pioneer Restaurant.*

Tappington. See BROOKS.

Tarbox, Hiram. A cousin of Snapshot Harry, and somewhat under suspicion in consequence. He, however, breaks with his old associations, and becomes a land and timber agent in San Francisco. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Tarbox, Mrs. Hiram. She objects to being persecuted because she is related "to folks in another line o' business;" but she kindly protects the highwayman's niece. *A Niece of Snapshot Harry's.*

Tenbrook, Jack. A miner to whom Miggles gave her bear when she accompanied her paralytic lover to San Francisco. Jack, to his sorrow, shoots his pet, when a young lady belonging to a party snowed up near his cabin is frightened by the animal. *A Night on the Divide.*

Tennessee. A reckless drunkard, gambler, and highway robber, who is hanged by Judge Lynch. *Tennessee's Partner.*

Tennessee's Partner. "Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness." Faithful to his partner Tennessee through everything, he even forgives him for running away with his wife. When Tennessee is tried for highway robbery, he endeavors, in a frank and simple manner, to bribe the court, and, failing in that, gets permission to bury his old partner after the hanging. He conducts the funeral himself after an original fashion. He does not long outlive Tennessee. *Tennessee's Partner.*

Terence. See DENVILLE.

Teresa. A Spanish dancing-girl, formerly mistress of Dick Curson, whom she has stabbed in a fit of jealous rage, — "dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa." Finding refuge in the forest camp of Low Dorman, she throws off her manner of reckless bravado, and under the influence of daily contact with his refined and sensitive nature, her own softens, and all her womanliness comes to the surface. She soon finds herself in love with him, and, although he loves another woman, she risks her life and her reputation to save his life. She perishes with him in a forest fire, after Nellie Wynn has jilted him, and when happiness seems to be within her reach. She is quick-witted and sympathetic, brave and true. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Thankful. See BLOSSOM.

Thatcher, Royal. An adventurer and soldier of fortune. He answers the Macedonian cry of Biggs, and enters into the fight

for the possession of the mine. He is a man of culture and takes unkindly to hardship. *The Story of a Mine.*

Thérèse. Lady Caroline Coventry's French maid, who, out of jealousy, cuts loose the balloon while her mistress is in it. *Handsome is as Handsome does* (*Condensed Novels*).

Thompson. The blacksmith of Madroño Hollow, and one of the village gossips. *The Romance of Madroño Hollow.*

Thompson. Of Thompson's Pass. The first person to inform the Hales of the true character of their guest. *Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Thompson. A resident of Dry Creek, who has no patience with civic "virtoo." *The Transformation of Buckeye Camp.*

Thompson. A miner whom Flint uses in the disposal of the louis-d'or. He confesses to Sylvester that he had been bribed by Flint to act as an accessory. *Their Uncle from California.*

Thompson, Chief. The San Francisco Chief of Police. He breaks in upon the meeting at the Rancho, but finds his warrants unavailable, until Beeswinger creates him a United States deputy-marshal. *Clarence.*

Thompson, Judge. A pompous authority upon ethics and the laws. A passenger in the stage, he is drawn into the friendly conspiracy to make Polly a wife, and performs the ceremony himself. *An Ingénue of the Sierras.*

Thompson, Mr. A practical man who has suddenly experienced religion, and who searches for his son, whom his cruelty had driven away from home a dozen or more years before. He is attacked one night by a highway robber, who, on being captured by the old man, gives his name as Thompson, and later is taken into the father's household as his long-lost son. *Mr. Thompson's Prodigal.*

Thompson, Charles (the false). To get a new start in life he assumes the name of an old companion in sin, whom he believes to be dead, and is taken into Mr. Thompson's house as his son. *Mr. Thompson's Prodigal.*

Thompson, Charles (the true). At a festival given by Mr. Thompson in honor of the supposed returned prodigal, and representing the feast of the fatted calf, the real Charles Thompson appears, in a drunken condition, not knowing where he is. The revelation comes the next morning, and the half-innocent impostor disappears. *Mr. Thompson's Prodigal.*

Thomson, Aunt Dinah. George's wife; a washerwoman. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Thomson, George Washington. A darkey with the florid talents of his race, who tries to support his master, Colonel Pendleton, in his proper character as an old-time Southern gentleman. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Thomson, Scipio. George's son ; a bootblack. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Three-Fingered Dick. A "road agent," and an accomplice of Miss Mortimer. *Found at Blazing Star.*

Tibbets, Bracy. Proposes to form a joint-stock company to "prospect" for the missing Charles Thompson. He is ejected from Mr. Thompson's party on account of riotous behavior. In "Snow-Bound at Eagle's," he turns up as an express messenger. *Mr. Thompson's Prodigal ; Snow-Bound at Eagle's.*

Tibbetts, Rosey. An American girl spending her father's money in Germany. With her sisters and Mrs. Johnson, she passes judgment upon Peter Schroeder's American innovations. *Peter Schroeder.*

Tibbitts, Sergeant. One of the troopers in Van Zandt's command. *Thankful Blossom.*

Tibbs, Piney. Cissy Trixit's admiring friend. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Tiburcio. A vaquero on the Pico rancho. *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

Tipton, Sandy. A miner of Roaring Camp. *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Tish, Miss Eudoxia. The principal of the school in Santa Clara, in which Pansy Stannard is a pupil. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle's.*

Tom. A Western waiter in the Pioneer Restaurant, whose wife, some months before, has run away with Tournelli. By his impassive exterior, however, on the night of her appearance at the restaurant, and by his general indifference to Tournelli, the guests cannot discover whether he recognizes her or knows anything of the general situation. *In a Pioneer Restaurant.*

Tom. The new sheriff of Siskiyou. He captures Overstone by strategy, and his chief source of regret is that the criminal makes no resistance. He is shot by a company of regulars while watching the sleeping Overstone. *The Sheriff of Siskiyou.*

Tom. See Bent ; Flynn ; Higbee ; Islington ; Simson.

Tommy. Sandy's illegitimate child. *The Idyl of Red Gulch.*

Tommy. Young scion of a wealthy house ; sometime playmate of Melons. *Melons.*

Tommy. See ISLINGTON.

Tompkins, Judge. A California pioneer, whose house is the abode of culture and the arts. *Muck-a Muck* (*Condensed Novels*).

Tompkins, Miss Genevra Octavia. The judge's only child, a peerless beauty, loving and loved by the romantic Natty Bumpo. Jilted by him for wearing a waterfall, she dies twenty years after, of a broken heart. *Muck-a-Muck* (*Condensed Novels*).

Tournelli. An Italian waiter in the "Pioneer" restaurant. He proves to have been the man who ran away with Tom's divorced wife. The property which she brings to him, and which Tournelli invests in San Francisco, is a source of mystification to the club. The woman, who is again a runaway, appears unexpectedly as a diner at the restaurant. Tournelli's quick vengeance is then happily contrasted with the Western waiter's stolidity. *In a Pioneer Restaurant.*

Trent, Randolph. An unsuccessful young miner, he arrives in San Francisco, friendless, penniless, and hungry. He is aided by a seafaring man whom he chances to meet, and given a portmanteau to carry to his benefactor's room in a hotel. But the man does not reappear, and Randolph regards the bag and its contents as a trust to be carefully guarded. He makes inquiries at a bank, a memorandum of whose address was in the portmanteau, learns nothing, but obtains a situation which proves the beginning of a prosperous career. A somewhat sentimental acquaintanceship with Miss Avondale is forgotten when Sibyl Eversleigh appears. The owner of the bag, Sir John Dornton, returns, doubtful whether to deny the story of his death, and claim his inheritance. Randolph accompanies him to England and meets Sibyl again. Sir John disappears a second time, and Sibyl his heiress comes to San Francisco in an unsuccessful search for him, and marries Randolph. *Trent's Trust.*

Tretherick, Carry. Daughter of Mr. Tretherick by a former divorced wife. She comes to live with her father again at the age of six or seven, — a little girl, with hair of a "violent red," — and she so captures the heart of her stepmother that the latter gives up her plan of eloping with Colonel Starbottle and runs away with her instead. While at school in the East she forgets Mrs. Tretherick's kindness and love, and becomes estranged from her, but is brought to a proper state of mind and heart on being reunited to her through the agency of Mr. Jack Prince. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Tretherick, Mrs. Clara. A pretty, coquettish woman, with a dazzling complexion and velvety eyes, who writes sentimental poetry, and is loved by most of the male population of Fiddletown. She is lifted out of her selfish life by a growing love for her little stepdaughter, who appears on the scene just in time to save her from an elopement with Colonel Starbottle, and to whom the remainder of her life is devoted. After her husband's death she marries Colonel Starbottle in order to give the little girl a home. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Tretherick, Mr. James. A citizen of Fiddletown, who is in the habit of beating his wife. He dies of delirium tremens. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Tribbs. Of Tribbs Run, the father of Jackson. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Tribbs, Jackson. One of the three boys of the Hemlock Hill school, who are caught in a storm on Table Ridge, and go through various alarming experiences, before finding their way back to school, two days later.. *A Tale of Three Truants.*

Trigg, Washington. A Western member of the Excelsior Company, who becomes fascinated by a statue of California which he sees in San Francisco, and orders a replica in bronze for the hall of the new hotel of the settlement. It is long in reaching its destination, but there arrives at the house a missent box from a Parisian modiste, containing a dressmaker's dummy, and two exquisite gowns, which when placed upon the figure, so enchant the members of the committee, that they keep the box in their private room and occasionally feast their eyes on its contents, and when the statue really comes, receive it somewhat coldly. *The Goddess of Excelsior.*

Trinidad Joe. See ROBINSON.

Tripp, Mrs. Wife of the proprietor of the Indian Spring hotel and adored of Rupert Filgee. *Cressy.*

Trix, Abner and Abigail. An aged couple. Rivals of Daddy and Mammy Downey in popular favor. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.*

Trixit, Cissy. The very pretty daughter of the banker of Cañada City. Apparently frivolous, her father's misfortunes make evident her strength of character, and she follows him to the mountains, disguised as a Chinaman. While there she renders signal service to Masterton, and wins his heart. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Trixit, Montagu. A banker of whom it was said, "Cañada City

was the bank, and the bank was Trixit." Naturally his failure causes a great commotion in that town, and the banker goes into hiding for a brief time. But others are too much concerned in his affairs, and proceedings against him are soon dropped. *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Trotter, Miss Euphemia. A middle-aged New England woman, good-looking, well-bred, and in all ways exceedingly competent. Having been a teacher and a nurse, she finally becomes the efficient housekeeper of the Summit House, Buckeye Hill, and in that capacity assists in caring for the injured Chris Calton. That susceptible young man falls in love with her, and though her own feelings are touched, she sensibly refuses him. Three years later she hears of Calton at a foreign Spa, much admired by women, and the indifferent husband of a pretty ex-chambermaid of the Summit House. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Tryan, George. A son of Joseph Tryan. A strong, well-knit young man, with frank and handsome blue eyes; honest and brave. He loves and is loved by Pepita Altascar. When the flood comes, he occupies himself in saving the lives of women and children, and he himself dies of exhaustion and exposure. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Tryan, Joe. One of Joseph Tryan's sons. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Tryan, Joseph. A hard-faced and hard-hearted old man, owner of a cattle-ranch, who despises the "greasers," as he calls his native Californian neighbors. A flood destroys his cattle and drives him crazy. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Tryan, Kerg. } Sons of Joseph Tryan. *Notes by Flood and*
Tryan, Tom. } *Field.*

Tryan, Wise. The privileged wit of the family. *Notes by Flood and Field.*

Tucker, Mrs. Belle. Wife of Spencer Tucker; a pretty young woman of twenty-three, brave, reserved, and self-possessed. With an "unsophisticated singleness of nature," she remains true to her husband even after his selfish unfaithfulness and dishonesty are disclosed to her. She is befriended by Captain Poindexter. On learning the full extent of her husband's wrong-doing, and that the house she is living in is not her own, she at once braves everything and goes back to her old home in Kentucky, where, a few years later, the wounded General Poindexter is brought to her door after a battle, and she has an opportunity to repay his kindness. The resulting romance is

left to the reader's sense of the fitness of things. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Tucker, Spencer. A San Francisco lawyer and capitalist, formerly a Kentucky schoolmaster; shallow, selfish, and handsome. His speculations fail; he forges, embezzles, and deserts his wife for a notorious woman. An accident interferes with his plans of escape, however, and the next day finds him a fugitive in hiding on his own ranch, fifty miles from San Francisco. Another plan fails, or is abandoned, and his whereabouts is unknown until after the lagoon has been drained and the crows have done their work as scavengers, when his whitened bones are found scattered on the surface of the drying ground. *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Turner, Deacon. One of the guests at Windy Hill Rancho, a mean-natured man, who is rebuked and overawed by Mr. Hamlin. *The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin.*

Twiggs. The Sacramento attorney who brings to Jackson Wells the news of his inheritance. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Uncle Ben. See DABNEY, BEN.

Uncle Billy. "A suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard." One of the outcasts exiled from Poker Flat. He steals the horses and mules and deserts his companions. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Uncle Billy. See FALL and RILEY.

Uncle Jim. See FOSTER.

Uncle Joshua. So called by the other passengers on the S. S. Unser Fritz. He is a quite unpolished machinist from Indiana, who has a faculty of getting just what he wants, entirely regardless of conventionalities. He makes a European tour with his daughter Louise, on a somewhat novel plan. "*A Tourist from Injianny.*"

Underwood, Dick. A miner, who exchanges "his long-handled Californian shovel for the sword." To Peter Schroeder he is the embodiment of patriotism. *Peter Schroeder.*

Union. See MILLS.

Unser Karl. See SCHWARTZ.

Urania. See MANNERSLY.

Ursula. See DOÑA URSULA.

Valdez, Pedro. A proud-spirited Spaniard of Hidalgo descent. He is humiliated by his menial position at Robles Rancho, a

portion of which he claims. He becomes enamored of Susy, and after the death of Peyton, presumably caused by him, visits the young girl, whose romantic fancy is touched by his devotion. During this clandestine meeting, the lover is startled by the approach of Clarence, and the sudden leap of his horse causes his death. *Susy: A Story of the Plains.*

Van Corlear, Miss Kate. A schoolgirl at the Crammer Institute for Young Ladies. A good-hearted and clear-headed girl, frank and fearless, who is the friend of Carry Tretherick, and who, as the reader is led to suppose, eventually marries Mr. Jack Prince. *An Episode of Fiddletown.*

Van Loo, Mrs. The mother of Paul. *Three Partners.*

Van Loo, Paul. A smooth, plausible Fleming, who speaks several languages and has much surface polish. He is a clever forger, and by his skill in this respect causes Demorest to lose love and fortune, and brings heavy loss to Stacy. He serves as Mrs. Barker's broker, secures all her money, and nearly succeeds in eloping with her. He purchases his own safety by divulging to Stacy Steptoe's plot against the bank and Marshall's claim. *Three Partners.*

Van Zandt, Major Guert. A handsome and gallant officer in the Continental army. He is dispatched to arrest Abner Blossom for the harboring of spies, and to remain in command of Blossom Farm. He learns to love its mistress, but does not allow his affection to lure him from duty. He pursues the traitor, Allan Brewster, but is himself overcome by the smallpox. At Blossom Farm, whither he is removed, he is nursed back to health and happiness by Mistress Thankful. *Thankful Blossom.*

Vashti. See WHITE.

Vicentio. See PADRE VICENTIO.

Victor. See GARCIA and RAMIREZ.

Vincente. A Mexican acquaintance of Ramirez. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Viney. See AUNT VINEY.

Von Hummel, General. Father of Frau Schroeder. He is led with his family to trust fortune and person to the schemes of T. Barker Johnson. *Peter Schroeder.*

Wachita. The child wife assigned to the new chief of the Minyos. Serving him like a faithful dog, she murders an Indian agent in order to remove an obstacle from the path of her

lord's passion for the murdered man's wife. *A Drift from Redwood Camp.*

Wade, Mrs. A gentle, charming, but weak woman, who in her widowhood comes to live in the Santa Ana Valley, the home of a prosperous, but lugubrious and over serious-minded people. She is received sympathetically and falls into the habits of the place, though she consents to go to a ball given by a newcomer, Mr. Brooks. Soon after a man calls upon her, and tells her that her late husband, supposed to have been murdered by robbers, was himself one of the highwaymen, and the widow, knowing how worthless a man Wade was, instinctively believes him. The man, professing to have been one of the victims of the robbers, endeavors to extort money from the widow, but Mr. Brooks comes to her rescue. *A Widow of the Santa Ana Valley.*

Wainwright, Lieutenant. A Union soldier of Southern birth, and a traitor to his colors. Death cuts short his treachery, and the evidence of his guilt is brought to Brant. Among these papers, Clarence finds a portrait of his own wife, Alice. *Clarence.*

Walker, Bob. Rescues the infant daughter of an Indian chief from death and takes her into his family. *The Princess Bob and her Friends.*

Walker, Demosthenes. One of the youngest pupils at Chestnut Ridge. *A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge.*

Walker, Jack. See JEFFCOURT, TOM.

Walker, Joe. A member of the Eureka Mining Company. Somewhat skeptical of the attainments and wisdom of Lacy Bassett. *Captain Jim's Friend.*

Walker, Johnny. Mrs. Martin's versatile assistant, formerly a variety actor. In his new rôle of disciplinarian he is known as Charles Twing. Aware of the power of ridicule, he uses his skill in sleight-of-hand to that end, and thus maintains order in a hitherto boisterous schoolroom. A friend of his former days interrupts the quiet of his regenerate life, and the "new assistant" reveals to his superior the nature of his preparation. *The New Assistant at Pine Clearing School.*

Walker, Sarah. An *enfant terrible*, hated by the grown people and admired and feared by the children of the Greyport Hotel. The story leaves her married to the Prince of Monte Castello, and the mother of another Sarah Walker, who is the image of her in everything except her audacity and originality. *Sarah Walker.*

Wang. A Chinese court-juggler, the adoptive father of Wan Lee. *Wan Lee, the Pagan.*

Wan Lee. A little Chinese boy, brought up by Wang, the juggler, and sent to a newspaper office to serve as printer's devil. He is bright and engaging, and in spite of an impish propensity for mischief he endears himself to all. He is stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco during the riots of 1869. *Wan Lee, the Pagan.*

Wan Lee. Chinese page to Polly and Hickory Hunt. He proposes the outdoor pirate play. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle.*

Warts. A mild, inoffensive boy of twelve, who admires Sarah Walker. *Sarah Walker.*

Watergates, Hiram W. The second husband of Mrs. Pottinger. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Waters. A mysterious stranger, who works secretly in Smith's claim. He shoots McSnagley and is arrested, but is saved from lynching by M'liss. He becomes insane, and discloses to M'liss the wealth which belonged to her dead father. He is suspected by Gray of having murdered Smith, who is generally supposed to have been a suicide. *M'liss.*

Waters. Footman in the Rightbody household. *The Great Deadwood Mystery.*

Waya. An Indian woman, servant of Dr. Ruysdael. *Liberty Jones's Discovery.*

Wayne, Arthur. A young miner, who revolts from his brother's control and joins the revelers at Angel's. During the absence of McGee he meets the young wife clandestinely, and is shot by his brother while escaping from the house. *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's.*

Wayne, Madison. A frontier St. Anthony. Unrelenting in his Puritanism. The husband of the woman he loves chooses him for a companion, and innocently subjects him to great suffering by making him the guardian of his wife. Madison discovers the infidelity of Mrs. McGee, and shoots her escaping lover, who, to his horror, proves to be his own brother. *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's.*

Weaver, Calhoun. A thoroughly vulgar rustic from Kentucky; a former neighbor of Mrs. Tucker. He visits her in San Francisco, and later becomes one of "Penelope's suitors." *A Blue Grass Penelope.*

Wells, Jackson. One of a company of young miners on Zip Coon Ledge, who inherits a small property of which he takes

possession, to the delight of his partners, but with some misgivings of his own regarding his cousin's superior rights. But all difficulties between the two soon settle themselves in an eminently satisfactory manner. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Wells, Joscelinda. The daughter of Quincy Wells, who makes her home so unpleasant that she takes refuge with her uncle, Morley Brown. Consequently Mr. Wells leaves his property to his nephew. The cousins, remembering the quarrels of their childhood, at first meet in the same contentious spirit, but gradually the girl softens, and when her uncle diverts the water from Jackson's garden, she secretly prospects on the bank of the stream, finding gold, so that he has a mining claim, in which the two become partners for life. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

West, Dr. The name assumed by Henry Guest, senior. Through cleverness unhampered by scruples, Dr. West secures a goodly slice of the Saltonstall estate, and develops it with all the resources of modern improvements. Soon after the accidental discovery of his son, Dr. West is murdered by Pedro, who suspects his intentions toward Doña Maria Saltonstall. *Maruja.*

West, Miss. Shelby Fowler's sister, who assumes her mother's maiden name, and leaves her Virginia home to escape the vengeance of Australian Pete. In England she meets Flint, *alias* Fowler, and consents to share the family name with him. *Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.*

Wetherby, Captain Lance. Assistant Chief of Police of San Francisco, Deputy Sheriff, and ex-United States scout. He captures the Mexican bandit, Murietta, mingling with the gang in disguise, and confides the outlaw's dagger to Lanty Foster, who with it sets free the robber, thinking him the man she had twice seen. Murietta lingers about Foster's Ranch and is retaken by Wetherby, to whom Lanty confesses her mistake and is forgiven. *Lanty Foster's Mistake.*

Wethersbee, Bill. A citizen of Red Dog. *An Heiress of Red Dog.*

Wheeler, Jim. A citizen of Poker Flat. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Whiskey Dick. A friend to Daddy and Mammy Downey; addicted to whiskey. *Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.*

Whiskey Dick. See HALL, DICK.

White, Vashti. The querulous and sanctimonious aunt of Cissy Appleby. She knows of the circumstances attending the wreck-

ing of the Tamalpais, in which she is an accessory after the fact. *An Episode of West Woodlands.*

White Violet. See DELATOUR, MRS.

Wiles, Joseph. "Don José" to his confederates. "A vagabond by birth and education, a swindler by profession, an outcast by reputation, without absolutely turning his back upon respectability, he had trembled on the perilous edge of criminality ever since his boyhood." As an amateur metallurgist he deceives the four prospectors, and in so doing discovers a vein of quicksilver. He spends the next year in Washington fighting for the possession of the mine. *The Story of a Mine.*

Wilkes. The unnatural but consistent father of the prodigal. He is saved from drowning by his repentant boy, who does not wait to be formally thanked. *The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes.*

Wilkes, Jim. The recalcitrant son of Farmer Wilkes. He adroitly avails himself of the insinuating manner of Editor Grey, and approaches his ancestral castle behind this shield. *The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes.*

William Henry. A rattlesnake that Leonidas Boone has trained, and whose tricks he exhibits to Mrs. Burroughs, who plans to make use of the snake to the injury of her husband. *A Mercury of the Foot-Hills.*

Wilson, Judge. A Secessionist, who holds a Federal judgeship in California. *Clarence.*

Wilson, the Misses. Two young ladies, friends of Miss Amita Saltonstall. *Maruja.*

Windibrook, The Reverend Mr. Selected by his ecclesiastical superiors to minister to Cañada City, because he was a "hearty" man. "Certainly, if considerable lung capacity, absence of reserve, and power of handshaking and back slapping were necessary to that town's redemption, Mr. Windibrook's ministrations would have been successful." *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Windibrook, Mrs. The minister's wife, who suffers from constitutional depression, "partly the result of nervous dyspepsia, and her husband's boisterous cordiality." *A Belle of Cañada City.*

Wingate, Joe. One of the pioneers in Sidon, who profits by its development into Tasajara City. A lounger at the Harkutt store. *A First Family of Tasajara.*

Wingate, Tom. A citizen of Five Forks. *The Fool of Five Forks.*

Winslow, Mr. A passenger on the Excelsior, who finds in Todos Santos an opportunity for the display of his talents as a petty politician. He stirs up a miniature revolution in the peaceful pueblo. He has a "long, thin, dyspeptic face." *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Wood, Saponaceous. A member of the California bar. In the capacity of United States District Attorney, he loses the suit over the Blue Mass Mine; as an individual, he wins the property. *The Story of a Mine.*

Woodridge, Mr. Superintendent of the Union Company's rancho, where James Reddy is employed. A practical man. *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Woodridge, Mrs. The superintendent's wife; "a large-boned, angular woman of fifty." *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Woodridge, Nelly. The superintendent's daughter; a frank and pretty girl, with clear blue eyes and a boyish contralto voice; devoted to the reformation of dissipated men. Her influence saves Reddy from his gloomy despair, and they become engaged. Another subject for reform in the person of Louis Sylvester engages her attention and threatens to cause trouble, but Mrs. Merrydew promptly interferes, and takes Sylvester out of the way by marrying him. *The Reformation of James Reddy.*

Woods, Mr. Milly's uncle. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Woods, Mrs. Milly's aunt. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Woods, Milly. One of Yerba's school friends, at whose home Hathaway first meets his ward. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

Woods, Piney. "A stout, comely damsel of fifteen," who elopes from Sandy Bar with her lover, Tom Simson. They encamp with the outcasts, not knowing the character of their hosts. The party is snow-bound, and she and the "Duchess" die of hunger and cold in each other's arms. *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*

Wragg, Mr. One of Mr. Spindler's relatives, a vulgar, ostentatious man, who is angry at being invited to the Christmas party. *Dick Spindler's Family Christmas.*

Writer of Stories, The. He falls asleep in a railway carriage and has a dream, wherein snatches of a tale, after the manner of various writers, are fantastically mingled. *A Romance of the Line.*

Wyck, Mr. A stockholder in the Conroy mine. *Gabriel Conroy.*

Wynbrook, Joe. A miner of the Wild Cat camp, whose half-

serious talk about the blessing of a mother in a home, induces the simple-minded Prosper Riggs to adopt such a relative for the benefit of the camp. *Prosper's "Old Mother."*

Wynford, Abe. A dyspeptic miner, a patron of See Yup's remedies. *See Yup.*

Wyngate, Ned. A partner in the Zip Coon Company. *A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.*

Wynn, Miss Nellie. Daughter of the Rev. Winslow Wynn, and "as inaccessible and cold as her father was impulsive and familiar." A girl of eighteen, with "clear amber eyes," "imperious red lips," and "sensitive nostrils." She has a faultless taste in dress, and exhales "an atmosphere of chaste and proud virginity." She conducts a secret but passionate flirtation with Low Dorman, and then coolly throws him over, when a more "eligible" suitor is pressing for his answer. On the death of Dunn and Low, she readily makes the best of it and marries number three. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Wynn, Rev. Winslow. A Baptist clergyman of Excelsior, known among the miners as Father Wynn, and popular with them on account of his frank and hearty manner and the sociable way in which he drinks with them. He confesses (boastfully) to an occasional use of the word "damn," and his familiarities with sacred names are blasphemous and disgusting. His frankness is only on the surface, for at heart he is vulgar and insincere. *In the Carquinez Woods.*

Wynyard, Joe. One of Colonel Starbottle's boon companions. *A Ward of Colonel Starbottle.*

X., Baroness. A friend who meets Miss Trotter at a German Spa. *Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper.*

Yellow Bob. A Digger "buck," who owes his nickname to the ochre marks on his cheeks. He is a retainer of the Culpeppers. *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh.*

Yerba Buena. The daughter of Kate Howard. Her name is given her by the young secretary, Hathaway, from some fanciful association with the Spanish name of the first San Francisco settlement. She grows up to be a young heiress of considerable attractions, to which she joins the romantic charm of her unknown origin. She herself connects her name with the old Spanish family of Arguello, who owned the island of Yerba Buena, and when she becomes of age, she calls herself Miss

Arguello de la Yerba Buena. Her real right to that name appears only after she has heard of her mother's shame and has renounced her pretensions. *A Ward of the Golden Gate.*

York, Henry J. A solid citizen of California, honest and frank. At one period he is a partner of Amity Claim at Sandy Bar. For an account of his life there, see SCOTT, CAPT. MAT. In "The Poet of Sierra Flat," he makes his presence felt on the side of law and order. In "A Monte Flat Pastoral," he befriends old man Plunkett and brings the wife and daughter home with him from the East, but too late to save the old toper's wavering reason. *The Iliad of Sandy Bar; The Poet of Sierra Flat; A Monte Flat Pastoral.*

Yoto. The vicious Peruvian sailor on the Excelsior, killed by Perkins as a warning to his disaffected crew. *The Crusade of the Excelsior.*

Yuba Bill. A California stage-driver; autocrat of the box-seat and the bar-room; an expert in profanity, with a picturesque vocabulary and an abundance of withering sarcasm at his command. A man of forceful presence, and so domineering that none but the tenderfoot ventures to dispute his slightest remark, yet good-hearted withal and uniformly chivalrous towards pretty women. This chivalry asserts itself in his conduct towards Miggles, in whose cabin he and his passengers spend a rainy night. In "Brown of Calaveras" and "M'liss," we find him driving the Wingdam Coach. He assists Henry York and John Oakhurst in preventing an attack upon the Poet of Sierra Flat. He becomes the fourth and last husband of Mrs. Skaggs, and while visiting his ward, Tom Islington, in the East, he saves his life from the murderous assault of Skaggs, who, mistaking Islington for Renwyck Masterton, is attempting to wreak vengeance on his enemy. He then informs Skaggs that their mutual wife is in jail for murder. In "The Story of a Mine," he takes a violent dislike to the scoundrel Wiles, and renders Thatcher valuable assistance by "sorter lifting" Wiles's bag out of the tail-board of his sleigh and handing it, with its interesting contents, to Thatcher. He is the firm friend and mentor of Jeff Briggs, whom he tries to help to a profitable occupation, and whom he protects from injury and perhaps death by offering his own body as a target to the road-agents. In "In the Carquinez Woods," he has the pleasure of Miss Nellie Wynn's company for a few hours, and honors her with the box-seat. In "Snow-Bound at Eagle's,"

he drives the stage which is robbed by George Lee and his companions. Offended by a newspaper editorial written by Captain Jim's friend, he raids the office, venting his rage on Captain Jim, and subsequently puts a temporary check on Lacy Bassett's political career. In "Cressy," he is quoted by Rupert Filgee as an authority on the young man in business. In "An Ingénue of the Sierras," he and his passengers are imposed upon by the simple and artless Polly. He brings Dick Spindler's child-cousins to Rough-and-Ready, and introduces them to the company assembled in the saloon. From his box he sees the Sacramento Pet dancing with Billy the Goat. His coach is "held up" by Snapshot Harry, and the express box taken, which has before been rifled by two treacherous members of that outlaw's gang; the thought of Harry's discomfiture thereat affording Bill huge enjoyment. In "Gabriel Conroy," we have an account of his hobnobbing with Jack Hamlin in the Wingdam Hotel. "The crowd hung breathless over the two men — awestruck and respectful. It was a meeting of the gods — Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill. None dared speak." *Miggles; Brown of Calaveras; M'liss; The Poet of Sierra Flat; Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands; The Story of a Mine; Jeff Briggs's Love Story; In the Carquinez Woods; Snow-Bound at Eagle's; Captain Jim's Friend; Cressy; An Ingénue of the Sierras; Dick Spindler's Family Christmas; An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon; A Niece of Snapshot Harry's; Gabriel Conroy.*

Zenobia. See HENNICKER.

Zephas. See BUNKER.

Zuleika. See HAYS.

Zut-Ski. A music-hall artist, who imagines herself a princess of ancient Egypt. "*Zut-Ski*" (*Condensed Novels.*)

A LIST OF ARTISTS

WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED DESIGNS TO THIS EDITION OF THE WRITINGS OF BRET HARTE

WITH THE SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED BY THEM

BACHER, OTTO H.

MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY, A

Go slow, old man; go slow . . . . . V. 328

PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS, A

Minty Sharpe 's the same ez she allus wos . . . . . VI. 314

BRETT, HAROLD M.

JACK AND JILL OF THE SIERRAS, A

Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XVIII.

BROWN, ETHEL I.

MOTHER OF FIVE, A

It was a pretty sight . . . . . XIV. 294

BURNS, M. J.

CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR, THE

Captain Bunker 's my name . . . . . VI. *Frontispiece*

Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . VI.

Now leave him with me . . . . . VI. 28

The boat approached a black hulk . . . . . VI. 212

CLINEDINST, B. WEST

CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT CAME TO RUPERT, THE

Listen . . . it 's the reveille . . . . . I. 442

FOOL OF FIVE FORKS, THE

He looked at her with fixed, dumb eyes . . . . . II. 422

HIGH WATER MARK

The water . . . was already over her ankles . . . . . I. 328

"JINNY"

The gentle lady and her four-footed friend . . . . . II. 358

KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE FOOT-HILLS, A

Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . V.

MARUJA

She halted a few paces off . . . . . V. 8

TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, THE

He sank into the chair . . . . . III. 170

WITH THE ENTRÉES

That was a capital story . . . . . XI. 148

DE THULSTRUP, T.
CONSPIRACY OF MRS. BUNKER, THE
You 'd better put them on . . . . . VIII. 424
SALLY DOWS
You must not — it won't do . . . . . VIII. *Frontispiece*
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . VIII.
DILLMAN, FREDERICK
WAIF OF THE PLAINS, A
It was an Indian . . . . . IX. 16
I've just found gold . . . . . IX. 88
ELWELL, R. FARRINGTON
MISS PEGGY'S PROTÉGÉS
There ain't no b'ar in ten miles . . . . . XVIII. 226
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FONDA
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XVII.
WIDOW OF THE SANTA ANA VALLEY, A
A serape-draped horseman . . . . . XVII. 150
FINK, DENMAN
LANTY FOSTER'S MISTAKE
I thought you were that horse thief . . . . . XVII. 326
FLAGG, J. M.
BARKER'S LUCK
You know I never meant that . . . . . X. 416
HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES
He will get his dinner at some farmhouse . . . . . I. 174
THANKFUL BLOSSOM
You are wandering late, Mistress Thankful . . . . . XI. 44
FOGARTY, THOMAS
TREASURE OF THE REDWOODS, A
Here is the treasure I am seeking . . . . . XVIII. *Frontispiece*
FOOTE, MARY HALLOCK
HER LETTER
With the man that shot Sandy McGee . . . . . XII. 158
IDYL OF RED GULCH, THE
At the feet of the schoolmistress . . . . . I. 66
JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY
Jeff lifted her in his arms . . . . . III. 220
REFORMATION OF JAMES REDDY, THE
She stood watching him . . . . . X. 258
STORY OF A MINE, THE
When can I leave this place? . . . . . III. 54
FRASER, MALCOLM
CHATELAINE OF BURNT RIDGE, THE
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . VII.
COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT
The task is finished . . . . . VII. 452
GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY, THE
Dismal failure . . . . . III. 278

My Suburban Residence
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XIV.
Neighborhoods I have moved from
It was quite romantic to sit by the window . . . XIV. *Frontispiece*
KELLAR, ARTHUR I.
Judgment of Bolinas Plains, The
The stillness of death followed the echoless report . XV. *Frontispiece*
Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation
She began to skip . . . . . XV. 332
Night on the Divide
It's rather rough, you see . . . . . XV. 302
Salomy Jane's Kiss
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XV.
Three Partners
Steptoe scrambled to his knees, revolver in hand . . . . . XV. 200
Three Vagabonds of Trinidad
Its jaws met in his throat . . . . . XVII. *Frontispiece*
Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy
I say, it ain't a her, is it? . . . . . XV. 234
LOWELL, ORSON
Gabriel Conroy
Still sitting by the fire . . . . . XIII. *Frontispiece*
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XIII.
He might hev got his pile . . . . . XIII. 58
Whence now, thou little blackguard . . . . . XIII. 126
The absurd figure bowed again . . . . . XIII. 242
The very picture of a fond, confiding tryst . . . . . XIII. 304
Arthur turned pale and red . . . . . XIV. 160
While he read aloud, in Spanish . . . . . XIV. 182
Hollow of the Hills, In a
It was Collinson . . . . . X. *Frontispiece*
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . X.
How many men have you here? . . . . . X. 68
Secret of Sobriente's Well, The
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XVI.
Strange Experiences of Alkali Dick, The
Swinging . . . a lily at her side . . . . . XVI. 346
Susy
A youthful horseman flashed before the grille . . . . . IX. 162
And it was the truth . . . . . IX. 212
Two Americans
Mr. Maynard and his family . . . . . XVI. 304
McCORMICK, FREDERICK
Desborough Connections, The
There . . . stood her father's name . . . . . XVI. *Frontispiece*
Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon, The
Esmeralda, by the living Harry . . . . . XVI. 112
MERRILL, FRANK T.
Clarence
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . IX.

GHOSTS OF STUKELEY CASTLE, THE
A number of figures . . . came trooping in . . . . . XI. 294
MY FRIEND THE TRAMP
It was the tramp . . . . . XI. 98
VIEWS FROM A GERMAN SPION
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XI.
PAPE, ERIC
MISSION DOLORES, THE
The poor old mendicant . . . . . XIV. 208
SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S
Is n't that thing an eagle? . . . . . V. 222
REINHART, CHARLES S.
CLARENCE
You 've done for him . . . . . IX. *Frontispiece*
You have my permit in your hand . . . . . IX. 354
DOLLY VARDEN
I 'm Dolly Varden . . . . . XII. 246
YOUNG ROBIN GRAY
I suppose you would call me Robbie . . . . . XI. 380
REMINGTON, FREDERIC
ILIAD OF SANDY BAR, THE
The two opponents came nearer . . . . . II. 4
KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE FOOT-HILLS, A
Don José Sepulvida and "Bucking Bob" . . . . V. *Frontispiece*
LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, THE
He rastled with my finger . . . . . I. 6
SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS, THE
An animal that was extremely rare . . . . . XII. 132
RICE, W. C.
VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN, A
She sketched rapidly . . . . . XVIII. 162
ROSE, GUY
EPISODE OF FIDDLETOWN, AN
Is it mamma? . . . . . II. 128
HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH, THE
Suthin' interestin' . . . . . V. 416
MAN ON THE BEACH, THE
A woman's face was always before him . . . . . II. 300
MISSION OF SAN CARMEL, AT THE
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . III.
RUSSELL, C. M.
DICK BOYLE'S BUSINESS CARD
Two rifle shots cracked from the thicket . . . . . XIX. 240
The shock had broken the Indian's neck . . . . . XIX. 254
SMITH, E. BOYD
APOSTLE OF THE TULES, AN
Break for the Tules . . . . . IV. 322
CHATELAINE OF BURNT RIDGE, THE
Further still . . . . . VII. 350

CRESSY
I peeped inter the winder . . . . . VII. 36
How much is a true story . . . . . VII. 90
DAN'L BOREM
This paper . . . was drored up by you . . . . . XVIII. 330
FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA, A
Come, Harkutt, buy my place . . . . . VIII. 10
He led the way . . . . . VIII. 116
HOW REUBEN ALLEN "SAW LIFE" IN SAN FRANCISCO
Merci, M'sieur, good a'night . . . . . XVIII. 120
HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR
Tell him Sandy Claus has come . . . . . II. 82
LEFT OUT ON LONE STAR MOUNTAIN
He looked curiously at his reflection . . . . . IV. 204
MISSION OF SAN CARMEL, AT THE
Va Usted Con Dios . . . . . III. 428
SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, A
Like the real minstrel . . . . . VI. 420
WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE, A
The returning Pendleton . . . . . VII. 264

STEPHENS, ALICE BARBER
ANCESTORS OF PETER ATHERLY, THE
Lady Elfrida standing before him . . . . . XVI. 48
CARQUINEZ WOODS, IN THE
The woman . . . stood before him . . . . . IV. *Frontispiece*
She caught him by the knees . . . . . IV. 120
LUKE
You've always been kind to us, Luke . . . . . XII. 136
MERMAID OF LIGHTHOUSE POINT, THE
Gazing fixedly at the growing light . . . . . XVII. 176
NEW ASSISTANT, THE
She glided across the floor . . . . . VIII. 258

STONE, SEYMOUR M.
TRENT'S TRUST
A thickset figure lurched toward him . . . . XIX. *Frontispiece*
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XIX.
WARD OF COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S, A
A buggy was seen driving furiously up the grade . . . XIX. 150

TAYLOR, W. L.
CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO
He will come . . . . . XII. 78
DEVIL'S FORD
Devil's Ford . . . . . IV. 392
FLIP: A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE
She picked up a broken hazel branch . . . . . III. 304
MYSTERY OF THE HACIENDA, THE
She was like a picture . . . . . X. 138

TOWNSEND, H. E.
MR. BILSON'S HOUSEKEEPER
Please don't ask me why . . . . . XVII. 92

WOODBURY, CHARLES H.
DEVIL'S FORD
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . IV.
ILIAD OF SANDY BAR, THE
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . II.
LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, THE
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . I.
MISSION CHURCH, A
Vignette on Engraved Title-Page . . . . . XII.

GENERAL INDEX

NUMBERED LIST OF THE VOLUMES COMPOSING THIS EDITION OF BRET HARTE'S WRITINGS

I. The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Tales
II. Tales of the Argonauts
III. The Story of a Mine, and Other Tales
IV. In the Carquinez Woods, and Other Tales
V. Maruja, and Other Tales
VI. The Crusade of the Excelsior, and Other Tales
VII. Cressy, and Other Tales
VIII. A First Family of Tasajara, and Other Tales
IX. A Waif of the Plains, and Other Tales
X. In a Hollow of the Hills, and Other Tales
XI. Thankful Blossom, and Other Eastern Tales and Sketches
XII. Poems, and Two Men of Sandy Bar
XIII, XIV. Gabriel Conroy, Bohemian Papers, Stories of and for the Young. 2 vols.
XV. Three Partners, and Other Tales
XVI. The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, and Other Tales
XVII. A Niece of Snapshot Harry's, and Other Tales
XVIII. A Treasure of the Redwoods, and Other Tales
XIX. Trent's Trust, and Other Stories
XX. Stories and Poems, and Other Uncollected Writings. (This volume is indexed separately)

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE PROSE WRITINGS OF BRET HARTE AS CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION

NOTE. — Titles of groups of stories and sketches are set in SMALL CAPITALS.

Adventures of John Longbowe, Yeoman, The, xviii. 307.
Adventure of Padre Vicentio, The: a Legend of San Francisco, i. 417.
Ali Baba of the Sierras, An, xvii. 329.
Ancestors of Peter Atherly, The, xvi. 1.
Apostle of the Tules, An, iv. 306.
Argonauts of North Liberty, The, xi. 152.
At the Mission of San Carmel, iii. 388.

Baby Sylvester, ii. 244.
Barker's Luck, x. 401.
Belle of Cañada City, A, xviii. 24.
Bell-Ringer of Angel's, The, viii. 289.
Blue Grass Penelope, A, iv. 126.
Bohemian Days in San Francisco, xviii. 134.
BOHEMIAN PAPERS, xiv. 187.
Boom in the "Calaveras Clarion," The, xvi. 161.
Boonder, xiv. 211.
Boys' Dog, A, xiv. 199.
Brown of Calaveras, i. 65.
Buckeye Hollow Inheritance, A, xviii. 193.
Bulger's Reputation, x. 363.

Captain Jim's Friend, v. 365.
Charitable Reminiscences, xiv. 237.
Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge, The, vii. 334.
Christmas Gift that came to Rupert, The: A Story for Little Soldiers, i. 437.
Chu Chu, x. 306.
Clarence, ix. 284.
Colonel Starbottle's, A Ward of, xix. 121.
Colonel Starbottle's Client, vii. 408.
Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff, xvii. 230.
CONDENSED NOVELS, i. 78.
CONDENSED NOVELS: NEW BURLESQUES, xviii. 263.
Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker, The, viii. 417.
Convert of the Mission, A, x. 281.
Cressy, vii. 1.
Crusade of the Excelsior, The, vi. 1.

Dan'l Borem, xviii. 316.
Desborough Connections, The, xvi. 267.
Devil and the Broker, The: A Mediæval Legend, i. 425.
Devil's Ford, iv. 335.
Devotion of Enriquez, The, x. 332.
Dick Boyle's Business Card, xix. 231.
Dick Spindler's Family Christmas, xv. 341.
Drift from Redwood Camp, A, v. 342.
Dweller of the Threshold, The, i. 147.

EARLIER SKETCHES, i. 234.
EASTERN SKETCHES, xi. 70.
Episode of Fiddletown, An, ii. 121.
Episode of West Woodlands, An, x, 166.
Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon, An, xvi. 108.

Fantine. After the French of Victor Hugo, i. 136.
First Family of Tasajara, A, viii. 1.
Flip: A California Romance, iii. 295.
Fool of Five Forks, The, ii. 397.
For Simla Reasons, xviii. 333.
Found at Blazing Star, iii. 348.
Four Guardians of Lagrange, The, xvii. 340.
From a Back Window, xiv. 227.
From a Balcony, xiv. 214.

Gabriel Conroy, xiii. 1.
Ghost of the Sierras, A, ii. 432.
Ghosts of Stukeley Castle, The, xi. 289.
Goddess of Excelsior, The, xviii. 232.
Golly and the Christian, or, The Minx and the Manxman, xviii. 290.
Great Deadwood Mystery, The, iii. 265.
Guy Heavystone; or, "Entire:" a Muscular Novel, i. 122.

Handsome is as Handsome does, i. 167.
Haunted Man, The: A Christmas Story, i. 188.
Heiress of Red Dog, An, ii. 280.
Heir of the McFulishes, The, xi. 323.
Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, The, v. 397.
High Water Mark, i. 322.

Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes, The, x. 197.
Hoodlum Band, The; or, The Boy Chief, The Infant Politician, and The Pirate Prodigy, i. 213.
How I Went to the Mines, xviii. 251.
How Old Man Plunkett went Home, ii. 224.
How Reuben Allen "Saw Life" in San Francisco, xviii. 114.
How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar, ii. 66.

Idyl of Red Gulch, The, i. 53.
Iliad of Sandy Bar, The, ii. 1.
In a Hollow of the Hills, x. 1.
In a Pioneer Restaurant, vii. 454.
In the Carquinez Woods, iv. 1.
In the Tules, x. 378.
Indiscretion of Elsbeth, The, xi. 425.
Ingénue of the Sierras, An, ix. 453.

Jack and Jill of the Sierras, A, xviii. 65.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story, iii. 183.
Jersey Centenarian, A, xi. 63.
Jimmy's Big Brother from California, xvii. 104.
"Jinny," ii. 351.
John Chinaman, xiv. 220.
John Jenkins; or, The Smoker Reformed, i. 130.
Johnnyboy, xiv. 318.
Johnson's "Old Woman," vii. 472.
Judgment of Bolinas Plain, The, xv. 262.
Jungle Folk, xviii. 341.

Knight-Errant of the Foot-Hills, A, v. 452.

"La Femme," after the French of M. Michelet, i. 142.
Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel, The, xvii. 263.
Lanty Foster's Mistake, xvii. 310.
Left out on Lone Star Mountain, iv. 192.
Legend of Devil's Point, The, i. 408.
Legend of Monte del Diablo, The, i. 382.
Legend of Sammtstadt, A, xi. 392.
Liberty Jones's Discovery, xv. 362.
Lonely Ride, A, i. 332.
Lothaw; or, The Adventures of a Young Gentleman in Search of a Religion, i. 178.
Luck of Roaring Camp, The, i. 1.

Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope, A, vii. 365.
Man and the Mountain, The, xvi. 252.
Man at the Semaphore, The, xvi. 124.
Man from Solano, The, ii. 423.
Man of no Account, The, i. 339.
Man on the Beach, The, ii. 298.
Man whose Yoke was not Easy, The, xi. 119.
Maruja, v. 1.
Mary McGillup, i. 204.
Melons, xiv. 187.
Mercury of the Foot-Hills, A, xvii. 202.
Mermaid of Lighthouse Point, The, xvii. 164.
Miggles, i. 27.
Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, A, v. 250.
Mission Dolores, The, xiv. 208.
Miss Mix, i. 103.
Miss Peggy's Protégés, xviii. 219.
M'liss: An Idyl of Red Mountain, i. 234.
Monte Flat Pastoral, A, ii. 224.
Morning on the Avenue, xi. 90.
Mother of Five, A, xiv. 290.
Mr. Bilson's Housekeeper, xvii. 75.
Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, xv. 306.
Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow, xix. 97.
Mr. Midshipman Breezy: A Naval Officer, i. 113.
Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands, ii. 84.
Mr. Thompson's Prodigal, ii. 14.
Muck-a-Muck: a Modern Indian Novel, i. 78.
My First Book, x. 427.
My Friend the Tramp, xi. 98.
Mystery of the Hacienda, The. x. 126.
My Suburban Residence, xiv. 258.

Neighborhoods I have moved from, xiv. 248.
New Assistant at Pine Clearing School, The, viii. 234.
Niece of Snapshot Harry's, A, xvii. 1.
Night at "Hays," A, viii. 209.
Night at Wingdam, A, i. 374.
Night on the Divide, A, xv. 286.
Ninety-Nine Guardsmen, The, i. 95.
NN: being a Novel in the French Paragraphic Style, i. 153.
Notes by Flood and Field, i. 345.
No Title, i. 158.

Office-Seeker, The, xi. 127.
Ogress of Silver Land, The; or, The Diverting History of Prince Badfellah and Prince Bulleboye, i. 430.
On a Vulgar Little Boy, xiv. 224.
Outcasts of Poker Flat, The, i. 14.
Out of a Pioneer's Trunk, vi. 453.

Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst, A, ii. 171.
Passing of Enriquez, The, xvi. 71.
Peter Schroeder, xi. 70.
Phyllis of the Sierras, A, vi. 247.
Poet of Sierra Flat, The, ii. 38.
Postmistress of Laurel Run, The, viii. 188.
Princess Bob and her Friends, The, ii. 51.
Private's Honor, A, xviii. 338.
Prosper's "Old Mother," xix. 155.
Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, A, x. 210.
Pupil of Chestnut Ridge, A, xix. 211.

Queen of the Pirate Isle, The, xiv. 269.

Reformation of James Reddy, The, x. 244.
Reincarnation of Smith, The, xvii. 282.

Right Eye of the Commander, The, i. 398.
Roger Catron's Friend, ii. 335.
Romance of the Line, A, xviii. 168.
Romance of Madroño Hollow, The, ii. 24.
Rose of Glenbogie, A, xi. 299.
Rose of Tuolumne, The, ii. 197.
Ruins of San Francisco, The, xiv. 264.
Rupert the Resembler, xviii. 263.

Sally Dows, viii. 326.
Salomy Jane's Kiss, xv. 238.
Sappho of Green Springs, A, vi. 403.
Sarah Walker, xiv. 300.
Secret of Sobriente's Well, The, xvi. 182.
Secret of Telegraph Hill, A, iv. 417.
See Yup, xvi. 144.
"Seeing the Steamer Off," xiv. 243.
Selina Sedilia, i. 86.
Sheriff of Siskiyou, The, viii. 460.
Ship of 749, A, iv. 223.
Sidewalkings, xiv. 231.
Simla Reasons, For, xviii. 333.
Sleeping-Car Experience, A, xi. 111.
Snow-Bound at Eagle's, v. 140.
Spanish and American Legends, i. 382.
Stolen Cigar Case, The, xviii. 279.
Stories of and for the Young, xiv. 269.
Stories Three, xviii. 333.
Story of a Mine, The, iii. 1.
Strange Experience of Alkali Dick, The, xvi. 338.
Suburban Residence, My, xiv. 258.
Surprising Adventures of Master Summerton, xiv. 203.
Susy: A Story of the Plains, ix. 121.

Tale of Three Truants, A, xvi. 239.
Tales of the Argonauts, ii. 1.
Tennessee's Partner, i. 41.
Terence Denville, i. 197.
Thankful Blossom: A Romance of the Jerseys, xi. 1.
Their Uncle from California, xi. 259.
Three Partners, xv. 1.
Three Vagabonds of Trinidad, xvii. 186.
Through the Santa Clara Wheat, vi. 341.
"Tourist from Injianny, A," ii. 385.
Transformation of Buckeye Camp, The, viii. 267.
Treasure of the Galleon, A, viii. 260.
Treasure of the Redwoods, A, xviii. 1.
Trent's Trust, xix. 1.
Twins of Table Mountain, The, iii. 123.
Two Americans, xvi. 303.
Two Saints of the Foot-Hills, ii. 361.

Uncle from California, Their, xi. 259.
Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy, xv. 202.
Under the Eaves, xviii. 91.
"Unser Karl," xvi. 361.

Venerable Impostor, A, xiv. 195.
Views from a German Spion, xi. 412.
Vision of the Fountain, A, xviii. 156.

Waif of the Plains, A, ix. 1.
Waiting for the Ship: A Fort Point Idyl, i. 371.
Wan Lee, the Pagan, ii. 262.
Ward of the Golden Gate, A, vii. 181.
What Happened at the Fonda, xvii. 50.
When the Waters were up at "Jules'," xvi. 199.
"Who was my Quiet Friend?" ii. 375.
Widow of the Santa Ana Valley, A, xvii. 145.
With the Entrées, xi. 142.

Yellow Dog, A, x. 436.
Young Robin Gray, xi. 364.
Youngest Miss Piper, The, xvii. 126.
Youngest Prospector in Calaveras, The, xvi. 220.

"Zut-Ski," the Problem of a Wicked Feme Sole, xviii. 347.

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